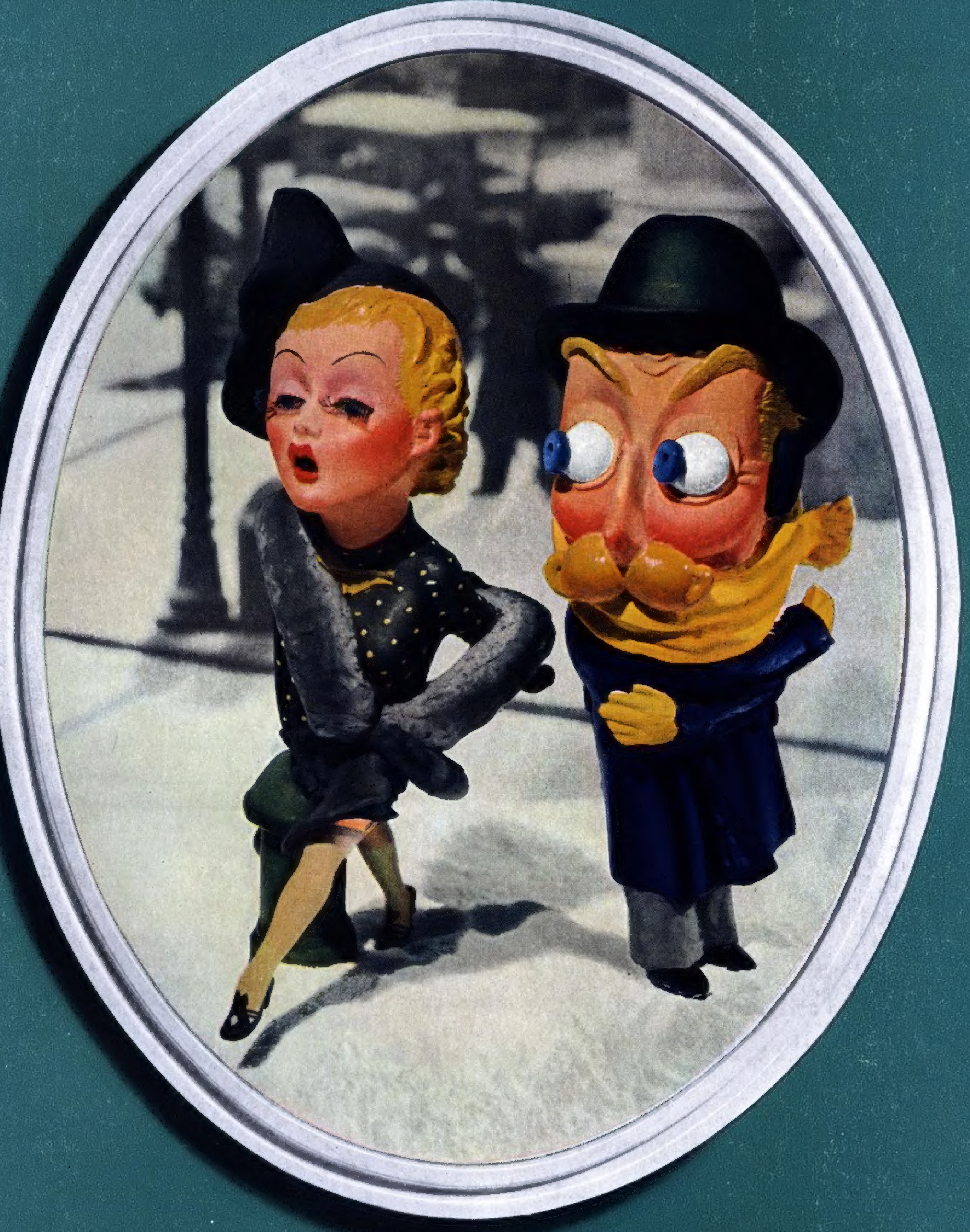
Esquire

FEBRUARY
1938

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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(COVER)

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CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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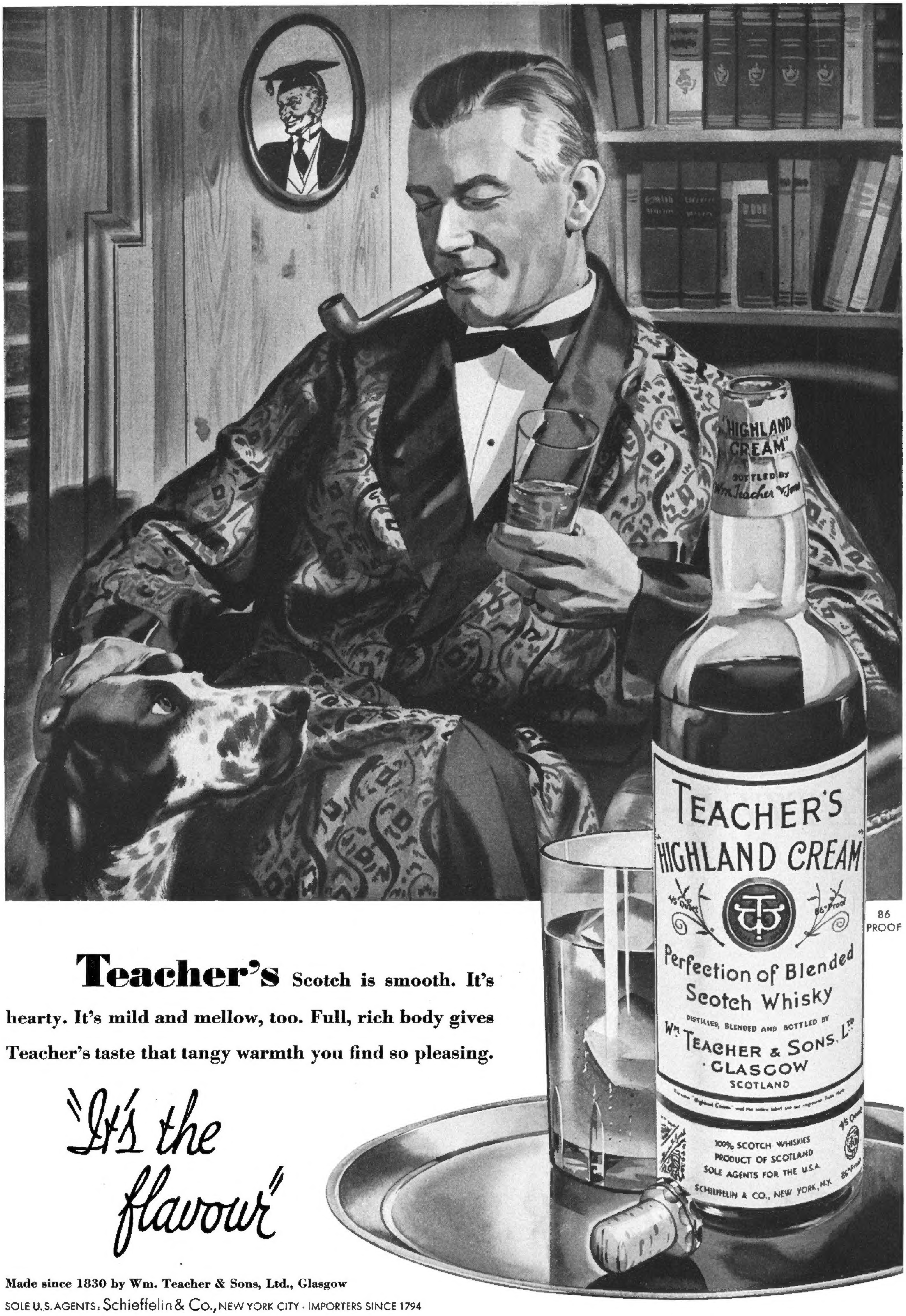
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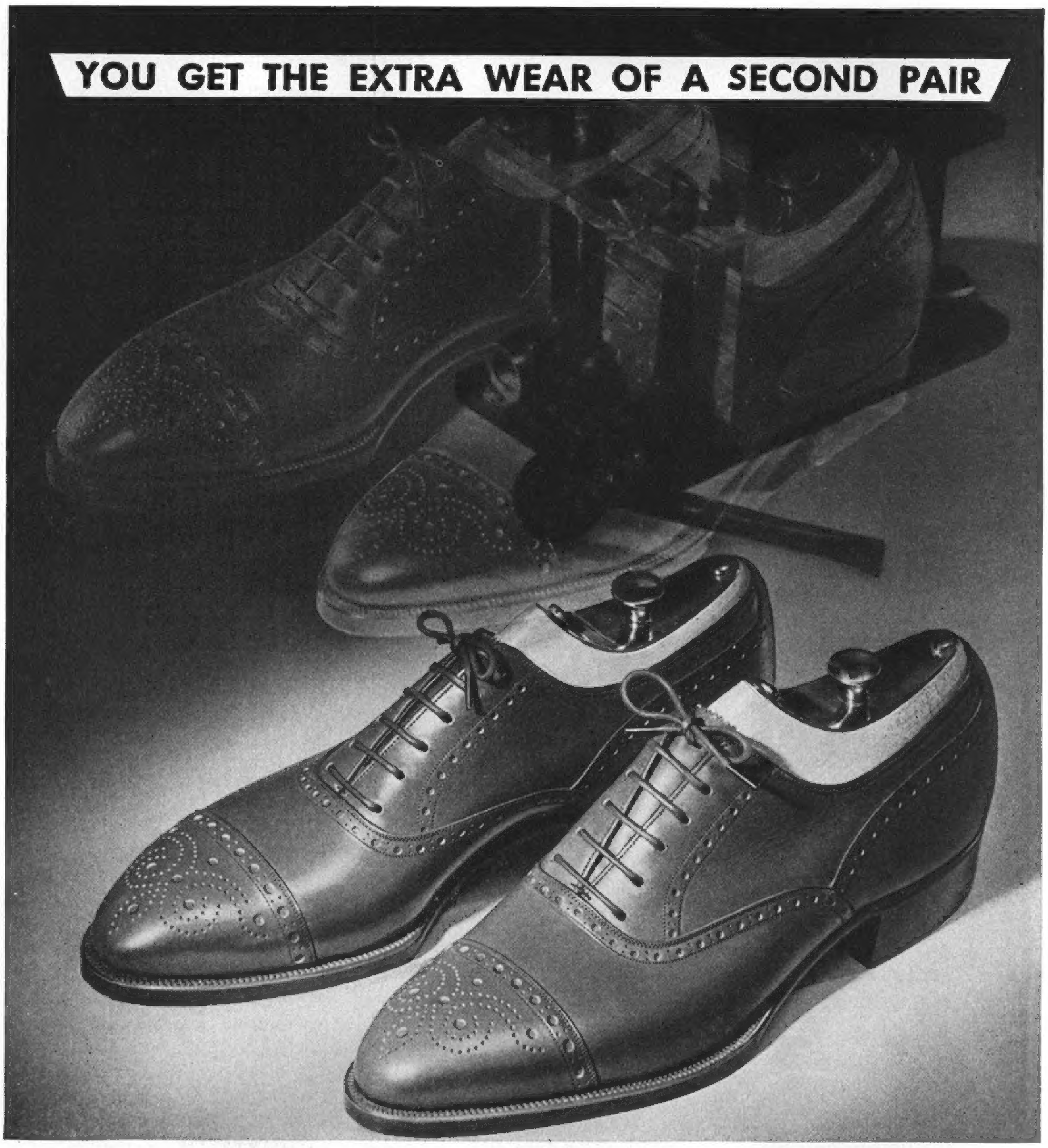

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Edited
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Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches by Saalburg, Goodman, Fellows and Peters, beginning on page 114

Art Directors: Eric Lundgren, Tony Palazzo

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Pipe dreams with feet on the desk

Somebody told us the other day about a technical difficulty in recording sounds. We've even forgotten who it was, nor did we understand too clearly the exact nature of the difficulty. But it seems that the most highly developed modern recording mechanism is almost too highly developed for its own good, because it has an odd little trick of tending to pick up not only the sound of the moment but even the lingering sounds of several moments preceding. This may be merely annoying in the making of records, but it is enormously exciting if your mind has a speculative twist. Because it is the first step toward tangible performance in substantiation of what has long been toyed with as academic theory. Many scientists have long suspected that sound never dies; that it only passes out of the range of our hearing. Recording apparatus has, as all of us know, intensified mechanical "hearing" capacity to a degree of subtlety that is far beyond that of even the most sensitive human ear. And if the recording mechanism, as this fellow was complaining, is now sensitive enough to pick up the sounds of several seconds ago, then it is only a matter of degree to get it to the point where it will pick up the sounds of several minutes ago, then those of several hours ago, and then—why not?—the sounds of years, even centuries gone by!

This line of thought quickly gets involved with concepts of the relation of time and space, and we have never aspired to join the line-up of those six or seven heavy-duty brains that are reputedly the only ones capable, really, of comprehending Einstein. But as the popular ditty of recent vintage insists, you can't keep us from dreaming. Dream then, of what it would mean to be able to recapture the sounds of the past, to be able to "tune in," out of the welter of still-reverberant sounds still traveling on the outward-riding wave lengths across infinity, any desired set of sounds. Think of trolling that part of the ocean of sound that was set into motion across infinity in the sixties, to fish out from the tangled vibrations of backyard-fence gossip and hucksters' cries and auctioneers' shouts the particular set of sounds that combined to make the Gettysburg Address. Or think of bringing back, over the bloody bridge of time across the dark ages, the Sermon on the Mount. But these are only the first and obvious thoughts. Think of how suddenly all privacy will cease, the day the recording apparatus is developed a few points beyond its present state, to make it both powerful enough and sensitive enough to reach out and bring back the sounds that are a few hours old. Sounds, for instance, that originate behind locked doors in Berlin are out into the ether, beyond all international boundary lines, in almost no time at all. What thrilling fun, then, to be able to tune them in, from a recording studio in Paris or London, and thus be able to let the whole world know, just by way of example, precisely what it was that Herr Hitler said to Signor Mussolini, that day they talked things over in Berlin. Still, the diplomats would soon resort to sign language or passing notes back and forth across their green-topped tables, so that's probably out. And all men who hadn't learned it before would learn very soon to keep their mouths shut.

But the past would be defenseless against our curiosity. Think of how that delicate instrument, that would pick up, select and amplify, the sounds of the past, would serve as a skeleton key to unlock all the lips that were ever sealed by death.

And think what a powerful weapon of propaganda would thus come into being. What dictator could hope to hold his sheep in line, and drive them into battle, against a peace-desiring nation that could send out over the radio recorded programs made up of selected sounds out of the last war? What soldier, hearing again the lies of the last war, the uncensored sound of its agonies, would march meekly forward into another?

Maybe this is the only effective anti-war move that could ever be made. Much as we admire the advertisements of World Peaceways, much as we sympathize with the efforts of all those who are doing their at-present-pathetic best to combat war with the feeble weapons that are now available, we are afraid that nothing short of an actual re-creation of the past war's horrors could bring the war-bent peoples to their senses.

So will the studios please hurry? Maybe the Sound and the Fury will be quick to say that this is all crazy. But is anything as crazy as war?

ESQUIRE
February, 1938
T. M.
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire-Coronet, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. IX, No. 2
Whole No. 51
T. M.
Reg.

NEW YORK EDITION

Another AMERICAN REVOLUTION

SEEK the LORD and HIS STRENGTH

1 The Simple Life of Thirty Years Ago. The chief entertainment of people thirty or forty years ago was reading. Newspapers and magazines were digested thoroughly, page after page, including the advertisements.

2 The Automobile Opened Up a New World. The automobile started people going places—pulled them away from the reading lamp. Week-end trips and evening drives now lure millions from home.

ADULTS 25¢
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3 Came the Movies, Then Radio to Entertain Millions. Each week eighty millions attend movies. Each night over eighteen million families tune in radio programs. Both these diverting interests draw their peak audiences from seven to eleven p. m., the period once devoted solely to reading.

4 Sports . . . Another Diversion for Millions. The widespread interest in sports is another interesting phenomenon of our times. The college football game, once a spectacle witnessed only by a few hundred, now draws millions to college stadia every Saturday. Pro football also fills the stands on Sunday until late December. Other sports, too, draw huge crowds.

LOOK
Esquire
TIME
LOOK
Collier's

5 Over 2600 Publications to Read. Not only has America less time to read but more publications to choose from. A recent estimate places the total number of publications printed each month (exclusive of newspapers) at over 2600 of every description.

6 The Change From Words to Pictures. Editors, recognizing that people no longer have time to pore over columns of type, now have changed formats to include more and more pictures. Rotogravure sections and picture pages are editorial acknowledgments of the changing trend in public reading habits.

7 The Latest Evolution . . . The Picture Magazine. Paced by LOOK, picture magazines have restored the cover-to-cover reading habit of thirty years ago. Every page of LOOK sparkles with interesting news and stories, presented in picture digest form. Over two million people take home a copy of LOOK every issue. And every member of the family reads it. Pictures speak a universal language that men and women, young and old, alike enjoy.

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Today . . . life is different. Tonight friends will drop in for bridge. Or we'll tune in our favorite radio programs. Or there's a good picture at the theatre we want to see. Or we're thinking out an office problem. So we hastily glance through the evening newspaper—or read quickly one or two stories in a magazine. We're too busy!

All over America, there are millions like us . . . whether they earn $20 a week or $20,000 a year. And there in a nutshell is the explanation of the meteoric rise of picture magazines, paced by LOOK, America's largest picture magazine, which in less than a year has reached a circulation of over two million.

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★ *On these pages LOOK has told its story both in pictures and in text. Read both, and doubt if you can, the continued popularity of LOOK, America's largest picture magazine.*

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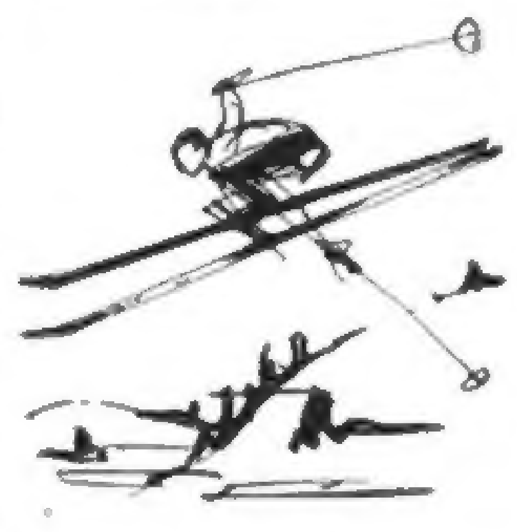

WINTER COAT FOR YOUR CAR. It is a scientific fact that if a car is exposed to the elements, what is known as finish oxidation takes place. In the case of an automobile surface, constant exposure to ice, sleet and rain causes the loosening of small particles of pigment, resulting in the disintegration of the coat. There's a new, transparent liquid, which, when rubbed on with a soft cloth, will protect the finish and color of your car against freezing, thawing, slush and such.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

HEIMWEH STRUCK FROM MEMORY'S HIDDEN SPRINGS

My conviction has always been that the columns of the S. and F. department are filled chiefly with the epistolary products of frustrated poets, novelists, and writers in general. As I have never been very tolerant of the See-It-In-Print-At-Any-Cost School, it is with a certain reluctance that I indite this letter to the editors of *Esquire* (*please*, not "*Esky!!!*"). My sole justification lies in the fact that I am not writing primarily to see print, but to express an appreciation and deep admiration for a piece of work in ESQUIRE that touched hidden springs of genuine and sincere emotion whose existence I had almost forgotten.

I have reference to Mr. Gingrich's December editorial. I have never been to Germany, and know only a few words of the language. I am, however, of unadulterated German blood, and spent my early childhood among the German people of Chicago and its North Shore. I, too, have memories of *pfeffernussen* and *lebkuchen* at Christmas, and have joined my voice with a dozen others in the strains of *O Tannenbaum* while my German-born father played the piano softly. All of the *gemutlichkeit* which Mr. Gingrich describes so beautifully was a part of the Christmas celebration in that American room where three generations of German-blooded folk were gathered to celebrate the birthday of the Son of their God in the manner that was traditionally theirs.

I have grown too cynical to recapture the religious mood; the bright sunshine of New Mexico, the Navajos and the 'dobe houses are all a far cry from the white Christmas season of Chicago and the peace and happiness of the little flat in Lake Forest. But that editorial has restored to me my memories of those times. For several days now I have been, in memory, once again a little German-American boy staring in awe at a glittering Christmas tree: I am truly grateful.

On the other hand, I share the editor's nostalgic gloom: he knows that in Germany and I know that in America these things were, but never shall be again. This Christmas my radio will bring Spanish, American, and Old English carols; but in my heart will be *O Tannenbaum* and *Stille Nacht*.

Albuquerque, N. M. GEORGE A. KING

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Sometimes when I peruse a popular publication it appears to me that today everybody but writers is writing. I glance over the table of contents and see articles, and even fiction and whatnot, by ball players, pugilists, bicycle riders, plumbers, public officials and their wives, assorted and sundry society personages, millionaire playboys, ex-royalty, indigent and otherwise, radio comedians, sausage manufacturers and oh so many others in interesting lines—in short, by everybody under the sun but honest-to-God bonafide authors.

Now, if a mother's place is in the home, by the same method of reasoning, a ball player's place is on the diamond, a prize fighter's in the ring, a public official's in a government building, a radio comedian's before the microphone, a plumber's in the bathroom, a playboy's before the bar, a prince's on a footstool near a throne and an author's in a book or magazine. As the sign in the speakeasy used to read: "Banks don't sell booze, so we don't cash checks." So the professional author should say: "I'll stay out of the prize ring, the radio studio, the limburger industry, the public service, if youse guys will stay out of the magazines."

And look at the way the newspapers are playing stooge to the radio. Every time there's a merger, editorial workers lose their jobs in an industry that's been contracting for years, but they can always find room for radio names, names incidentally which are not satisfied to reach the oh so many millions they reach in each broadcast. Authorship is an art. Writing is a profession. The actor is an interpreter, not a creator. Why has so much literature of the past century come down to us? Because it was written by authors, mostly bewhiskered, but still writers. But today! There ought to be a law forbidding anybody with a title, military or royal, from palming themselves off as authors. Even editors should understand that being able to sock somebody on the jaw effectively does not make a moron a literary genius; the whole thing is as phony as the testimonials from celebrities. Of course it's good for a laugh, if that's the purpose. I would be impressed if a cereal expert told me the breakfast food he preferred. My neighbor has smoked the same tobacco for fifty years; he says he likes it. Now, that would be a testimonial. But no, they give us the celebrities.

Sincerely,

New York, N. Y. R. C. O'BRIEN

P. S.—Of course this is a generalization of a current trend, ESQUIRE and CORONET feature writers.

PERFECTLY MISUNDERSTOOD

What a shame that this holiday season is to be so sober and gloomy! Just think of the number of childish faces that will be washed with woeful tears on Christmas morning! Do you ask why? Well, didn't you read the "editorial" in the Dec. ESQUIRE? Ye editor explained the situation quite clearly. I'm sure you will understand perfectly when you read it.

Of all the stupid, un-American things to do, Mr. Editor, you have done them. Do you honestly think that Americans cannot celebrate Christmas without German made toys, food and drink? Do you really believe that Christmas is essentially a German festival?

Or maybe I'm mistaken. Perhaps you are feeling sorry for only the German children. I would rather believe that. In any case, however, do you honestly think that Christmas for Americans will be saddened by the realization that German children will have little or no occasion for festivities?

Christmas is observed by people the world over, not by Germans alone. Christ was born a Jew in Bethlehem, not a German in Berlin. But you know that already. You said as much in your editorial. Then what makes you think that because the Germans despise the Aryan peoples, it will have anything to do with our own joy in singing peace on earth, toward men, good will?

Perhaps you had better write another editorial and say something about the American ways of rejoicing during the holiday season. Give a few of your sober and saddened readers a view of the American ideals concerning Christmas spirit.

American toys (they are quite good enough for the children I know), American food, the traditional American or English Christmas carols, the American child's conception of Santa Claus, (even if the name is "polyglot," and the old, yet ever new, story of the First Christmas, have all been perfectly satisfactory for a great many past generations, and will continue to be so, at least to honest, good-hearted, REAL American citizens, for many years to come.

Yours for more AMERICAN editorials in the future.

Crockett, Calif. MARION HAGGART

THE FEARS OF A FATHER

Don't you think it is going a little too far to print a letter like the one from "Bachelor Girl" in your December issue?

Her remarks about the morals of girls in their late "teens" are the worst kind of rot. No doubt what she says is true about her close associates as like finds like but why does she feel qualified to speak for all her sex?

What prompts this letter is that I have two young daughters whom I would much prefer seeing dead in their coffins than to grow up to young womanhood with the pagan moral ideas of "Bachelor Girl" and her ilk.

Incidently I have never been accused of being a prude nor have I ever before taken the trouble to write to any publication to air my views on any subject.

Chicago, Ill. A FATHER

THE COO OF CONTENTMENT

Here you have a new contributor. However, the reason behind this insatiable urge to write to your department is not to praise the contents or to criticize them. It is to criticize the criticizers. I speak of those weak brained pantie-waists such as Samuel Greenfield, Ernest Buckler and "Female of Eighteen." Their stupidity and inanity are really refreshing. Naturally it wouldn't occur to them that it is their type—and their type only—that takes offense at sensuous or smutty wit. Oh, there is a lot of it in ESQUIRE, but surely any person of average mentality can take that sort of stuff with a grin and a grain of salt. I can't help but believe that those crack pots who howl with righteous indignation are simply hypocrites whose perverted minds take offense at something that strikes home. I make reference to that very ordinary type of person whose mental repressions are caused not by virtue but rather by a fear of giving in to his inherent and natural desires.

On second thought I think I will offer a little praise to your splendid magazine. It is the only periodical on the market that one can open and not find the inevitable and tiresome football (in season), baseball (also in season), and love (any season) stories. Your many stories and articles offer diversity and usually originality. I await each copy with impatient eagerness! Keep them coming!

Sincerely,

Jacksonville, Fla. RICHARD B. WAND

A LOT OF SUGGESTION

I'm just a college Co-ed so maybe I don't know much (this is not an apology, but an admission) but I do know this much, I know a good thing when I see it. I'm referring to a letter from an Elaine Williams in the December issue. She seems to think that suggestion, or hypnotism, as you prefer, is tripe. Since I'm a Psychology major and very interested too, I feel as though this is a very serious mistake. Since she is very young (I'm probably 3 or 4 years older) I think I ought to inform her. I'd like her to know the effect that the article, *A Little Suggestion* had on me. I read it in bed and it was not the last thing I read. After turning out the light I was very uncomfortable and didn't know what was the matter with me. All of a sudden I felt my hand reaching, reaching, reaching for my elbow. I've got it! When it was over I pulled the covers over my head and laughed at myself. I'm afraid, though, it was a laugh of relief. In the morning I spoke to my sister about it and she had done the same thing with her own private copy of ESKY. Now we may be a very susceptible family or gullible or something but I haven't found anyone yet who didn't respond the way we did. I think that any person who actually read that article from end to end, uninterrupted could not think it was tripe. Congratulations Mr. Panzer.

And congratulations ESKY for the swellest, grandest, super-collossal mag. that was ever printed. Thanks for publishing Steinbeck, he's my pet, pet and Petty too.

By the way my room at the dorms is covered from ceiling to floor with ESQUIRE cartoons and covers. The poor magazines are falling apart with all the pages missing, but it's worth it. It's made me the most popular girl in the place. Everybody comes up to see if I've got a new one in some obscure corner.

Your most ardent fan, I think,

Philadelphia, Pa. JUST A CO-ED

A LITTLE SUGGESTION

Familiarity breeds contempt, and this searching for something of interest in a thing grown too familiar becomes tiresome to say the least.

So as a friend and as man to man. Why don't you guys just fold up for a few months and take a vacation?

It would do you a lot of good and would benefit us to no small extent, and then perhaps, after a lapse of a few short months in the parting of our ways, We the public, would find the same appeal in your (handiwork or Art?) we once found there.

I may be wrong even tho they do say in this great industrial age of ours that the customer is always right and it isn't you who are so much at fault as it is that I have been gorging myself on an all too exclusive ESQUIRE diet.

I make this suggestion only that it may bring about a greater satisfaction and a keener enjoyment to us all.

And especially——Me,

Manning, Iowa ARTHUR PETERSEN

DAMN, THAT'S FAINT PRAISE

It would seem to be in accordance with the policy of delightfully ingenuous self-revelation practiced by your readers if we described ourselves as "Empire Builders" or what have you, but we merely wish to represent ourselves as fairly normal specimens of the English race, and, with that well-known spirit of Empire, we do rather feel it incumbent upon us to point out that the sentiments and mode of expression displayed by D. A. Douthwaite of Grimsby, England in your September number are in no way indicative of our "Rough Island Story" at all.

We can only imagine that Mr. Douthwaite achieved his vocabulary from the more sensational type of motion pictures.

We like your Magazine, but we do feel that the number of fashion pictures, for which presumably there is a demand, rather belies your claim to be "A Magazine for Men."

Lest you should think from this that we spend our time in caves and run up tailor's bills almost entirely consisting of woad we should mention with that well-known Anglo Saxon diffidence that "Our Fashion Scout" might find something to write to Auntie about, if only the latest thing in loin clothes, in the White Man's Grave.

One final word—not all British Officers wear yellow moustaches and probably owing to the existence of your Magazine, Regimental ties are now mostly used for keeping up their owners flannel trousers—apart from that you are not too bad.

Yours faithfully,

J. R. HOOTOM
Accra S. S. HORDERUF
British Gold Coast Colony

Continued on page 14

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DISAPPEARING PENCIL. Most guys feel no compunction whatsoever about pocketing any pencil they see lying around. Here's a way to fox these lead lifters . . . the new "disappearing" pencil will be your closest attachment. It's a neat, handy little affair about 4 inches long, attached to a spring chain which winds up like a spool inside a little round button which you pin on the under side of your coat lapel, completely out of sight. You'll be sitting idly at a bar, for instance, and suddenly want to write a note to that blonde across the room . . . just pull down your pencil and when you've finished, back it snaps under the lapel on its own power and its own trusty pulley. Swell for evening wear when your tails don't allow much space for writing equipment. Nice present to give those plutocrats going south for spot of golf. Boon companion of reporters . . . in short . . . a nifty.

FILE YOUR PHOTOS. If you are one of these camera fiends, snapping your way through life, you probably haven't room in the house or space in your albums for your collection of pictures. Great little space saver and efficient way of filing your photographs is a new folio, neat, compact and streamlined, which holds 240 pictures in 8 pages. There are a series of gummed hinges fastened to the leaves of the book, and you paste the gums on your photos which lie flat, one on top of the other with edges protruding step fashion, so that each picture can be flipped up into full view via the hinges. Some of the folios have special hinged envelopes for the purpose of filing both prints AND NEGATIVES together. Takes about 15 minutes to fill a page. There are also special folios which hold candid camera size films.

NEWS REEL IN THE HOME. Sit in your comfortable arm chair, puff on your favorite pipe and see the outstanding international and national news events of the year on your own 16 mm. or 8 mm. Projector. You can buy a film of the Coronation, the entire pageant in all its medieval pomp and glory; you can have the Life of Edward . . . highlighting the most colorful career of our times, Britain's ex-king and his American bride. The Hindenburg disaster and the war in China (action movies actually taken under fire) are yours to show your children's children in years to come. And a stirring, fast action review of the season's gridiron classics, Army and Navy, Yale and Harvard, etc. . . . a reel you sports fans will cherish; or track events that have made racing history . . . study the winning horses and their riders. Films run from 100 feet to 350 feet.

TINKER BOX. Maybe you're one of those men your wife rather deprecatingly refers to as a "tinkerer." Yet you are always expected to produce when there's a nail to be driven, a new shelf to be installed or something goes wrong with the electric iron. Most city shanties have no space for a man's work room, much less his old wooden tool chest . . . so to remedy that situation, up comes a handsome modern tool box, about 11" long, 8" wide and 5" high. Outside of box is a gem . . . natural basswood with polished plastic crystal or tortoise handles or black with red. Two drawers for nails, screw driver, hammer, etc. . . . or, even could be used for odd poker chips, dice, cards, etc. Good enough looking to sit right on the living room table. For graduate tinkerers there's another compact cabinet in solid chestnut, built with drawer and fitted with 28 carpenter's tools . . . saw, awl, plane and those things.

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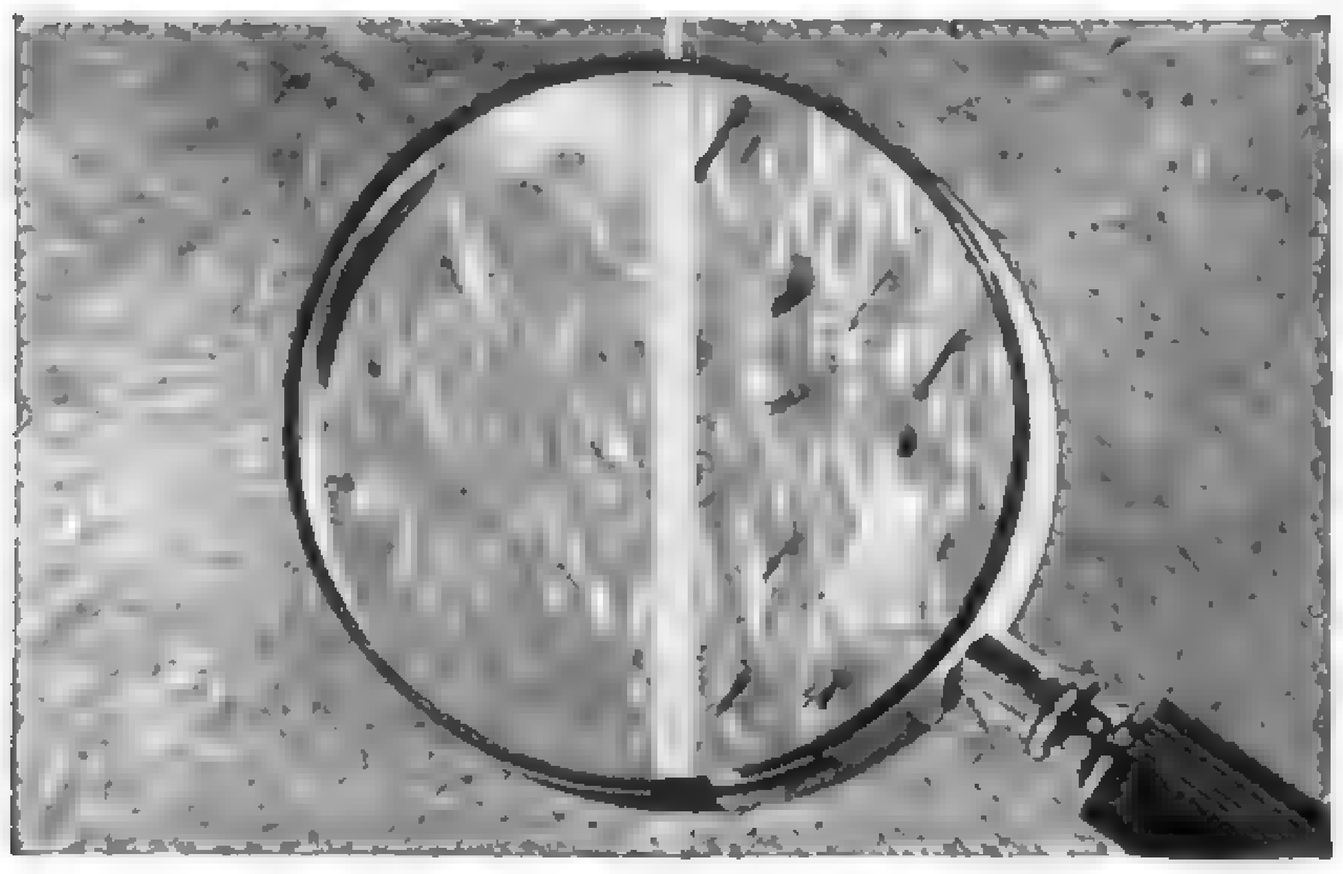

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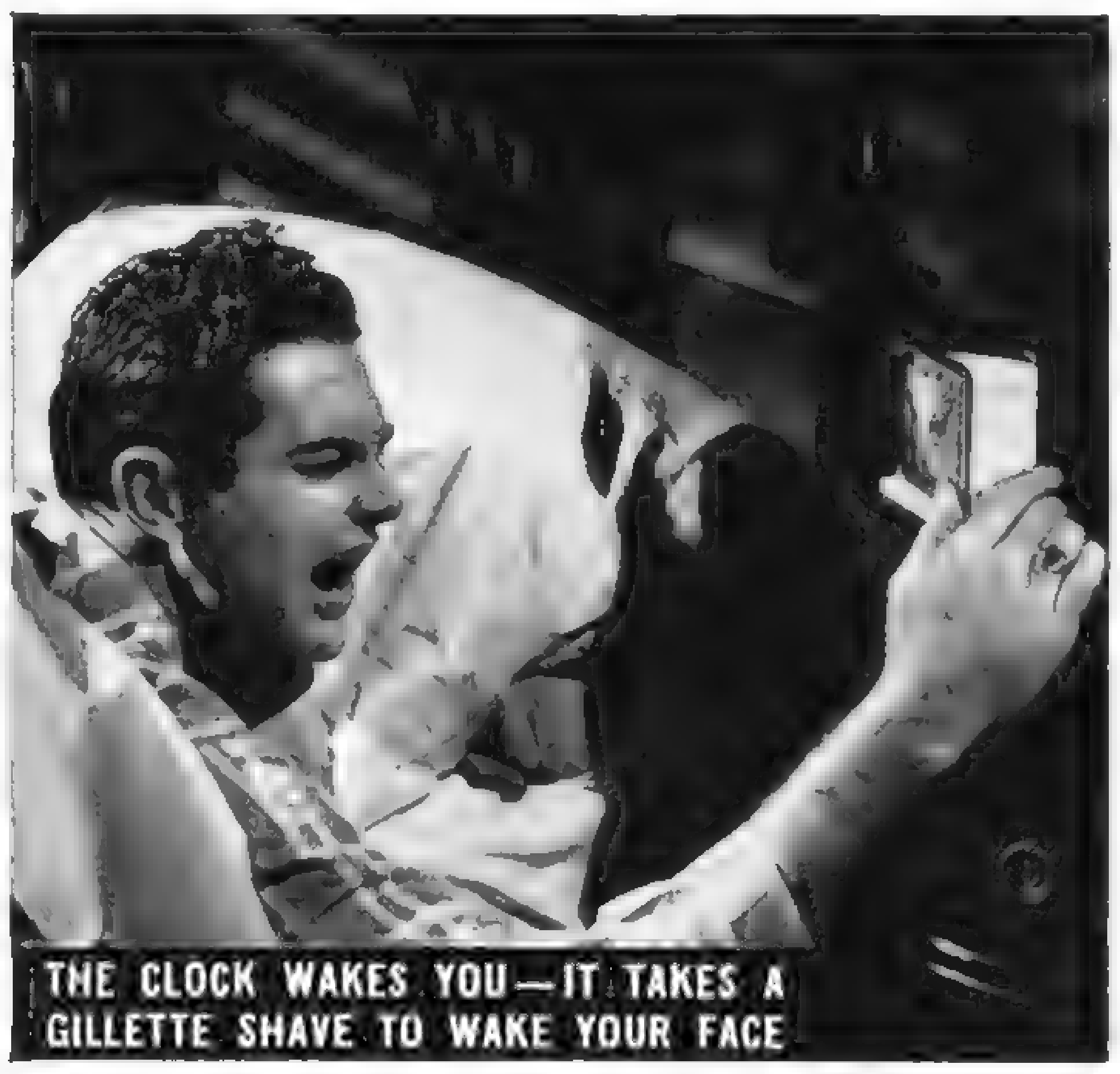

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I SAID GILLETTE!

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

THE "DOUS" LIST

Orchids to R. B. Sullivan for his December article, *Waiting for the Cat to Die.* Very entertaining, especially to me who have been interested in puzzles for some time; but, alas, by inference there is one error. Mr. Sullivan infers that there are but five words in the English language ending in -dous, namely and to wit:—tremendous, stupendous, horrendous, hazardous, and jeopardous. I suggest that there is a sixth—pudendous, meaning shameful. Scan your Webster, Mr. Sullivan, glance through its pages. Can one gainsay me?

And what became of Petty this month? It's cold in December, bitter cold, especially without one of Petty's glorified and modernized Greek goddesses. It is enough that one puts up with only one specimen of his work per issue, but it is too much that one should see an issue not graced by an exemplar of his craft. And thus, having said my say,

I wish you
A Merry Christmas.

Cambridge, Mass WILLIAM B. OBER

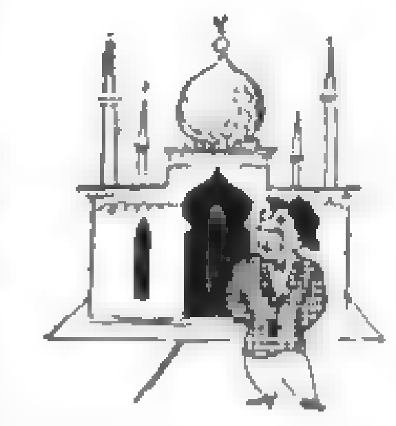
P. S.—By the bye, in L.3 the word have is correct. First person, don't you know. Lest you should be prompted to correct me.

SELECTED CASE HISTORY

The account of the incident in Victoria Station enclosed herewith is true. I was seeing a film executive off to Australia. I think I am entitled to a copy of the Xmas number of ESQUIRE for reporting the event.

Yours sincerely,
Ludgate House JACK CARNEY

IN HIGH PLACES WITH "ESQUIRE"
Time: November 2, 1937.
Place: Victoria Station, London.
Scene: Film Executives, Dominion statesmen, Indian Maharajah and family preparing to depart on the London-Marseilles express to catch the P. & O. steamer for India and all points East.



The Maharajah of Burdwan, accompanied by his charming and beautiful daughter, his son-in-law and grandson, walks slowly to his carriage. He wears the high black headgear of the ruling classes of India. As he enters the train he whispers something to his daughter. She hurried away and approaching the newsboy who is pushing his newsbarrow up and down the platform purchases the last copy of ESQUIRE from him. Returning to the carriage she hands it to the Maharajah who feels immensely pleased now that he knows the overland trip to Marseilles and the week's journey by steamer to India will not be as monotonous as it would have been without ESQUIRE. Six other people are carrying ESQUIRE and they proudly exhibit its cover as if it were the Debrett of travellers. The train moves out and the Maharajah settles down to read his ESQUIRE.

AN OPEN SECRET

I know that it is with your tongue in your cheek that you read and sometimes print such screeds as this. (The contempt of an editor for his readers is akin to an actor's for his audience. And I don't blame him. No artist and a good editor is a kind of artist, believes the high worth of his work can be fully appreciated by anyone else. This is sadly close to the truth.) However, I'd bet not one in a thousand, even among ESQUIRE's elevated crowd, is sensible of the wham you deliver on the public's collective nose with each issue. I can see you chortling on your throne at the pygmies at your feet slavering in ecstasy at the illusion of a compliment in having their letters printed under your famous borrowed title, *The Sound and the Fury.* What supreme irony! The context of the Shakespearian phrase is certainly plain language:

"It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Yet nowhere among all the letters you have printed has there appeared the slightest resentment against this Machiavellian scapegoating.

If the coherent conciseness of this letter is unintelligible, on account of its unusualness, let me know, and I will endeavor to rewrite it in the campus-and-gutter patois which prevails in your letter columns.

Quite sincerely,
HUGH SANDBECK
Grand Forks, N. D.

ESQ'S BACKWARD MARCH

I have just read Carleton Smith's *Roulades and Cadenzas* in your current issue—Obnoxious, I believe, is the word for his smart-alecky wisecracking.

I think you may be interested in learning that this article is the reason for which I and several friends of mine, all musicians, are not renewing our subscriptions.

Indignantly yours,
Buffalo, N. Y. FRANCS ANTORI

A PROFANE AMEN

Inspired by the editorial on page five of your December issue I submit the following as either mag. or basket filler:

"Forty airplanes each throw 620 incendiary bombs, each weighing 1.5 kilograms, upon a town; how many conflagrations will there be if three-fifths of the bombs are without effect?"

Well, there it is . . . an example, not only of actual educational practice but of the trend of modern German civilization. If they would only illustrate with photographs showing the results of application of the above problem! Or perhaps they should illustrate by actual repetition of this beautiful experience since educational psychology extols experiential learning and the apprehension of ideas in their natural setting as they will be used in life!

Approaching the holiday season we are again impressed by the holy spirit of altruism that pervades the world-scene. A pretty picture, this. "Peace on earth, good will toward men" which Hitler might well paraphrase "Hell on earth, good will toward me!" And the legendary "gemutlichkeit" is raped by totalitarian hypocrisy.

Civilization is predominantly man-made. In my repertoire of the gods I find but one who might claim man's civilization . . . Mars. And he rises out of the very essence of the stuff that would constitute his basis for acceptance, WAR. I think no self-respecting god would take "credit" for man's civilization *per se.*

It would seem, and here I must sound a note of optimism, that civilization is in the midst of adolescence. Why? Have you noticed any of these characteristics in large scale production . . . emotional stress, extreme questioning and cynicism, non-coordination, and growing pains?

May I close on this cheerful statement? If happiness is the consciousness of beauty in performance and in the world around us, and, if happiness is the goal of mankind, then . . . may God *damn* Hitler, Mussolini, and complacent Americans. We need more than Lydia-Pinkham-patent-medicines for the periodicity of the military blood purge!

Yours truly,
REED HOLMES
State University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

THE VOICE OF REFORM

Last Saturday while on the train on my way to New York I spent considerable time in examining the current issue of ESQUIRE. In many respects it is a fine magazine especially from the artistic point of view.

One thing about it, however, I very much regret, namely, the large amount of space given to the advertising of intoxicating liquors. The gentleman with whom I was sitting and myself went through the magazine and found that there are a total of 25⅛ pages devoted to the advertising of liquors.

To begin with this is an unduly large proportion of advertising for any one product, particularly a product of this character. These advertisements are of such character as to leave the impression that there is nothing injurious or harmful about the beverage use of intoxicating liquors, that they are most wholesome and that it is the smart thing to use them in our social functions.

You can not help but know the widespread damage resulting from the use of these liquors in our advertising throughout our country. It is a well established fact of science that the alcohol contained in these beverages is a poison injurious to the human system and especially to the brain even when taken in moderate quantities; that many of our highway accidents are caused by drinking drivers; that much lawlessness and crime result from their use; and that much of the poverty and destitution in our country is directly traceable to the traffic in alcoholic liquors.

I know that this traffic is legal but this does not make it moral and magazines of the character of yours it seems to me should recognize their moral responsibility. In my judgment, newspapers and magazines advertising intoxicating liquors can not escape responsibility for the damage resulting from their use. I appeal to you in the name of our youth and of humanity and of our country to eliminate these advertisements from your magazine.

Respectfully yours,
Pittsburgh, Pa. R. H. MARTIN

SO HERE IT IS, AS IS

I don't throw away any good fifty cents for your damnable magazine, but occasionally I run into it at a friend's house or in the dentists office. Your anonymous and childish *Facts of Life* series gets me. Are grown men supposed to be gulping this in?

The adulteress who told of her twenty lovers in a late issue, seemed to believe that she was being modern. Bunk. Surely you men who publish ESQUIRE aren't so ignorant that you consider adultery and fornication new . . . Satisfying the lusts of the body has come down thru the ages and flourished like the "green bay tree," especially in those old Roman times when emperors like Galerius died of rotting foul diseases due to giving in to lusts. The one good thing you can say of these filthy Romans was that they were at least open in their fleshly appetites . . . not hiding behind anonymous names or pretending to be virtuous.

But the Romans were not the only sinners. In that pure maid Joan of Arc's time, fornication was ripe and flourishing, and the only time it died a death was in the forefathers of America. Here purity of mind and of body had a chance for a while, and a caustic old European whose bodily sins lay ripe upon him remarked that Europe had no chance against America. Why? "Why?" he answered, "What chance has any country against a land of virgin men?"

And THAT was our heredity. If, with the help of ESQUIRE, the World War, and other evil sources, we have brought the old world sins to America and have become so entrenched in them that the immoral French call us immoral, let us at least be honest about it. Fornication IS a sin and it's as old as the hills, and any man who tries to seduce a girl by telling her to "Be modern" is a liar as well as being very old fashioned. The only truly modern thing is purity and goodness. Not the goodness that comes from not knowing, but the positive goodness that KNOWS and has the strength to ignore filth of mind or of body. America is turning more and more to spiritual things, and I'm looking forward to the time when "ESQUIRE" is no more.

This is no anonymous contribution, so I hope you are taking it for its worth and will have the courage to publish it as is . . . or not at all.

Yours,
L. FONTAINE FIALA
Brooklyn, N. Y.

P. S.—If you do publish this letter, you will have a certain sort of courage, that's commendable in its own way.

BRITISH WITH A BANG

Only ESQUIRE's editorial mediocrity could permit the publication of Belfrage's article *Who Wants My Empire?* Only a magazine that is partial to the idea of consistently playing up the low, brash morals of Sam American could come out with such degrading estimates of the British Empire. And only the said Sam American is of the proper dullness of temper to swallow such disgusting bilge.

Belfrage has very evidently been lending his sensitive ear to a pack of backhouse rumors. If he has not, then he got his "facts" from someone who has. It is bad enough to have the Empire discredited by foul-mouthed propagandists, such as flourish to the south of us, but to have it come from a scribbler who would call himself English, and to have it printed on the slickest of paper, is beyond the tastes of an Empire citizen of any worth.

We Canadians, and other Britishers, for that matter, see nothing of any intrinsic importance in Belfrage's remarks. We laugh at them. But they have the annoying faculty of driving the average Britisher to pity the average smug American. We pity him because he will believe what was said in the article is gospel truth. He will delight in being informed of the muck and filth in the Empire situation, even though his own country is nothing but muck and filth.

I have not time to tear Belfrage's economic concepts of the Empire to pieces. All I want to say here is that the United States' Italo-Hebrew complex manifested in every sector of her national life, is speedily turning the country into a nation of unlettered gum-chewers inebriated with lies piped to them through the medium of pocket-sized magazines and picture-books. If all the Smug Mugs in the U. S. were laid side by side you still wouldn't know a Union Jack from a Big Apple-jack.

The United States has a lot to learn.

DONALD A. C. MCGULL
Vancouver, B. C.

ESQ EVER UPRIGHT

Mr. E. Simms Campbell either knows human nature or hid himself in our rooms several months ago. His cartoon entitled "I've changed my mind!" is exactly what happened—or should we say, didn't happen? We're framing said picture to remind us of a pleasant (?) evening.

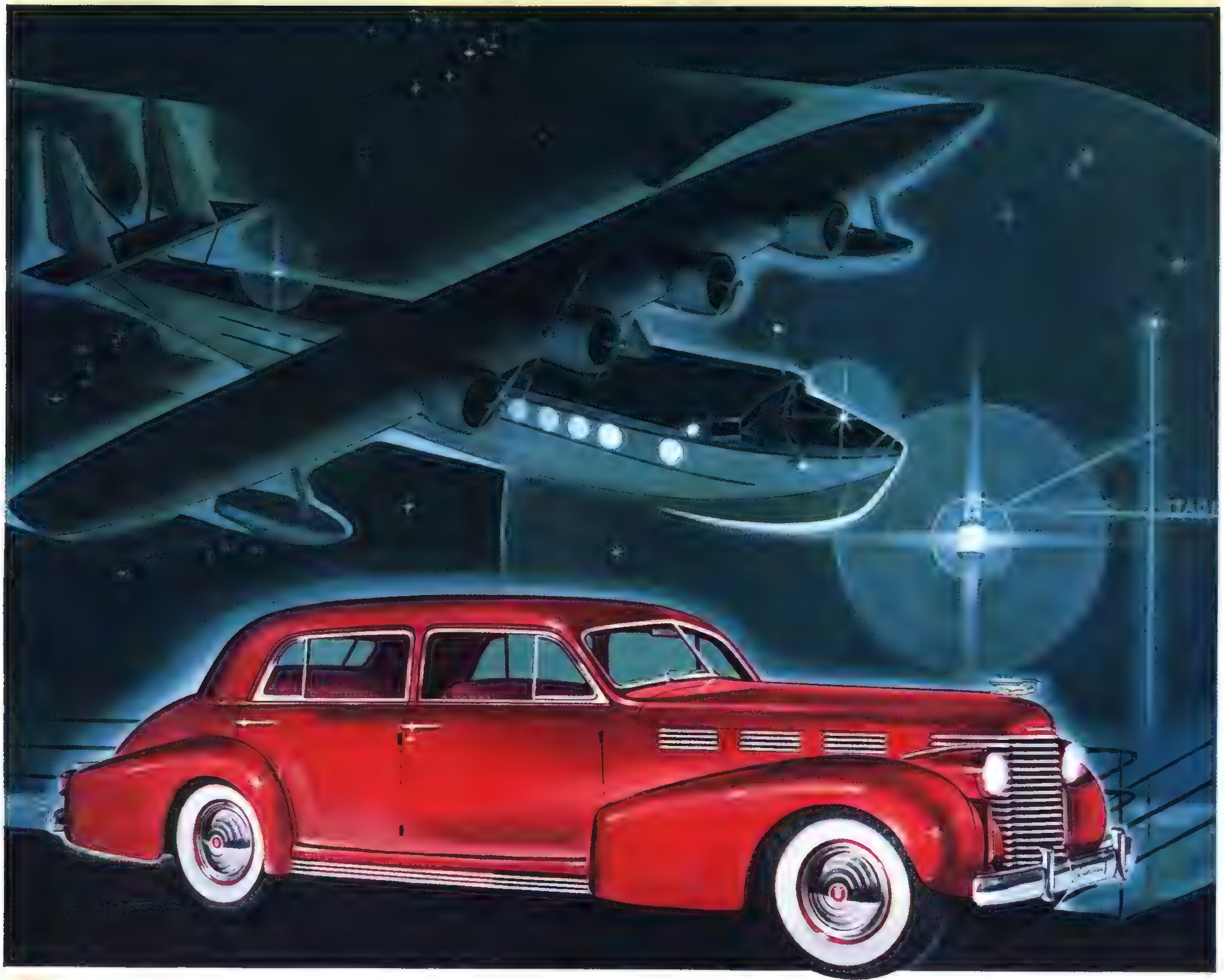
Your magazine is perfect. Keep up the good work. Very truly yours,

TWO STENOGRAPHERS
Chicago Heights, Ill.

Continued on page 172

PRESENTING THE SENSATIONAL NEW CADILLAC *Sixty* SPECIAL

THE NEWEST CAR IN THE WORLD



THERE HAS NEVER BEEN another car like the *new* Cadillac Sixty Special . . . a car with such definite modernity of line, yet so obviously right in taste . . . a precedent-breaking car prophetic of motor cars not yet on other drawing boards, yet a car wholly devoid of freakish trappings.

THERE HAS NEVER BEEN anything like the vivid, spirited performance of this car . . . with its inexhaustible vitality, its eager-flowing power, its quiet, obedient responsiveness! There has never been anything like its inviting, all-embracing comfort . . . davenport seats, with extra width and extra depth. There has never been anything like the vision with which you drive the Cadillac Sixty Special . . . there is more outward vision than in any closed car ever built heretofore.

THERE ARE BOLD STROKES OF INSPIRED DESIGN in the Sixty Special. There are no running-boards—you step right in, through doors of generous width. From every angle—the Cadillac Sixty Special is, beyond dispute, *the newest car in the world!*

IF YOU ARE TIRED OF THE COMMONPLACE—if you want the only really different car of the year—then by all means accept our invitation to drive this matchless Cadillac Sixty Special. Its performance . . . in your own hands . . . will make the most extravagant description seem faint praise indeed!

There is also a new Cadillac Sixty in more conventional mold, and selling at a price we believe represents the greatest value in the motor car market. It differs from the Special in appearance and appointment—it is one with the Special in quality and in performance. And as to performance . . . the Cadillac Sixty is unquestionably America's finest-performing *eight cylinder car! See it!*

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

PARKER
★ GAMES ★

World-Wide Leader in Games!

"ADVANCE TO GO!" GO

MONOPOLY

More Real Exciting Fun than any other Game! Sets, $2 to $25

New Sensational Game!

BOAKE CARTER'S STAR REPORTER

Novel and exciting play developed by Boake Carter, and based on his thrilling experiences chasing news by plane, rail, and motor! Win points by being first on the scene when big "news stories" break! This Winter's Outstanding New Game! Up to 6 can play. Price, $2

PARKER BROTHERS INC.
SALEM, MASS. ★ NEW YORK ★ LONDON

Federal Enlarger $9.95

A precision photo enlarger with all latest improvements. Uses photoflood or 125 w. bulb. Book-type negative holder takes all sizes film, plates up to 4 in. x 5 in. F:8 Lens with 3.5 in. focal length. Micrometer focus, inter-changeable Lens. Hardwood baseboard takes enlargements up to 12 ins. by 15 ins. Can be used horizontally to project extreme enlargements. All features of expensive enlargers. Order now, only $9.95 with lens postpaid or C.O.D. plus postage.

CANDID CAMERA SUPPLY CO.
303 W. 42 St., Dept. Q1, N.Y. City

THE HANDIEST POCKET KNIFE EVER DESIGNED!

● Neat, handy, useful and durable...Brass frame, heavily chromium plated ... Blade of finest razor steel.

Smart...practical

Graceful design, light weight; fine enough to wear on your silver, gold or platinum chain.

Three blades in one

Instantly opened or closed with one hand. No broken fingernails. Blade locks easily in any one of 3 lengths... really three blades in one.

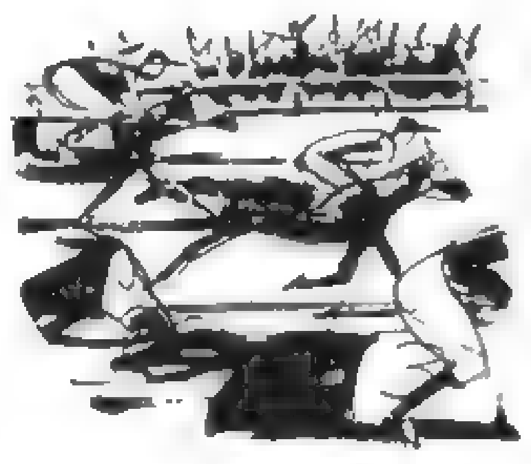
GUARANTEED TO PLEASE

THE CHRISTY CO., Fremont, O.

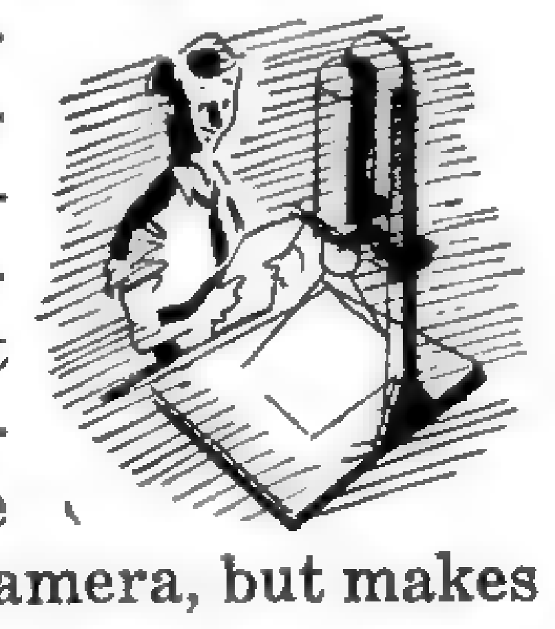
Enclosed is $1.00 for a Christy Sport Knife. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded. (Ohio orders add 3c for sales tax.) This offer good in U.S.A. only.

Q-7

Actual Size



LEARN TO PLAY "MUTUELS." They're off! Brown Bomber out in front by a length.... Red Pepper second by a neck. ... Yellow Jacket third by half a length. ... Black Hawk, left at the post but coming up strong into contention! Figuring that twenty million (estimate of bettors every day in the United States) can't be wrong, George C. Woolever, former head of a popular racing publication, has designed a racing game called "Mutuels," patterned on actual racing at the track. The number of players is unlimited, yet two may play. Paraphernalia consists of a green track, six different colored horses and dice thrown to determine the moves. The odds are determined by the players themselves, as the game is based on the mutuel system of wagering. You may purchase a mutuel ticket on your favorite, become a part owner, and enter your horse in the race to try for the purse. Horses are auctioned off to the highest bidder. There is even a Daily Double where you must select the winner of the first and second race . . . this feature is especially exciting where a large party is in progress. The game is played with game scrip, the size of regular paper currency . . . there is no banker but a racing Judge is appointed, who handles the scrip and makes the pay off on the pools. There is no chance for manipulation and no "take" or "rake-off." Following the hazards of a regular track, a horse may be left at the post, get in a pocket, stumble, take a breathing spell or have a foul claimed . . . all add to the excitement of the play. The average game lasts ten minutes . . . and there is no "freeze out" . . . as *many* persons may win in each game. You'll probably be playing Mutuels on your next cruise . . . as we understand that several of the Steamship Companies have purchased large and deluxe editions of the game. For embryonic newspaper men, there's Boake Carter's new game STAR REPORTER wherein players act as reporters for rival newspapers, each player attempting to get to the spot of the story first, and bring in the news. Game is played on a board representing an airplane view of the countryside on which is shown roads, railroads, cities, landing fields, etc. There are 2 dice for determining moves, 6 colored pins, 5 telephones, 6 airplanes for players to use in pursuit of news. Another newspaper game, FIVE STAR FINAL is fast moving and thrilling. Players receive assignments to cover kidnappings, killings, etc., each player attempting to score sensational scoops. Equipment includes counters like chess men, dice, news items, etc.



BIG PICTURES FROM MINIATURES. Camera fans who have not as yet progressed beyond the shutter-pushing stage can now enjoy a thrill in making big pictures from little snapshots. A new machine, very reasonably priced, puts tenderfeet amateurs in the semi-pro class. Simply unscrew a light bulb from your pet lamp, insert in the enlarger, focus for correct size of picture wanted, and press the button! Costs no more than a low-priced camera, but makes large, sharp pictures over a foot square from your small negatives. It seems most candid camera fans now take an average of some 36 small pictures about an inch square. And many fans have paid handsome sums to have their better snaps "blown-up" for friends to stand off and admire their artistry. Cameramaniacs now conserve their bankrolls and pursue their hobby right in their own cellar laboratories.

EN ROUTE STICK. Little novelty to give your gal for a Valentine or something . . . a sort of cosmetic kit stick which looks like an enlarged lipstick case patriotically striped in red, white and blue. When taken apart its four different sections contain the makings for a facial pick-me-up, rouge, cream, powder base and eye shadow. One simoleon.

Ranger

MUNRO SPORT GLASS

Doubles magnification — specially processed polished lenses — light weight bakelite construction — with individual focus for each eye. For every spectator purpose, — sports, theatre, etc. At better shops, or remit direct

Send for Your "Ringside Seat"

Free Literature On Request

ONLY $3. POST PAID with genuine Leather Case

MUNRO ATHLETIC PRODUCTS CO. INC.
253 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.

For the Man "Who Cares"

IT'S NEW

THE "JAT"

IT HOLDS THE HAT

Dignified beauty, stunning style. Chrome finished on Mahogany, Walnut or Ebony Black, wood panel, with oval mirror.

Not on the floor, hook, or seat;
But held in a rack, clean and neat.
In office or home or public place;
The "JAT" meets the need in every case.
Your troubles are over when you get the "JAT";
For it holds the coat as well as the hat.

$2.50 Post paid, or C.O.D. parcel post.

Check kind wanted: Mahog....Walnut...Black...

JOHN C. VAN AKEN, Ridgway, Pa.
Sole Distributor and Patentee

HANDEE
Tool of 1001 Uses

A Whole Shop Full of Tools in One

Grinds, polishes, routs, drills, cuts, carves, sands, saws, sharpens, engraves. Uses 200 accessories. For use at home, in shop or take to job. Plugs in any socket. AC or DC 110 V, 13,000 r.p.m.

For Faster Better Jobs

GET A DEMONSTRATION

at your dealers or order on 10-day Money-Back Trial. $10.75 and up postpaid, 3 Accessories Free. Catalog Free.

New CRAFTSMAN Project Book
"Pleasure and Profit with a Handee." Easyworking plans for making many interesting and unusual projects 25c, stamps or coin.

Chicago Wheel & Mfg. Co., 113 S. Aberdeen, Chicago

if you could only cook . . .

Don't ask us how many lessons it will take, but you can curl up with ESQUIRE'S 56 page, plastic bound, stiff cover book and learn not only about crepes suzettes, but about scrambled eggs and drip coffee and even hamburgers—among many other pastimes. Then there's a section devoted to carving, all complete with the sort of graphic illustrations that will make you skillful as a Johns Hopkins' surgeon in and about the second joint. This is the book you've known all along that you've been waiting for. From now on, it's up to you.

50 cents in stamps brings you esquire's authentic "culinary counsel for men"

Esquire
366 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER
THE CIN

Now, ESQUIRE *sells* The Cincinnati Enquirer . . . .

For some time now, Esquire has purchased advertising space in The Cincinnati Enquirer to tell Enquirer readers of its advertisers in Esquire.

Now, The Enquirer employs the services of Esquire to tell his readers and advertisers about The Enquirer.

To Esquire readers, if you are a part of the Cincinnati territory, you'll find news of Esquire men's fashions in the daily advertising and news columns of The Cincinnati Enquirer...as well as where they may be purchased. For after all, it is not enough to learn about men's fashions if you cannot learn where they may be bought.

To Esquire advertisers, Cincinnati, home of Palm Beach Clothes, of Beau Brummel Neckties, of "Jerks"—famous garterless socks for men; as well as some of the best men's stores in the land, depends on The Cincinnati Enquirer for its news of fashion as well as its news of the day. The Enquirer also carries the weekly Esquire fashion column along with hundreds of advertising columns, selling the story of men's fashions to men who can and do buy.

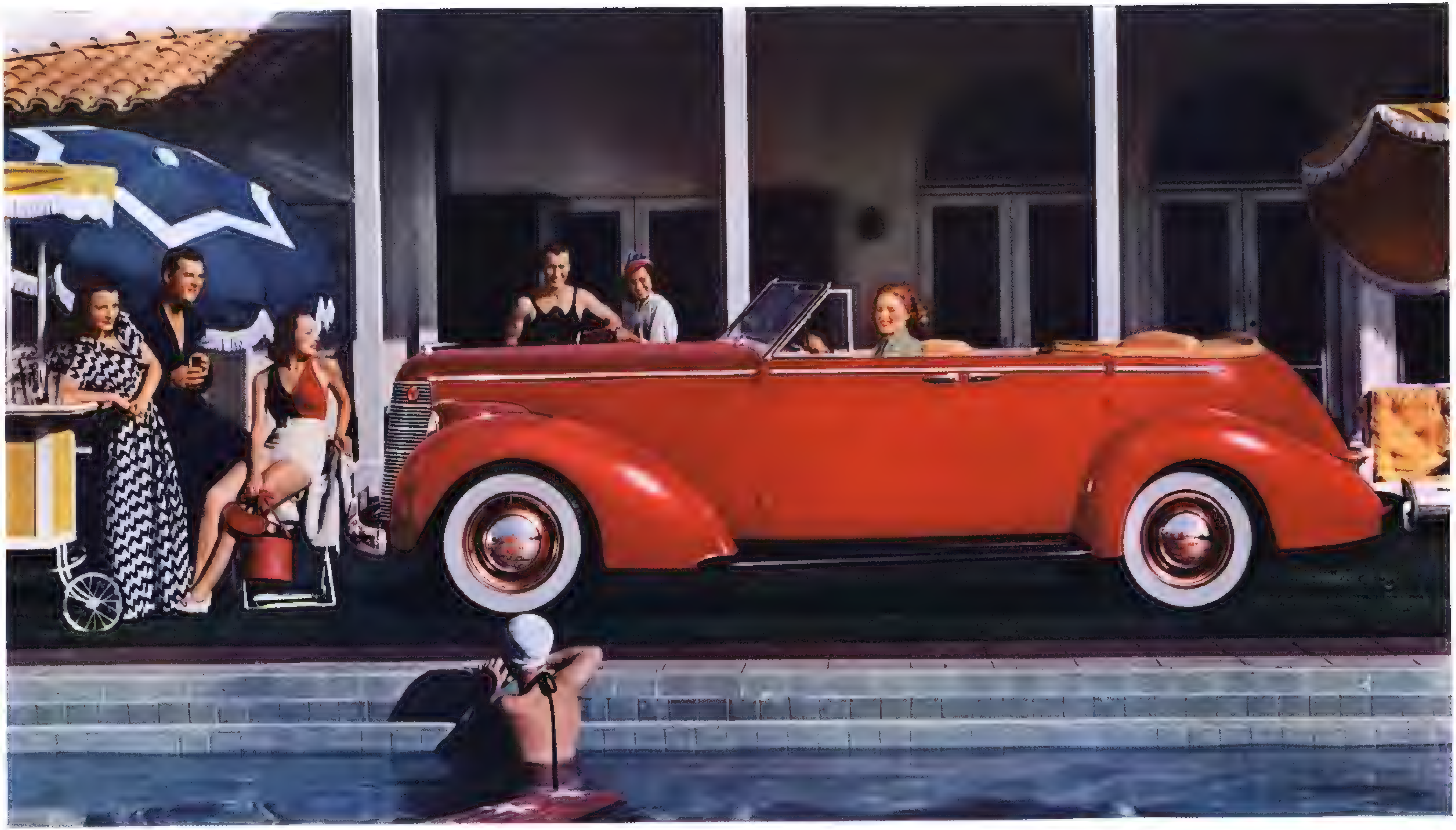
Cincinnati, "America's best governed city," is one of America's best-dressed cities. That's why, whether you are a manufacturer of men's fashions or are a fashion-plate yourself . . . it will pay you to use The Cincinnati Enquirer.

P.S.—To alert merchandisers and manufacturers of men's fashion merchandise—or anyone who has quality goods to sell to a quality market, just contact your retail outlet in Cincinnati. They will be pleased to tell you how they can sell more of your merchandise by using The Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table

THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

One of the World's Greatest Newspapers



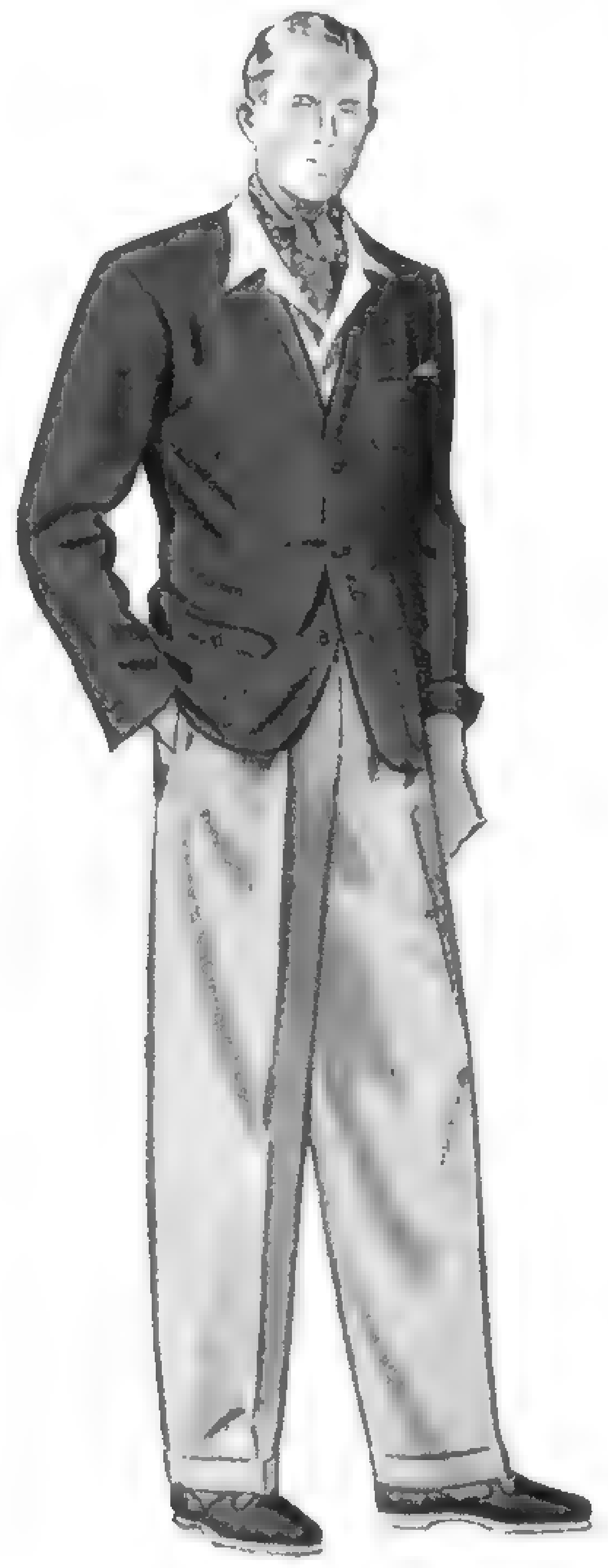
PLAYTIME AT PALM SPRINGS

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

Chalk up a new high score for the smooth style of Studebaker designing, as expressed in the 4-door President Convertible Cruising Sedan pictured above. Wherever you see it—at the Colonial House in Palm Springs, or the Bath and Tennis Club in Palm Beach—your pulses stir to every vigorous, handsome line of this 1938 Studebaker sport masterpiece. The solid windshield is banded all around with heavy chromium. The rakish wind wings allow the front windows to slide up and down. There's luggage capacity to spare in the rear deck and still more stowage space under the rear seat foot rest. The sturdy top raises and lowers easily. And this stunning Convertible comes also in low-priced Studebaker Commander models. C.I.T. terms. Studebaker Corporation, South Bend. Ind.

Wherever the party
IT'S BEER AT ITS BEST
IT'S BEER AT ITS BEST
. . . in your home
Schaefer
LIGHT BEER
Schaefer
LIGHT BEER
Schaefer
OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL

THE F. & M. SCHAEFER BREWING COMPANY, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK . . . MEMBER BREWERS' BOARD OF TRADE, INC.



NEW STYLES IN

Clothes and Accessories

FOR WEAR ON THE CRUISE
AND IN THE TROPICS

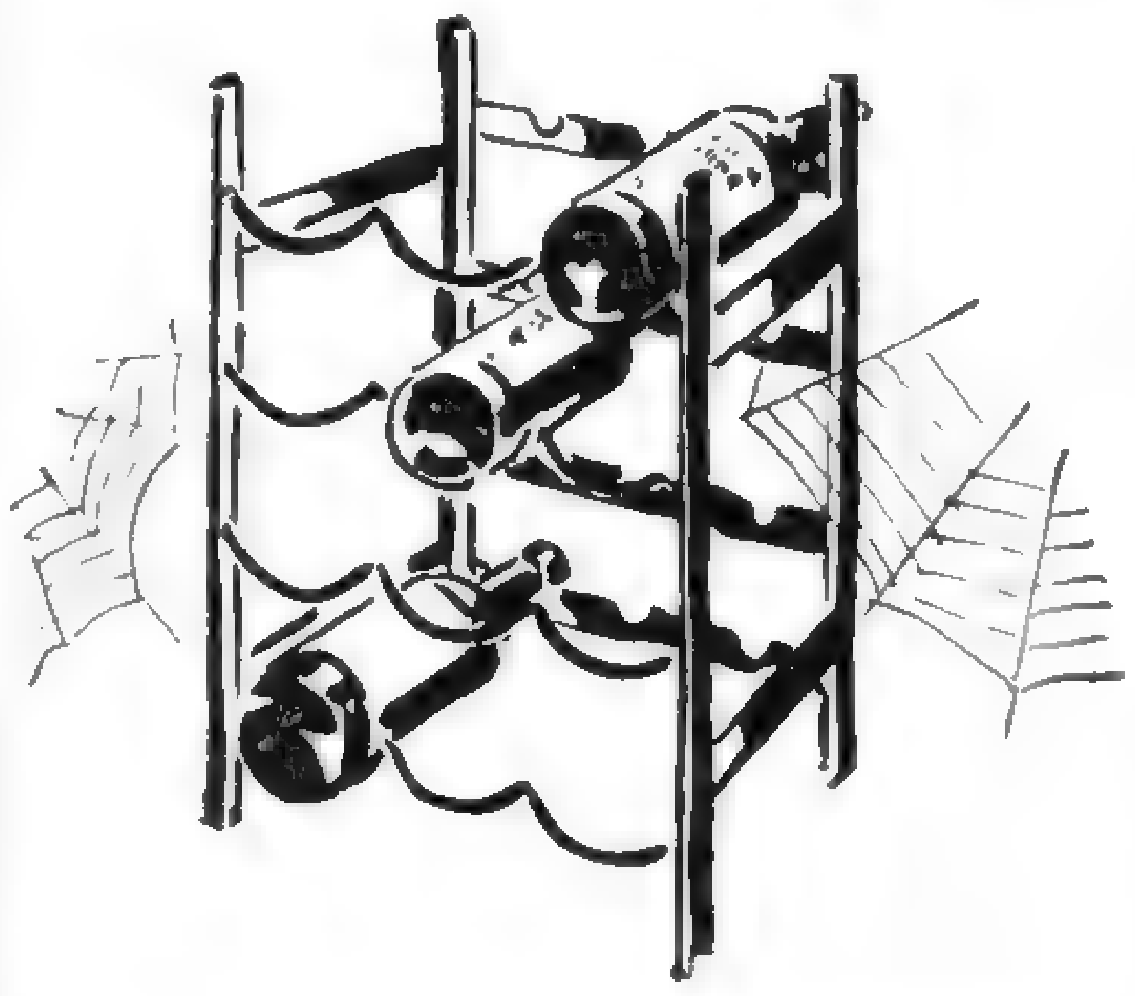
The collarless jacket illustrated, which originated in the South of France, typifies the style leadership expressed in our presentations for warm weather vacation wear

Light weight evening clothes in midnight blue. Dinner jackets in a soft shade of cornflower blue, white and tan, to be worn with black trousers. Light weight sport trousers. Separate jackets of Shetland, Tropical and Gabardine. The new swimming shorts, beach apparel, distinctive pattern ties, and every important accessory for the southern trip

CLOTHES TAILORED BY
HICKEY-FREEMAN

F.R.TRIPLER & CO.
OUTFITTERS TO GENTLEMEN
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 · NEW YORK

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



ANY CLOSET A WINE CELLAR

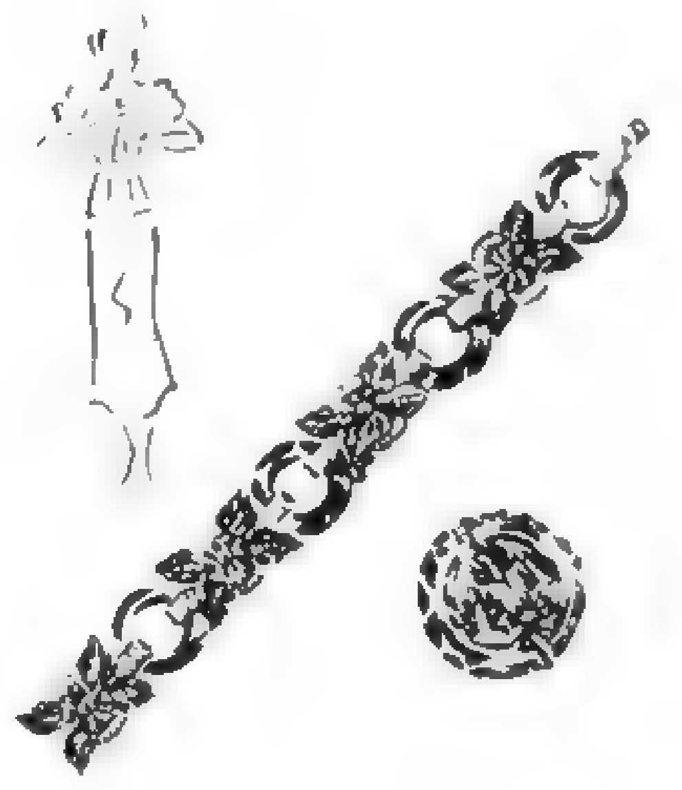
Very fine idea to talk about serving a different wine with every course, to give six o'clock wine parties and so forth. But where to keep the stock of wine in these cellar-less abodes in which most of us live? Wine, of course, must be kept on its side . . . which presents another problem. But not with this new rack. It's scientifically built to hold 12 wine bottles correctly in the smallest possible space. Measures only 11½ x 9 x 18½ high and fits into any closet with the greatest of efficiency. If you have an honest to goodness cellar, you can buy an impressive rack which holds 102 bottles.

"NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT"

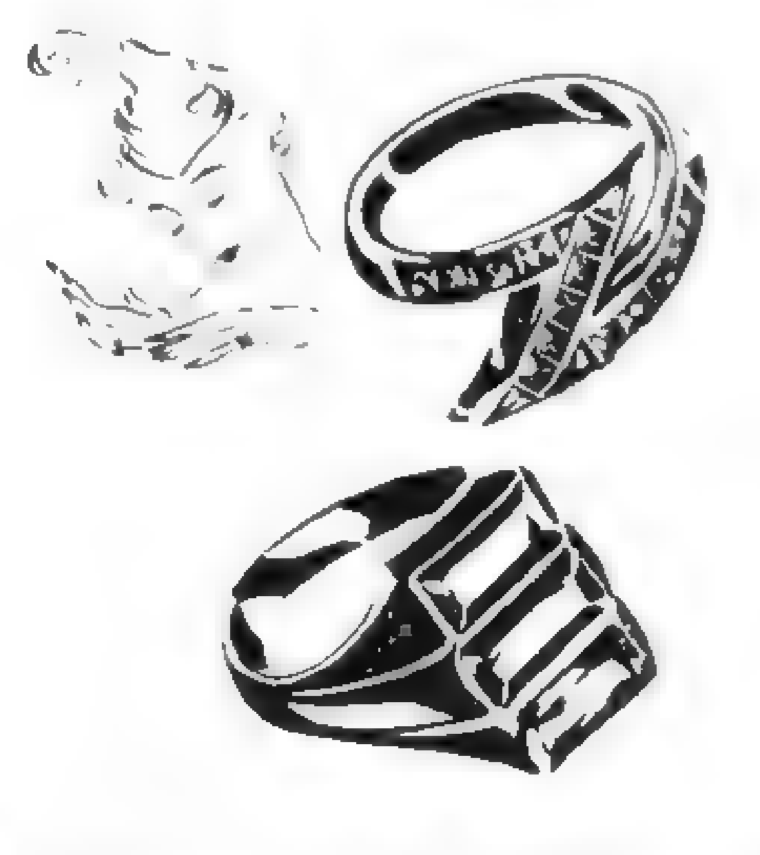
Every city has its quota of those sartorially perfect men about town, constantly set upon by marauding matrons to present themselves as dinner and dance partners for every visiting fire*woman* who hits town. Many a harried hostess has asked us to suggest something suitable to give these gentlemen . . . probably to keep up the entente cordiale. How about a silver cigarette case, shaped like an envelope, with the recipient's name and address indelibly inscribed in hand writing on one side . . . the illusion of the envelope complete even unto a canceled stamp and postmark. Another gold cigarette case has a map of the airports in various states marked in multicolored gems. Or a silk bill fold for dress wear with a place for pencil, nail file and comb, flat and very light and easy to slip into hip pocket. Another silk folder is fitted with a small pad . . . a much more civilized touch than that old habit of writing the telephone number of new feminine talent on the cuff. Or a compact English "tool case" to carry in trouser pocket . . . case contains bottle opener, corkscrew and a special knife to whip the wire of a bottle of Scotch. Pigskin streamlined billfold with three separate sections for bills . . . designed so that you can see the denominations of each bill. Top of case has a zipper compartment for coins and an extra pocket for cards.

TO YOUR VALENTINE

The 14th of Feb. is the day, boys. And if you know your little lady, you'll know that she will lay great stress on all this cupid stuff. Of course there's always the candy in a big heart shaped box; sentimental corsages with sentimental cards attached. Then there's costume jewelry . . . the crystal pin with 3-tone flower and rhinestone leafs, bracelet to match; or a sapphire and rhinestone brooch with big cabachon stone, bracelet with triangular shaped dangles; or a new version of the inevitable "charm" bracelet, the charms being little dolls, mounted in platinum, whose flexible arms and legs are made of semi-precious stones such as carnelian, onyx, lapis, jade, crystal, pearls, etc.



A ring appropriate to the occasion is the "wishbone" ring, the zigzag affair shown here . . . set with simulated emeralds, rubies and sapphires. Or the "triplet" ring, a sort of 3-in-1 arrangement in 3-colored stones. And speaking of rings, we have it that Margot Graham, young Paramount star has *five* wedding rings . . . not what you might think, badges of former matrimonial alliances, but one was given her by her husband and she bought the other four herself, calling them, with a touch of optimism, "eternity" rings.



We discovered another novel idea in our Valentine roundup . . . a silk valentine nightie, printed all over in little red hearts, cupids, arrows and other suitable insignia. A gift such as this, might be a subtle way of pressing your suit . . . she'll probably catch on to your idea.

And lastly, there's perfume . . . in elaborate bottles with significant names . . . mostly in French, of course, but when resolved into the vernacular amount to a message which says "eventually why not now" or "come up and see me sometime."

THE
GENTLEMAN IS PREOCCUPIED

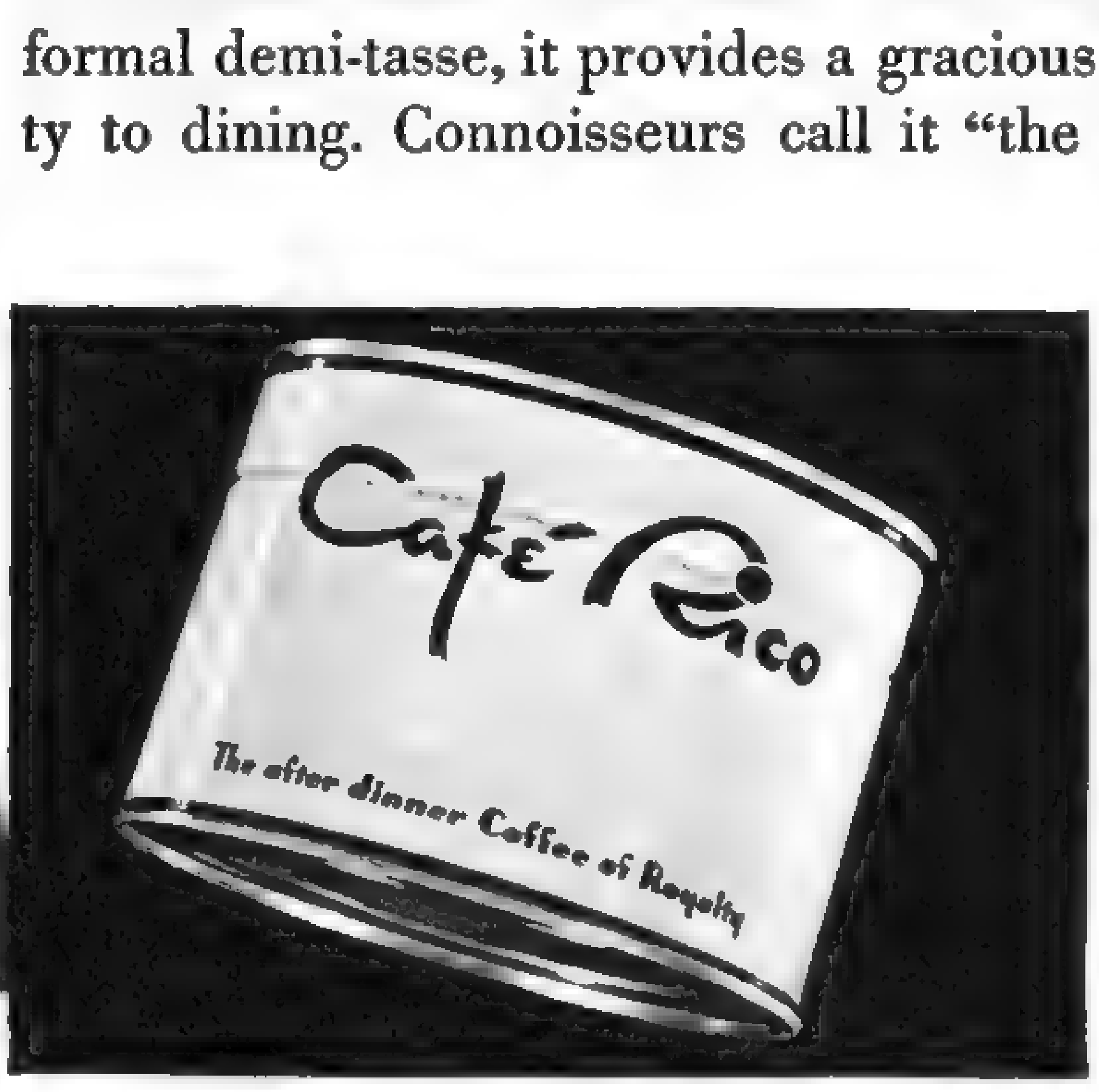
Oblivious to everything but the fascinating bouquet, the lingering flavor in his demi-tasse. His hostess suspects a first acquaintance with Café Rico.

THE
GENTLEMAN IS COMPLIMENTARY

"There are only two other places in the world I've tasted this *liqueur* coffee — in Europe and in Puerto Rico, where it grows." (Hostess to herself — he's one of the very few I know who ever met it before.)

THE GENTLEMAN IS BRILLIANT

And well he might be! For no other coffee creates an after-dinner mood like Café Rico. Served black in the formal demi-tasse, it provides a gracious, *liqueur-like* finality to dining. Connoisseurs call it "the cognac of coffee."



Café Rico is grown, roasted, and packed in Puerto Rico by Cafeteros De Puerto Rico. The Paton Corp., 630 Fifth Ave., New York City, sole United States distributor.

Café Rico

The after dinner Coffee of Royalty

NASSAU

IN THE BAHAMAS

Swimming *all winter* at world-famous beaches, fishing, sailing, golf, tennis, polo—cooling rum swizzles on the terrace of a fine hotel or at a famous bar—visits to Blackbeard's Tower and Fort Charlotte, guarded by its colorful Zouave sentries—native sponge markets, tropical flowers and a temperature that seldom falls below 68°!

THE "Carinthia"

FAMOUS WORLD CRUISE LINER SAILS EVERY SATURDAY

Whichever week you decide to go there's a convenient Cunard White Star sailing in the famous world cruiser, Carinthia. Six-day cruises permit a daylight day and evening ashore in Nassau. Stop-over privileges, for those desiring a longer stay, and 13-day all-inclusive tours at surprisingly low rates. No passports required.

SCHEDULE OF SAILINGS

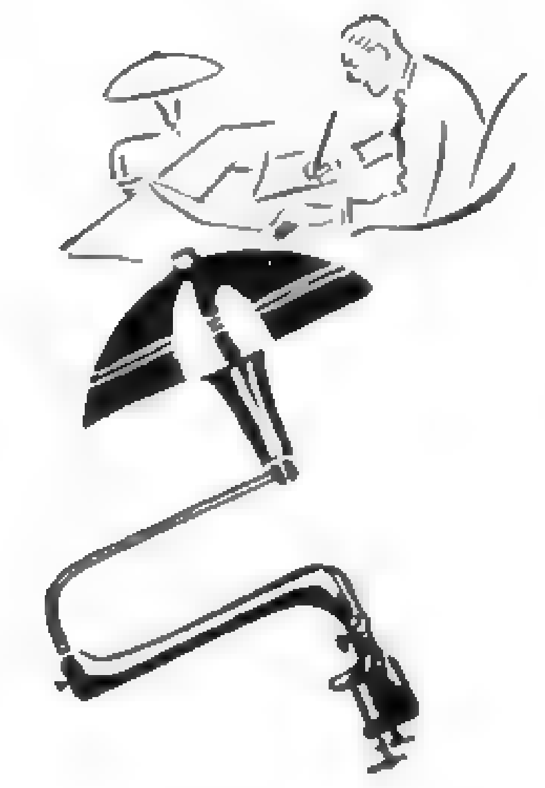
SATURDAY	3 P. M.	January 29	CARINTHIA
SATURDAY	3 P. M.	February 5	CARINTHIA
SATURDAY	3 P. M.	February 12	CARINTHIA
SATURDAY	3 P. M.	February 19	CARINTHIA
SATURDAY	3 P. M.	February 26	CARINTHIA
SATURDAY	3 P. M.	March 5	CARINTHIA
SATURDAY	3 P. M.	March 12	CARINTHIA
SATURDAY	3 P. M.	March 19	CARINTHIA
SATURDAY	3 P. M.	March 26	CARINTHIA

6 DAYS
$75 UP
One-way fares $65 up
Round-trip fares with stop-over privileges $95 up

Ask your Travel Agent or consult Cunard White Star Line, 25 Broadway, or 638 Fifth Avenue, New York . . . or Nassau, Bahamas, Information Bureau, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

CUNARD WHITE STAR

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



CORRECTED LIGHT

If a man gets eyestrain, it certainly won't be the fault of these lamp manufacturers.

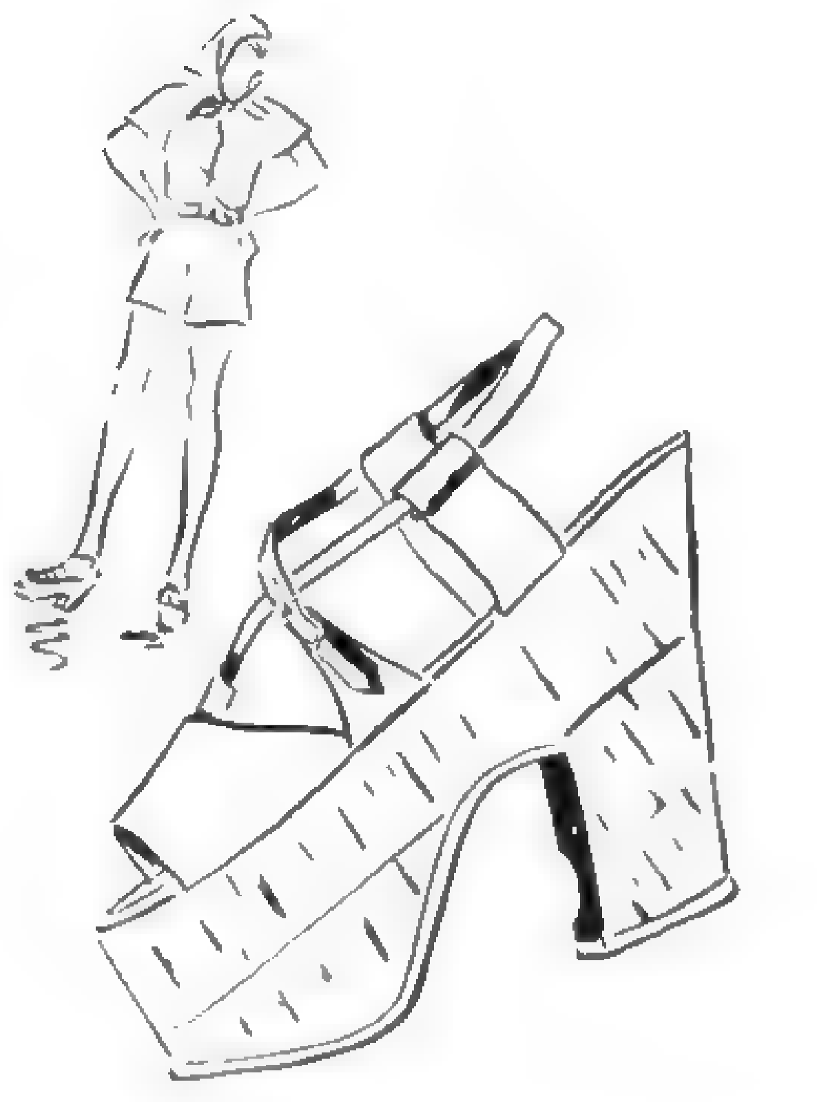
They've gone into the matter of correct reading light to a degree with this new desk lamp which delivers a soft, white light as easy on the eyes as coveted north daylight. The effect is achieved by a luminaire placed under the shade and made of a triple layer of celestialite glass which filters color from light rays, sending a white light which the makers claim brings out the highest visual acuity. Don't be confused, "visual acuity" is just an optician's way of saying you can read more clearly without ruining your optics. Lamps are good sturdy masculine affairs in real bronze or gun metal plate. One type that clamps on a desk or table has an obliging, swinging, folding arm which can be adjusted as you will. Especially good for a typewriter lamp, as it will swing directly over the machine without troublesome highlights. One of these will cut down those stenographer gags about headaches from bad lighting.

AN ORCHID TO HER

Tip to gentlemen buying orchids. We have discovered that one of the floral tributes guaranteed to bring a triumphant gleam into the calculating eyes of a female, is the orchid. The orchid donor achieves a certain exhalted rating, and for this, he should receive certain privileges . . . a bid to her place in Palm Beach, or head man on her box party list, etc. There are 12,000 species of orchids, white, green, brown or purple. If you are in doubt about what to ask for, you might tell your florist you want the "brasso." These handsome orchids are obtainable at all seasons of the year; they are delicate in color, exotic in contour with petals of a pale, translucent orchid color, a center of chartreuse and a splash of Chinese red. Experts tell us that the color won't clash with any color combination the lady might be wearing. Florists tell us that they are fixing up all manner of ways to wear orchids . . . arranged in groups of three, worn on a ribbon bandeau headdress; bracelets of orchids or even orchid fans . . . four or five of 'em growing on one branch.

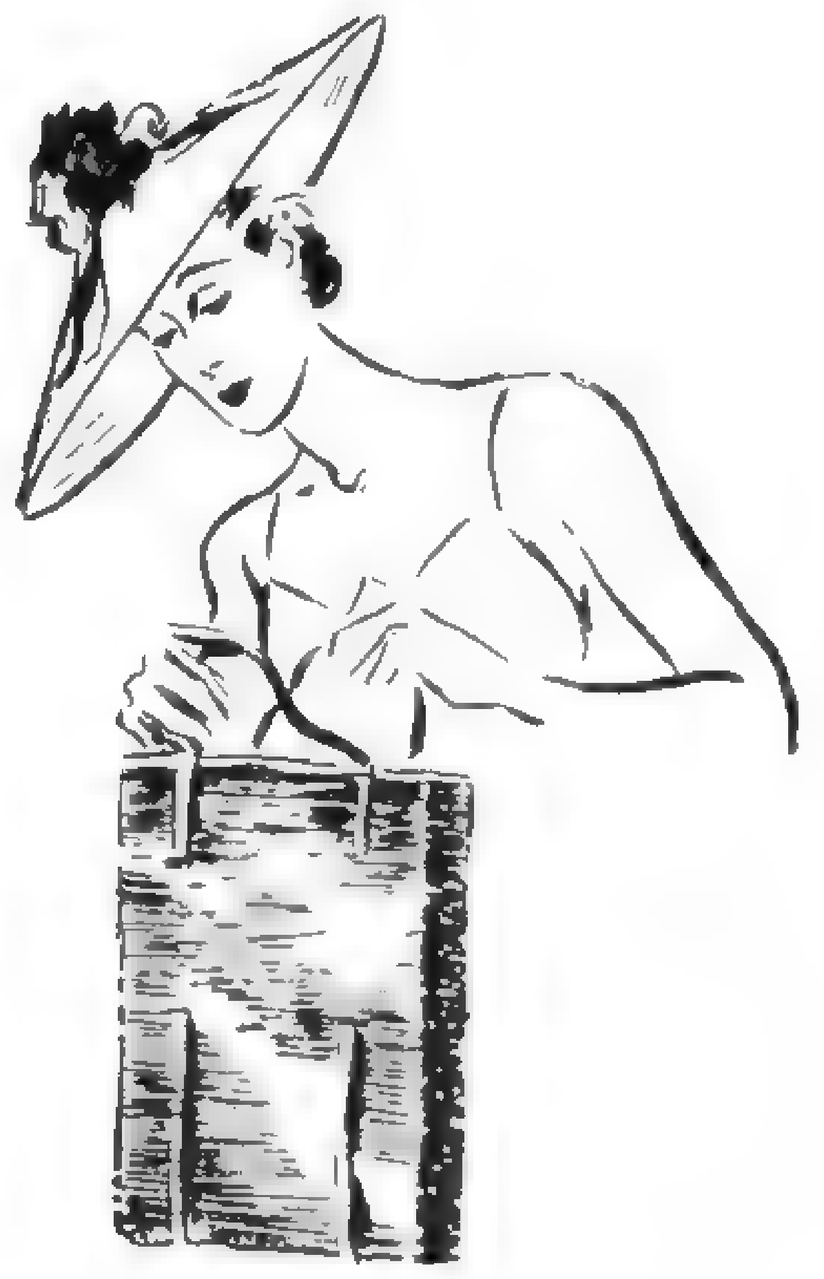
MONOGRAMMED ROLL

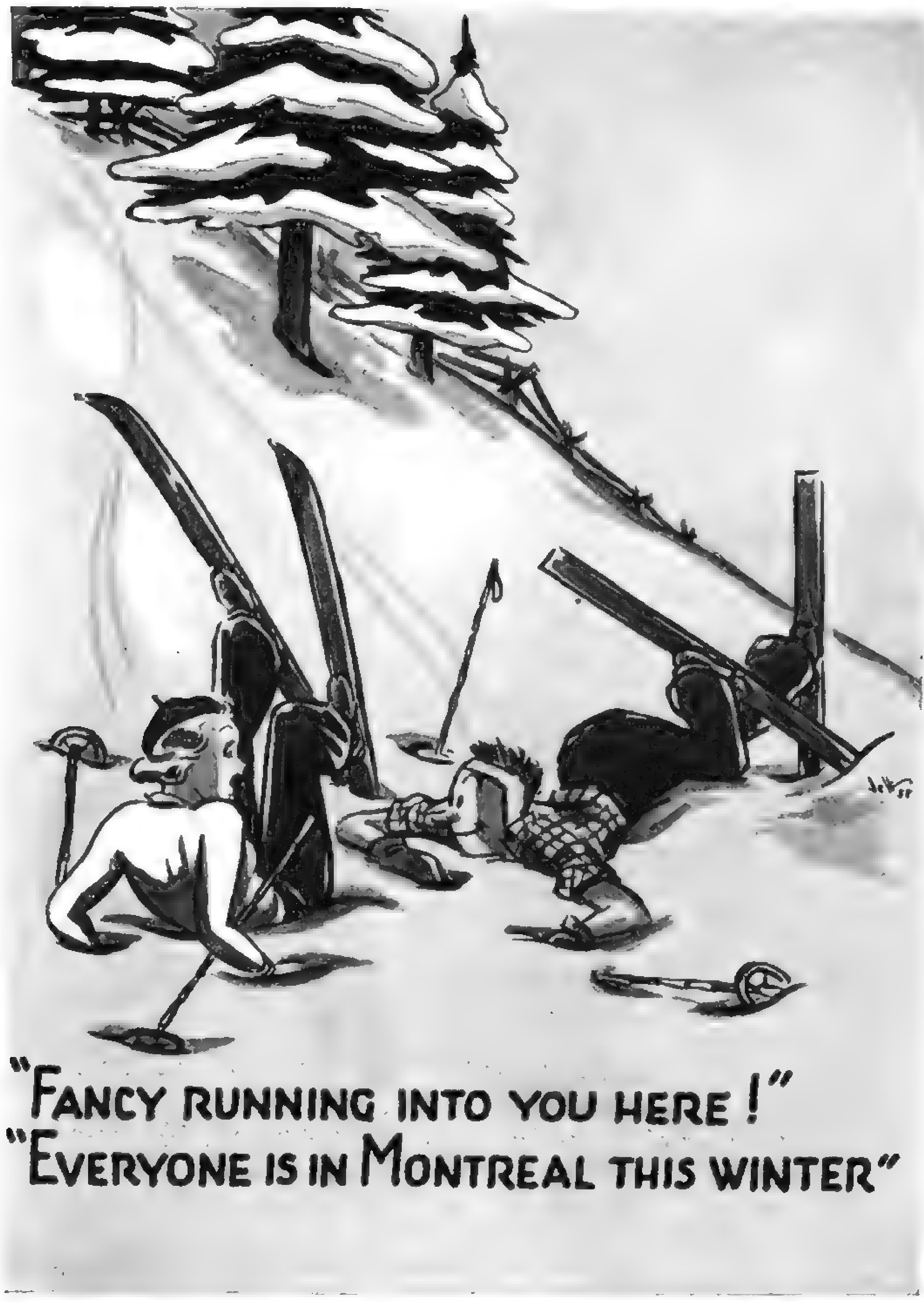
We're not indicating that bread stuffs can be monogrammed. The item we have in mind is a zipper bag of commodious proportions which holds week-end things, shoes, laundry, riding boots, etc., and when empty, collapses into an inconspicuous flatness. Bag is made in a lightweight fabric which looks like leather and comes in 49 (count them, folks) colors. Including a 3 letter monogram the whole thing comes to less than $5. Pretty snappy in brown with tan monogram for a man; and in black with brass zipper, handles and gilt letter monogram for some Jane.



SHIP AND SHORE NEWS; FEMALE

Yes, gentlemen, these stilts are beach shoes, believe it or not . . . beach shoes with 3 inch cork soles such as were in vogue in Italy in the middle ages, and now taken up by little girls who want to add a few cubits to their stature. Handy, too, in wet weather. The hat is a huge straw plaque in leghorn straw so big it acts as an umbrella. The beach bag matches the hat and holds practically all the stuff women lug to beaches. It's lined with water repellent sailcloth and has a zipper top. Good old raffia is a style item to be reckoned with this season, both in men's and women's beach things . . . raffia sandals woven in bright colors, raffia open air caps or raffia sun visors.

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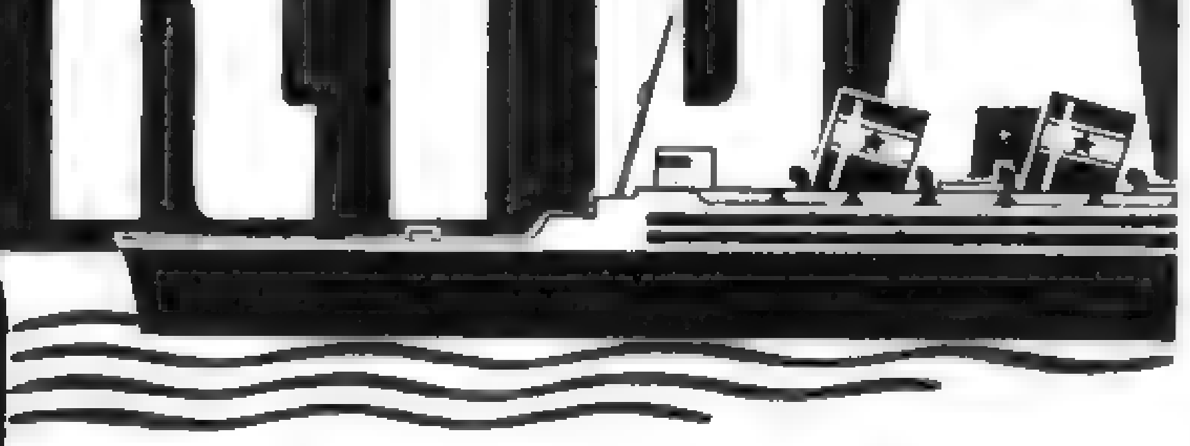

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Direct without change—one of these big, modern liners will take you to Florida comfortably . . . pleasurably . . . economically. Get extra measure of healthful, energy-building sunshine. Treat your lungs to really pure, fresh, ocean air. Step up your vitality with brisk shipboard exercise—and see how much MORE you'll relish the delicious cooking—the dancing-to-orchestras—deck sports—talkies—the entire trip South. See, too, how much MORE you get for your money, with meals, stateroom accommodations, entertainment all INCLUDED in the low Cruise-Way fare.

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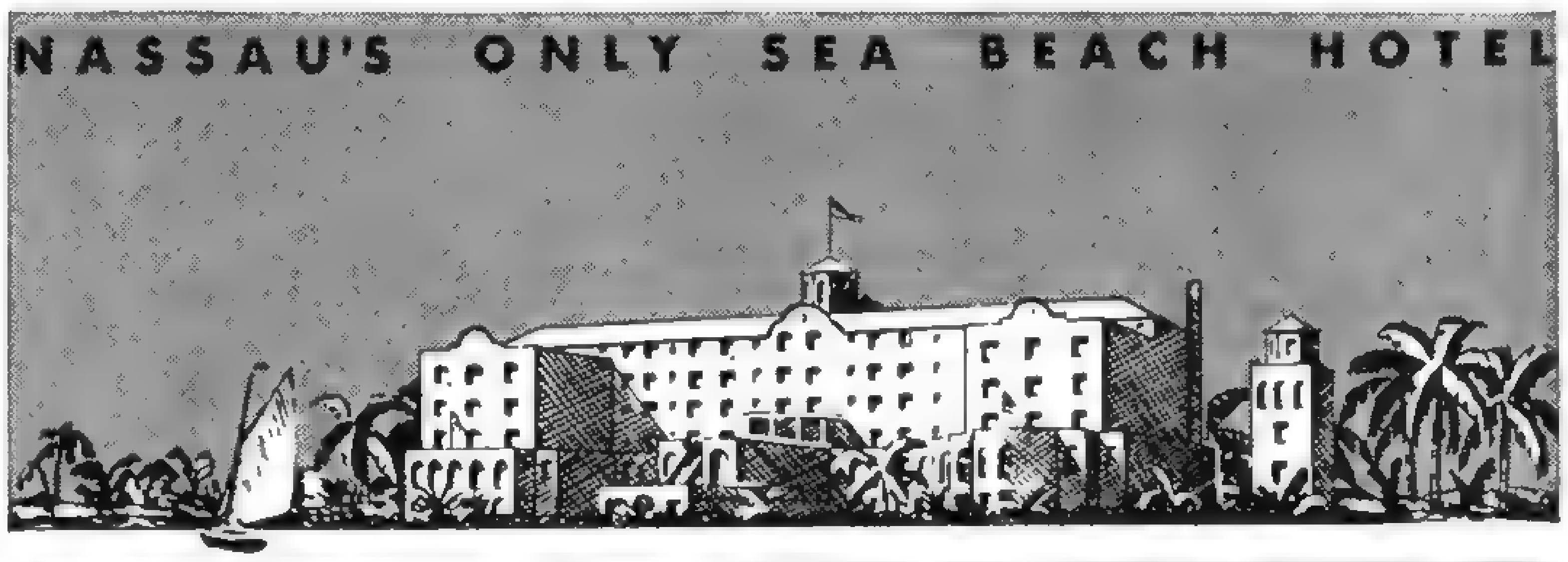

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"The private sea beach at the Fort Montagu is an exclusive attraction, to be sure . . . but a distinguished clientele chooses the Fort Montagu Beach because there is a correctness . . . a style, a very definite 'individual something' that pleases them."

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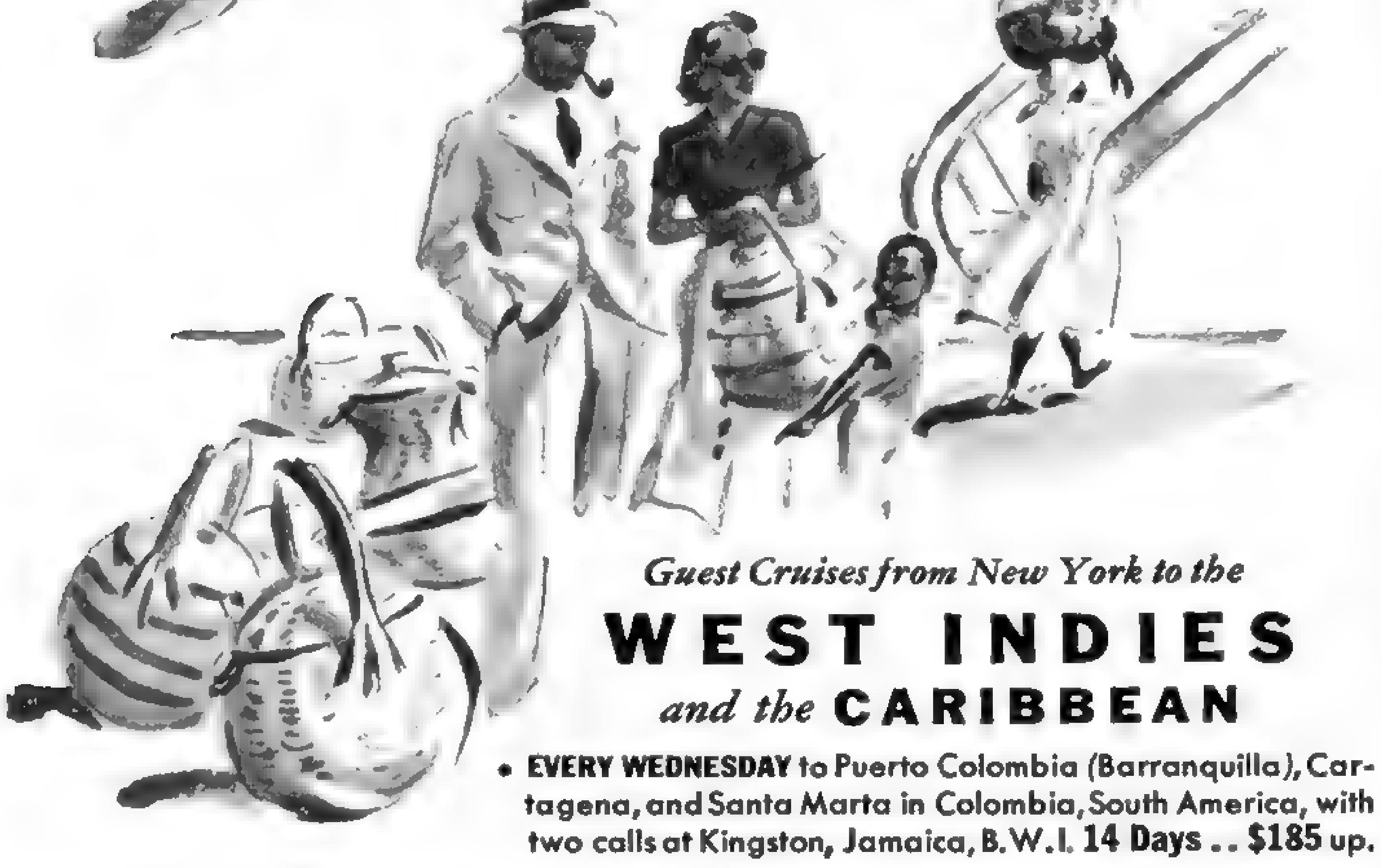
"I've never enjoyed a cruise so much..."

You'll hear it often as your spotless, turbo-electric liner especially built for tropical service heads for the blue Caribbean... You'll hear it repeatedly as you play—rest—tan in the sun on broad sports decks, and regally dine in spacious salons. You'll hear it from the smart, travel-wise shipmates who share your pleasure and your company in the gay, informal shipboard life... or ashore in fascinating tropical ports. And you will become aware that your own personal pattern for a *perfected* cruise has been more than matched by the Great White Fleet.



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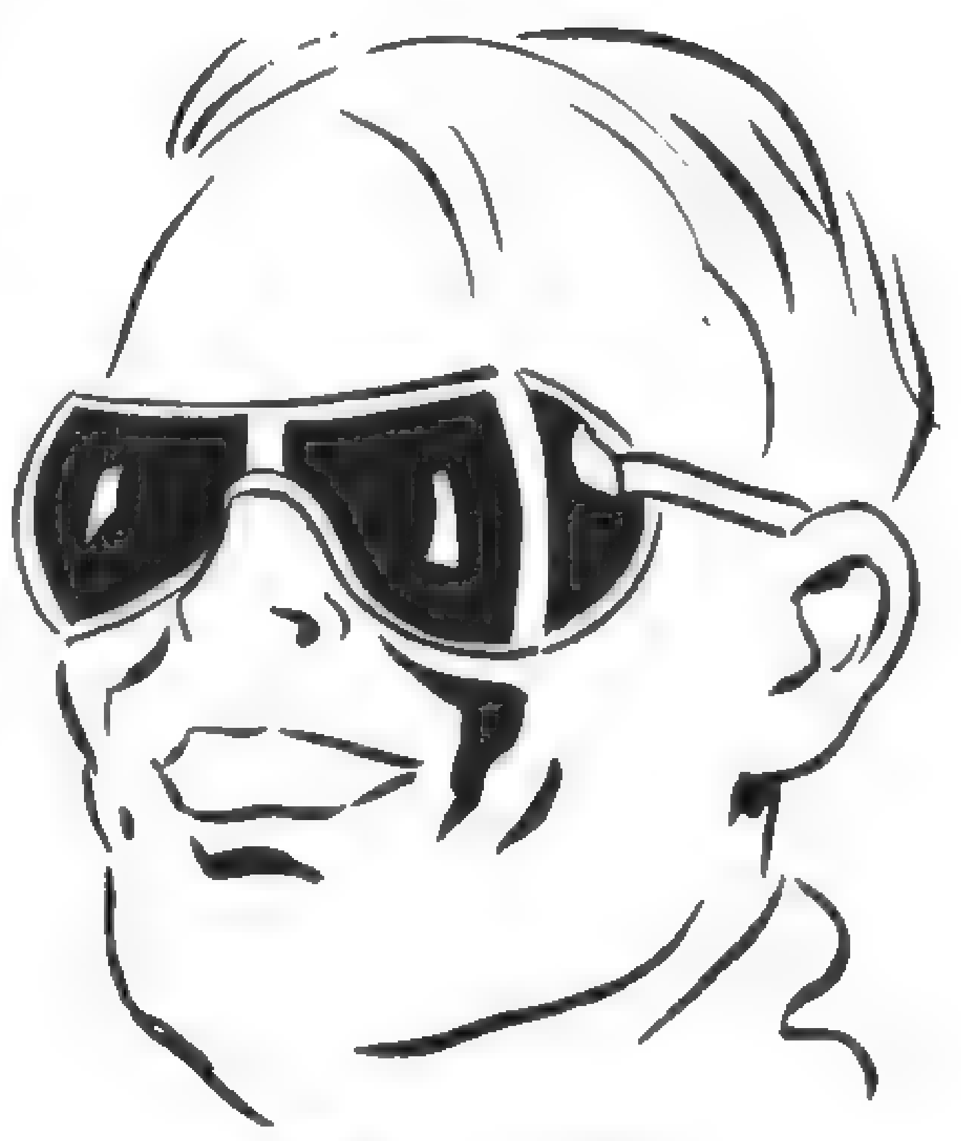
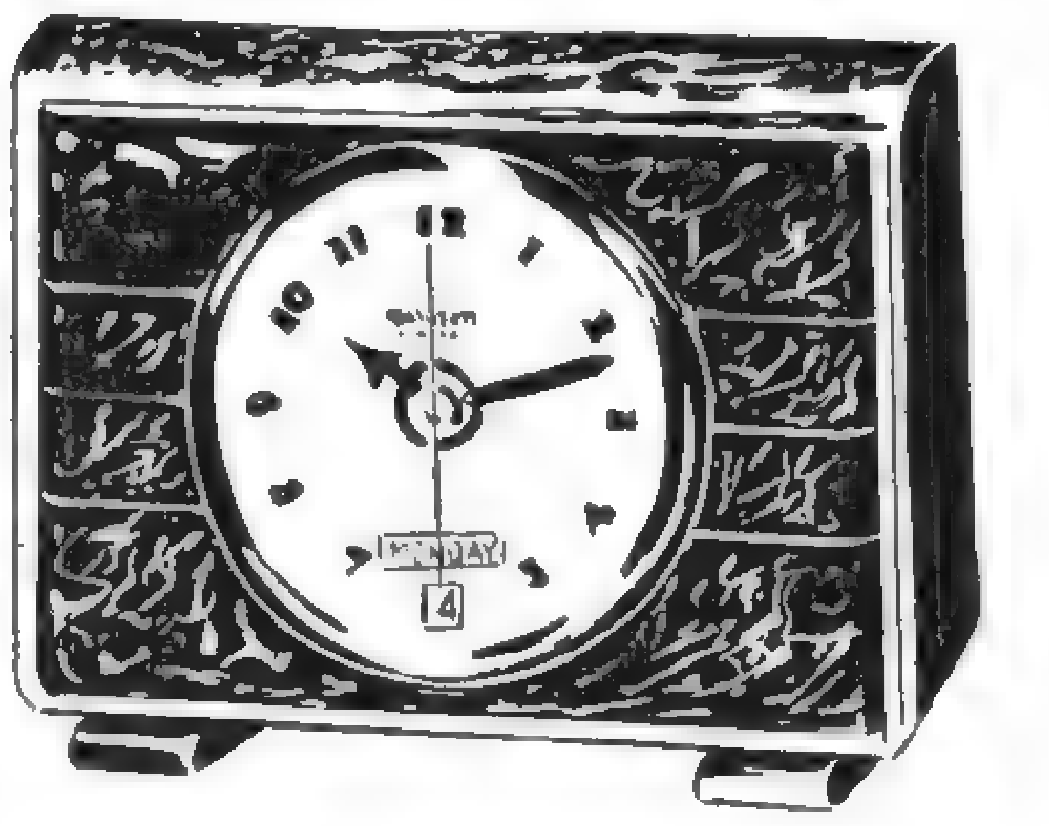
Apply any Authorized Travel Agent or **UNITED FRUIT COMPANY**, *Pier 3, N. R., or 632 Fifth Ave., New York; 111 W. Washington St., Chicago; 321 St. Charles St., New Orleans; Pier 9, North Wharves, Philadelphia: 101 Tremont St., Boston.*

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



SKI GLASSES

About time somebody invented a pair of unbreakables for skiers. These are feather weight, and fold in half into a small case that can go into a rucksack or parka pocket... and if you fall down and get hit with your own skis, the glasses won't break. They have an adjustable elastic band to strap them on, which keeps them snug and comfortable on your eyes. The front lenses are specially shaped to protect your eyes from cold, piercing winds, and the side lenses have ventilators which prevent fogging. The lenses eliminate glare from ice and snow and let through only useful daylight by absorbing invisible ultra violet rays.



CALENDAR CLOCK

Everything to make life simpler for a man. Here's an electric clock that's a time piece, an alarm and an automatic calendar showing date and day all in one. This sort of thing would help to put an end to the drunk who woke up in a strange room, grabbed his telephone and said: "Where am I?" "You are in room 3303, the Ritz-Plaza," came the courteous reply. "To hell with the details, what city?" Sure its an old one, but always good. Well, anyway, the case of the clock is in mahogany with silver plated dial, black numerals and hands. Costs about 8 bucks.

THE HULA AT HOME

If you find you can't make Hawaii on your Winter vacation itinerary... relax, you can see all in RKO's new picture "Hawaii Calls." Seems that they have engaged Aggie Auld, Hawaii's most noted hula dancer (remember, she used to be at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu) to perform native dances in the picture. Aggie also plays dancing mistress to a bunch of Hawaiian gals.

CANINE CARE

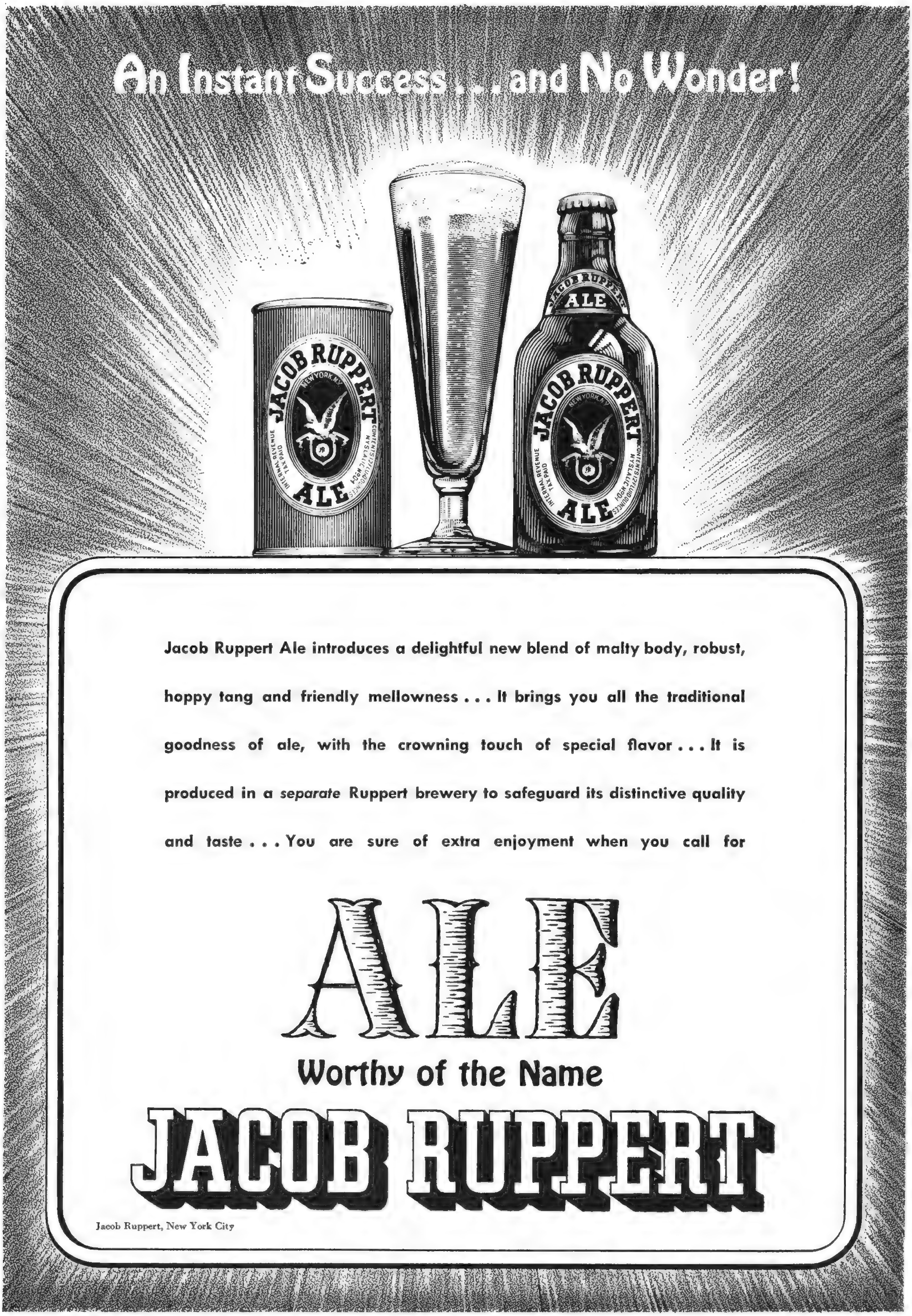
We guess if you were put out to brave a zero February or a blizzardy March without a warm coat, *you'd* get pneumonia. So it is with your pooch, after his sheltered winter beside the fire. You might buy him a natty tweed ulster, and have it made from the same imported tweed that you yourself have in your sports jacket. Like master like dog, only Prince's coat is wool-lined and has an attached leather collar to lead him by. For rainy weather, get him a gabardine trench coat . . . all waterproofed, of course, with shoulder straps and belt! Or if he's a Scottie, he should wear a bright plaid raincoat. Suppose he does get a cold in the head... you can spend a buck and buy a tube of stuff which you dab on his nose... he'll treat himself by licking it off pronto. If he develops rheumatism, there are tablets, excellent for muscular aches due to exposure and cold; liniment for external applications when he has sore throat and a chest cold.

A NEW WRINKLE FOR ROVER

Friend of ours has a dog who used to chase cars, chickens, etc. Became quite a pest until his master discovered a gadget called a "stop chase," two huge rubber balls on rawhide thongs that hang on the dog's collar and prevent him from racing by tangling up his legs. Simple? Same man got pretty unpopular with the neighbors calling and whistling for his proud beauty, until he got one of those silent dog whistles. Dogs, you know, hear sounds too shrill for human ears, and this whistle produces them.

PRESENTS FOR YOUR FRIENDS' DOGS

A dandy little "spaniel" dish, in white enamel designed to keep long ears out of food or water; *chair bed,* supposed to keep dogs off the furniture. Its a double decker affair in rattan, upper section provides a cushioned parking place for daytimes, instead of mama's chaise lounge, and the lower berth is used for a soft, cushioned bed when Fido turns in. Suitable for dogs up to Cocker size. And dog toys . . . obedience dumbbells, teach him to fetch and carry; waga-bone a husky ironwood affair swell for serious gnawing; rubber squeaking shoe, a fine substitute for father's slipper; tug-of-war, a leather contrivance, you hold one end the dog the other—best man wins; dog-a-teria, metal dishes set in a serving tray... water on one side, food on the other. If you want a dandy dog catalogue which tells you about foods, medicines, clothing, harnesses, equipment in general, we know where you can get one... and free!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Jacob Ruppert Ale introduces a delightful new blend of malty body, robust, hoppy tang and friendly mellowness . . . It brings you all the traditional goodness of ale, with the crowning touch of special flavor . . . It is produced in a *separate* Ruppert brewery to safeguard its distinctive quality and taste . . . You are sure of extra enjoyment when you call for

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CLICQUOT CLUB SODA

It's Naturally Pure

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Instruments for student, amateur and professional. Choice of the artists for over half a century. Obtainable on Convenient Terms.

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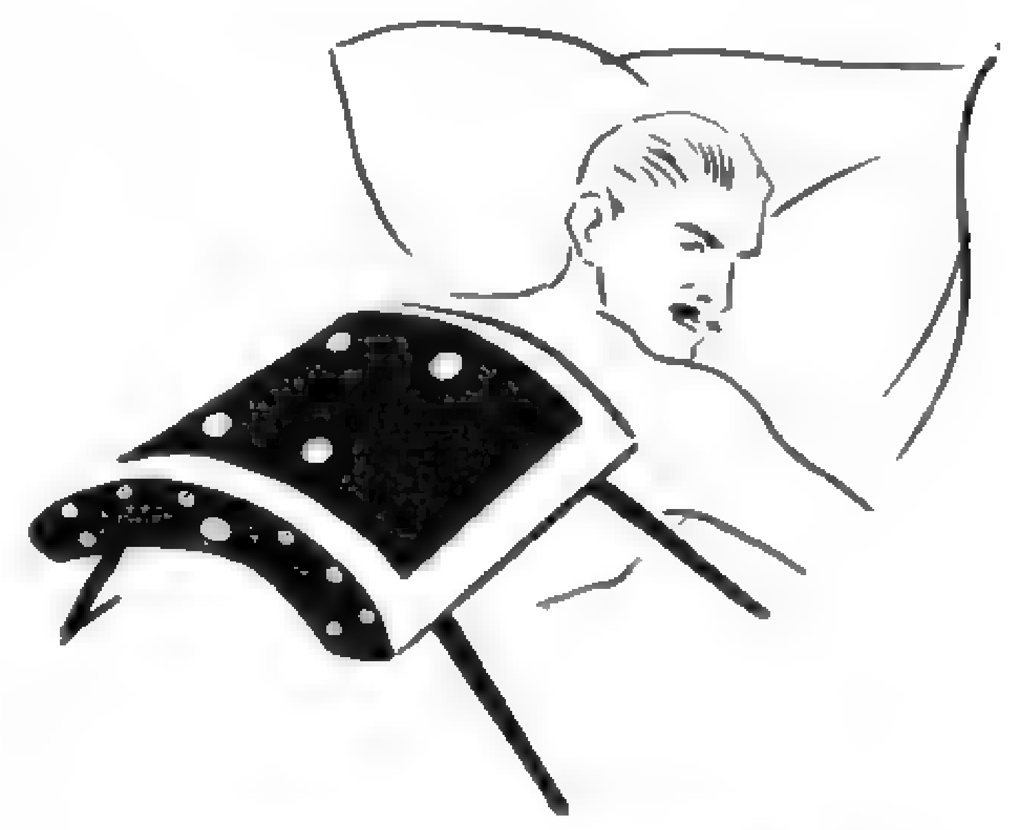
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

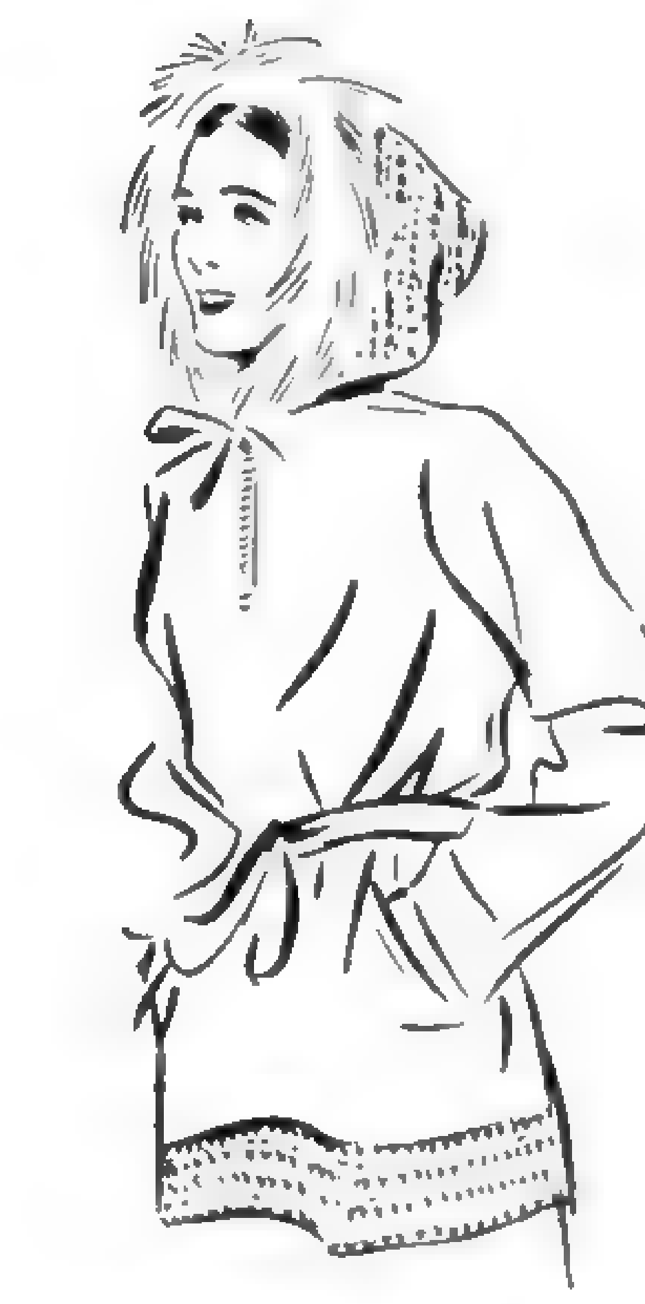
INTERNAL HEAT

About this time of year, the old bones start a-creaking, the knee joint you injured some time back begins to shriek; and you've probably got the misery in your back. To bring balm to sprains, strains and such, to say nothing of arthritis and rheumatics, there's a new electric applicator. The machine is a sort of arched table effect as shown below, radiating heat energy great enough to penetrate the tissues without burning or blistering the skin. Its infra red rays are so designed that the heat is produced by a concealed element and filtered through mica, asbestos and copper, giving a diffused, mild, yet penetrating heat. Larger versions of this applicator were taken to Berlin by the American Olympic trainer who used the machines to limber up the champs.



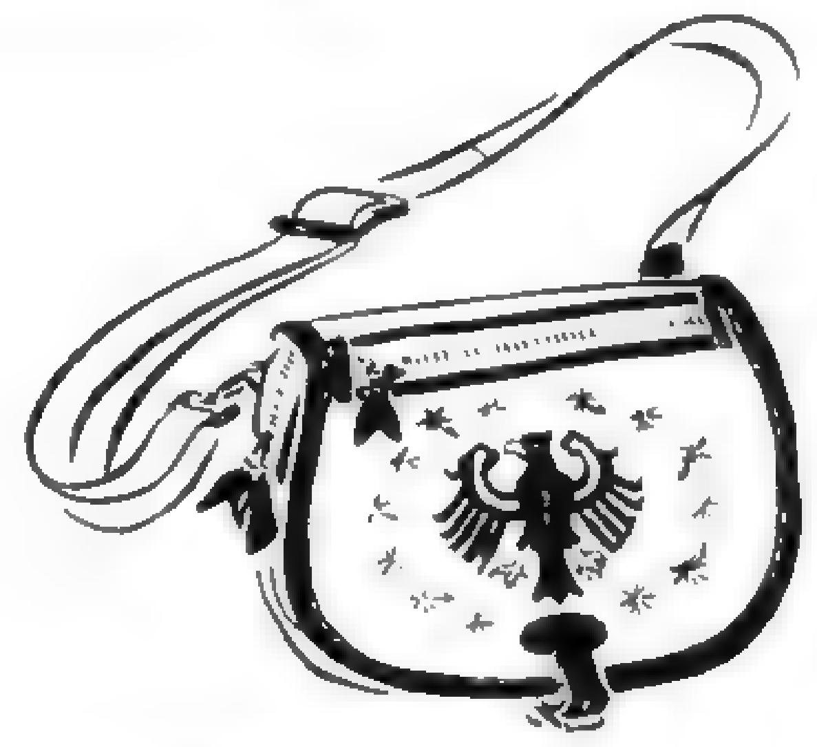
"SNOW WHITE" IN SIX LANGUAGES

If you and the kiddies haven't seen Walt Disney's "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," you ain't lived! RKO certainly went to town on this, to the tune of well over $1,200,000. This first full length animated technicolor production differs in treatment from all former animated pictures. Here's what some of the shooting's about. Work on it started about 3 years ago . . . first a special multiplane camera was developed at a cost of some $75,000 . . . making an entirely new treatment of color and bringing an illusion of third dimensional depth that has never been seen before on the screen. You don't realize it when you see the film, but it required more than 2,500,000 separate drawings done in 1500 shades of technicolor by 570 artists. Disney only saved on the salaries of the star, Miss Snow White and her supporting cast, concocted as follows: first the finished drawings of animating artists are traced onto sheets of transparent celluloid, the tracing then outlined in India ink. From this point, the celluloids go to scores of young women who apply the paint to them. When the celluloids are all colored, they are sent to the technicolor camera where they are placed over watercolor backgrounds and photographed. Unlike other RKO stars, Snow White and her seven dwarfs will never be seen again when this feature picture is over.



ROMANCE IN THE SNOW

Some reasons why more men are taking up skiing this winter. The austere Norwegian parka of former years now becomes a thing of coquettery banded in handloomed colored wool, hood edged in timber wolf. Ski shirts for the fair sex can be very decorative . . . as well as sensible, to wit: one in white bright yellow flannel with gay Austrian hand loomed trimming; and on her head an embroidered felt hat like a bellboy's cap. If a doll objects to carrying a husky rucksack, she can strap a lunch kit around her waist via a canvas belt. The kit is white canvas literally covered with bright red embroidery. Then a gal can carry another type of burlap kit, slung nonchalantly over her shoulder and filled with cold weather cosmetics . . . skin cream, ski-lipstick, tissues and even a mirror.



HOW GOOD A DICK ARE YOU?

Another one of those intriguing Crimefile books is out. A file containing the complete dossier of a good juicy triple murder over yonder in Jersey, with every clue and item of evidence preserved in its original physical form exactly as it might have been received at police headquarters. One of the vital clues was a dame's lipstick . . . sample of which is included in the crime history. You'll stay up all night once you start figuring this out.

HOT HANDS

There'll come a day when the thermometer nose dives to zero and you'll wish you had a warm knit scarf and gloves. Warm, smart and not too bulky are scarf and gloves of crocheted silk string, the gloves lined with wool for good measure. Come in such well bred colors as beige, maroon or deep green.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

GIVE YOUR HAIR A WORKOUT

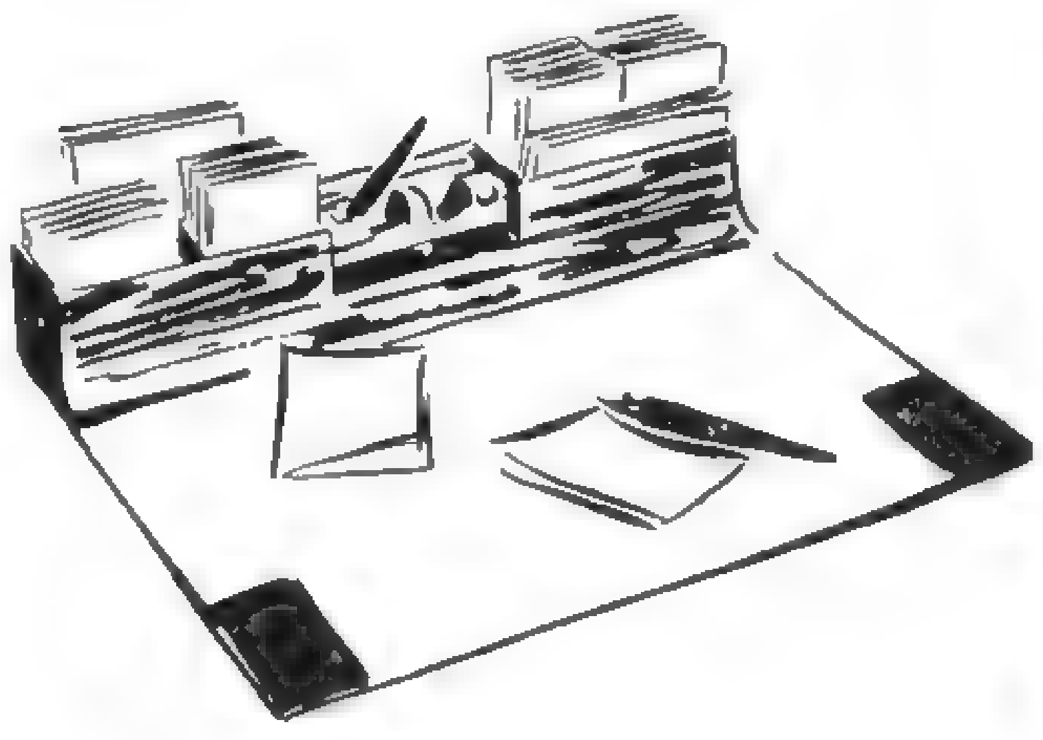
Ten to one you spend hours at the Athletic Club keeping your figure fit, but what do you do about your hair? Maybe you're a touch bald . . . maybe completely. Or you get the dandruff deluge everytime you brush. There are some scalp specialists in town who operate on the theory that hair needs exercise as much as you do. You can go to their office (they call it office instead of salon) for treatment, or buy one of their travel cases in brown leather, zipper all around, containing the makings for the treatment. They claim that if hair is washed too often with soap and water, the natural oils of the scalp are robbed and the hair deteriorates. They like you to use a special cleansing tonic instead. Douse some on in the morning and start massage at nape of neck by pressing thumbs well into the structure at base of skull. Work around neck to ears, arousing circulation. Then lift scalp, press and knead in circular sweeps of fingers and palms of hands. Their combs have smooth, well rounded teeth soz not to irritate the scalp; the brushes have long, flexible bristles. At night you brush hair upward and outward which exercises the sluggish muscles of the scalp and releases tension. Finish off by applying pomade for the scalp to strengthen sparse spots, they say.

TAKE A BRODIE

One of the fastest moving "try your luck" games . . . just press the levers, wheels spin, your score appears in the 3 little slots at the top. Have to have 3 of a kind or a pair to win. Comes in leatherette case complete with chips. Cross word puzzlers will dote on a little English importation called, for no good reason, "Kanugo." You play with cards with big letters on them, numbers in the corners . . . you draw, play and discard as in rum, build words as in anagrams, only your words must be in crossword puzzle formation . . . horizontals and verticals. Darn good games, both of them.

LOADED WITH BEAUTY

If you are prepared to *spend* catering to the vanities of your baby, by all means produce one of those leather cosmetic cases. In colored alligator, for instance, with drawers loaded with two lipsticks, one for night and one for day use, day and night powder, lotions, etc. Another alligator case has a top layer of cosmetics and a second section underneath for nightie, slippers, robe and those things. Another case in lizard grain cowhide has two drawers for stuff, mirrored lid and everything for manicure and makeup. Even comes with grey suede zipper covering on which you inscribe her initials. For pampered pets we suggest the luxury box in pink satin, edged with silver and lined with blue suede containing perfume, eau de toilette, dusting powder, bath salts, soap, powder and even little scented sachet pillows.

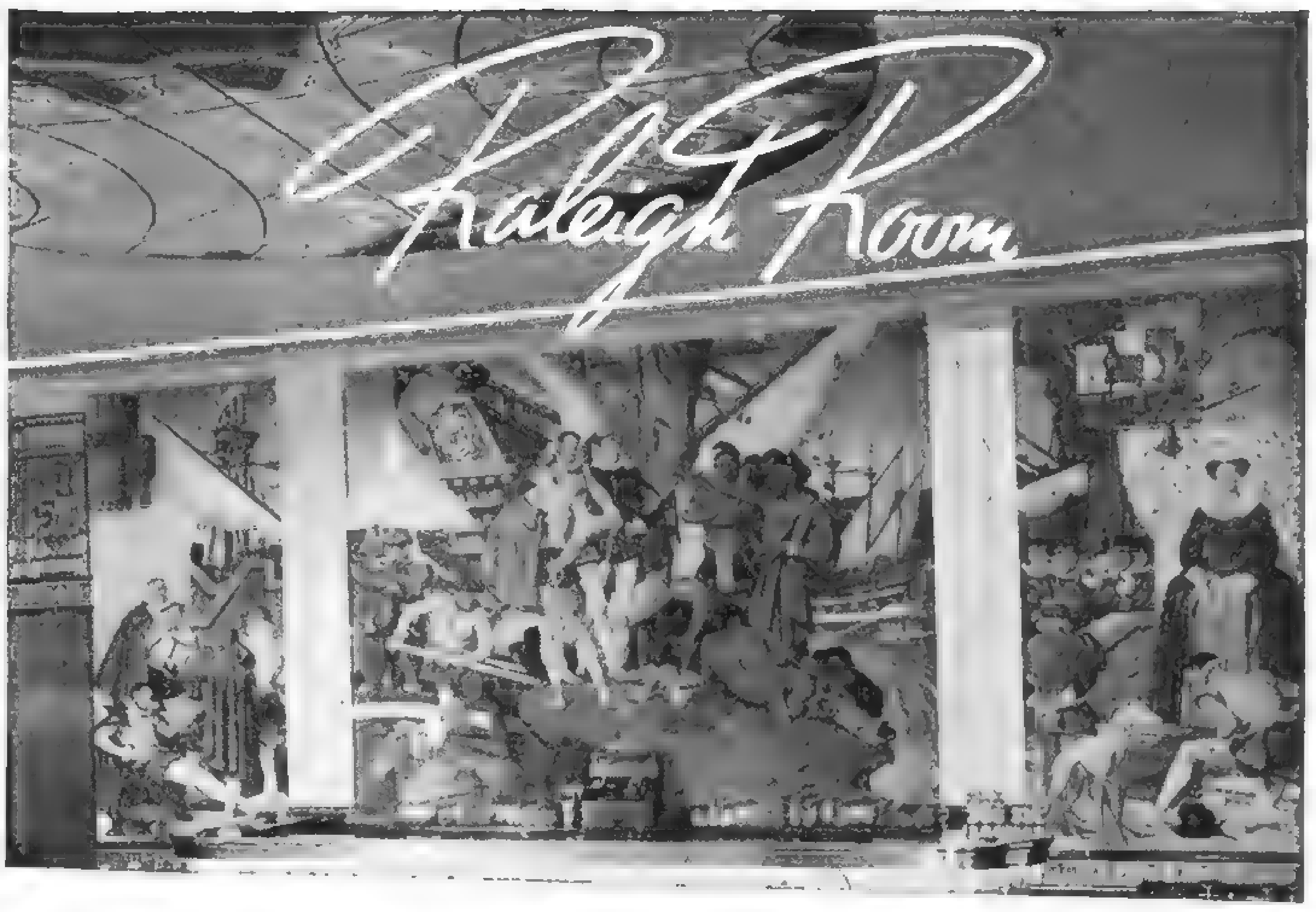


2 IN 1

A handsome adornment for a man's room, a combination blotter pad with desk compartments attached, all in one piece. Comes in American walnut or blond maple, size 18x26, and has compartments for paper, envelopes, inkwell and pen holder, etc. Turns any odd table into a nifty desk.

WHAT SCHOOL FOR WHAT CHILD?

How many families have discovered, too late, that Junior should have been sent to art school instead of forcing him to follow his old man in an engineering course! The selection of the proper school or college nowadays is so important in the life of every young man or woman, that the choice should not depend on less than complete, up-to-date, professional information. There's an American School's Association in town to which puzzled parents bring their offspring to find out what school will best develop their particular abilities and aptitudes. A corps of trained investigators and advisors is maintained for analysing prospective students and giving them the works—I. Q., specific aptitudes, reading, character and vocational interest . . . also physical examinations. The service is maintained by the schools and colleges themselves . . . they pay the freight . . . the inquiring parent pays nothing.



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Dinner . Supper
Sunday Cocktail
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A brilliant rendezvous with murals by celebrated Dean Cornwell . . . Dancing and incidental entertainment at cocktail time and supper.

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NEW YORK

Some visitors delight in the location, facing Central Park, others praise the spacious rooms, still others eulogize the excellent service and cuisine—but all agree that the Plaza sets the standard of excellence for fine living.

Henry A. Rost,
President and
Managing Director

The PLAZA New York

FIFTH AVENUE
at 59th Street,
Facing Central Park

BE MY VALENTINE

mister,
you can't miss!

Make her a Valentine gift . . right now, if you want to . . of this sinuous and insinuating nightrobe. Handmade by her idolized Yolande, with high-powered cupids aiming at her all over the silk, it's a gift, gentlemen, that can't miss. At Saks Fifth Avenue and other fine stores . . 5.95.

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Yolande

Those who have travelled most are first to proclaim
The Hotel Warwick
THE PLACE TO STAY IN PHILADELPHIA

Adding to the pleasure of staying at The Warwick, the superb cuisine.

GEORGE LAMAZE
Executive Vice-President
GERALD R. TRIMBLE, *Manager*

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR MODELS

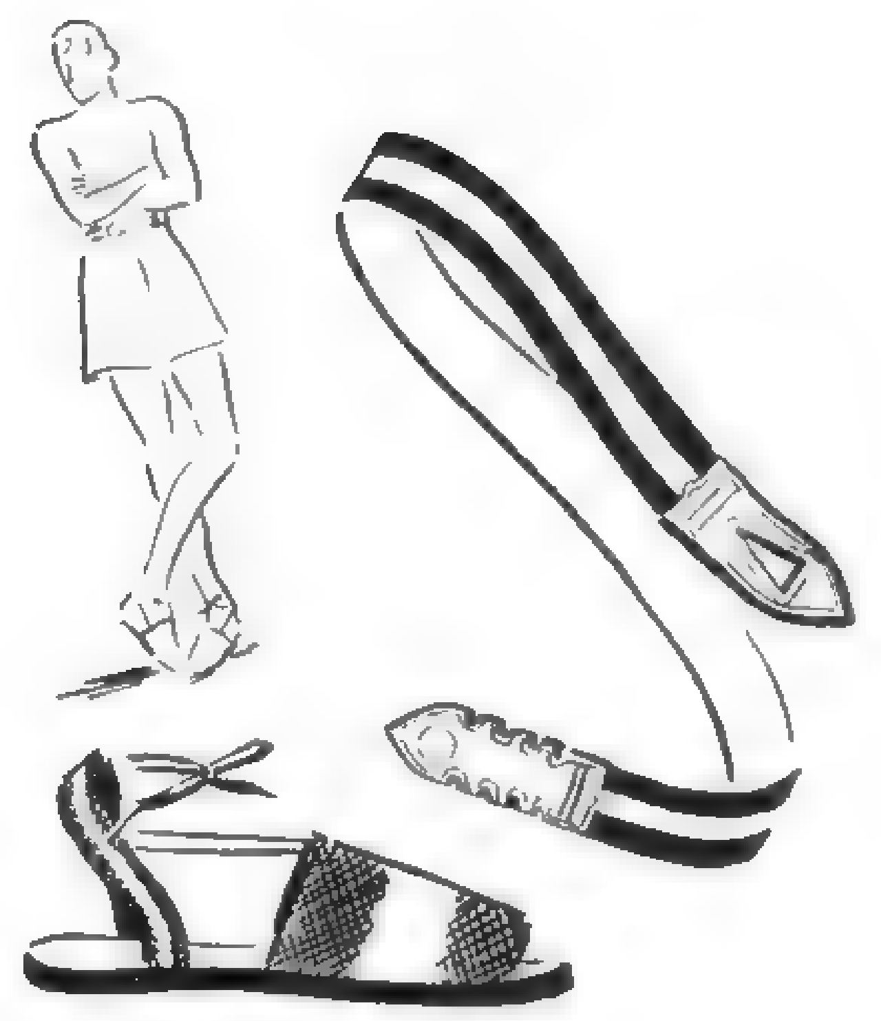
A smart New York pair, femme et mari, have opened up an exclusive school to teach ambitious little gals the new technique of fashion modeling . . . a vocation which often is the road of fame and fortune via photography to Hollywood. The dead pan beauty of former years who teetered along, hand on hip with that exaggerated bounce foreign to man or beast, is passe. The new models must have an air of good breeding, attractive personality and poise and a natural manner instead of the affected mannerisms of yore. The heads of the school work with the director of an important beauty salon and literally make over faces and figures. Enticing bosoms appear on flat facades, protruding fannies are under control, posture, hairline and eyebrows are corrected and a fair to middlin' specimen emerges a creature of distinction. After 6 weeks intensive training the gals graduate, and parade before a distinguished group of fashion photographers, artists, magazine editors and talent scouts all intent upon finding new faces. Send in your wives and daughters, gents, they may end up by supporting the old man yet.

ARTIST PETTY GOES OR THE MOVIES

By now you've probably seen those Petty posters of Alice Faye plastered all over the country advertising Universal's "You're a Sweetheart." Of course every Esquire reader swears by Petty's sleek, streamline damsels with the gorgeous shanks and the globular, upstanding frontage. This poster, of Alice Faye, is one of the few in which Petty has used any other model but his daughter Marjorie. He usually does his enticing feminine studies in a studio in his home in Chicago; a radio plays instrumental music and Marjorie takes the glamorous attitudes which her dad transfers to paper . . . and immortality. Petty has no idiosyncrasies save a passion for wearing black ties.

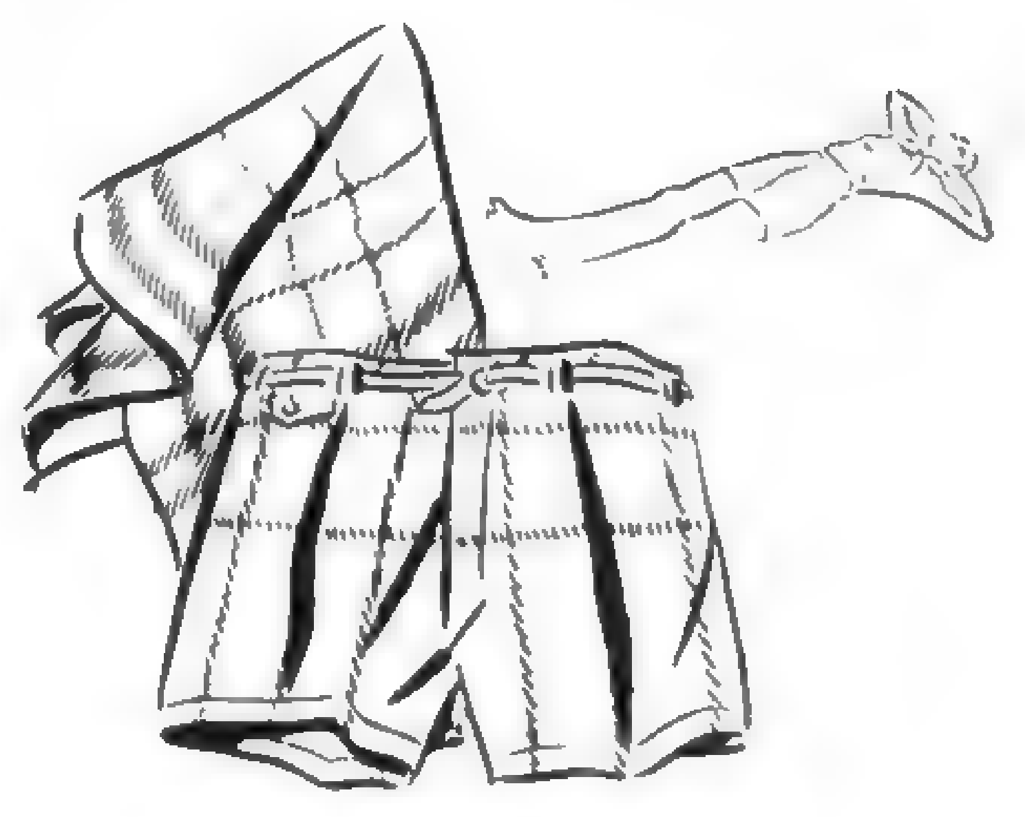
PERSONAL PENS

Smart idea to have your initials (two or three as the case may be) inlaid in gold on your fountain pen. The initials are actually *inlaid*, not stuck on, by a very special process which permanently locks them into a special type of pen. You can also have your masonic or lodge insignia put on by the same process . . . pencils to match, if you like. No doubt about it . . . the monogram means it's YOURS.

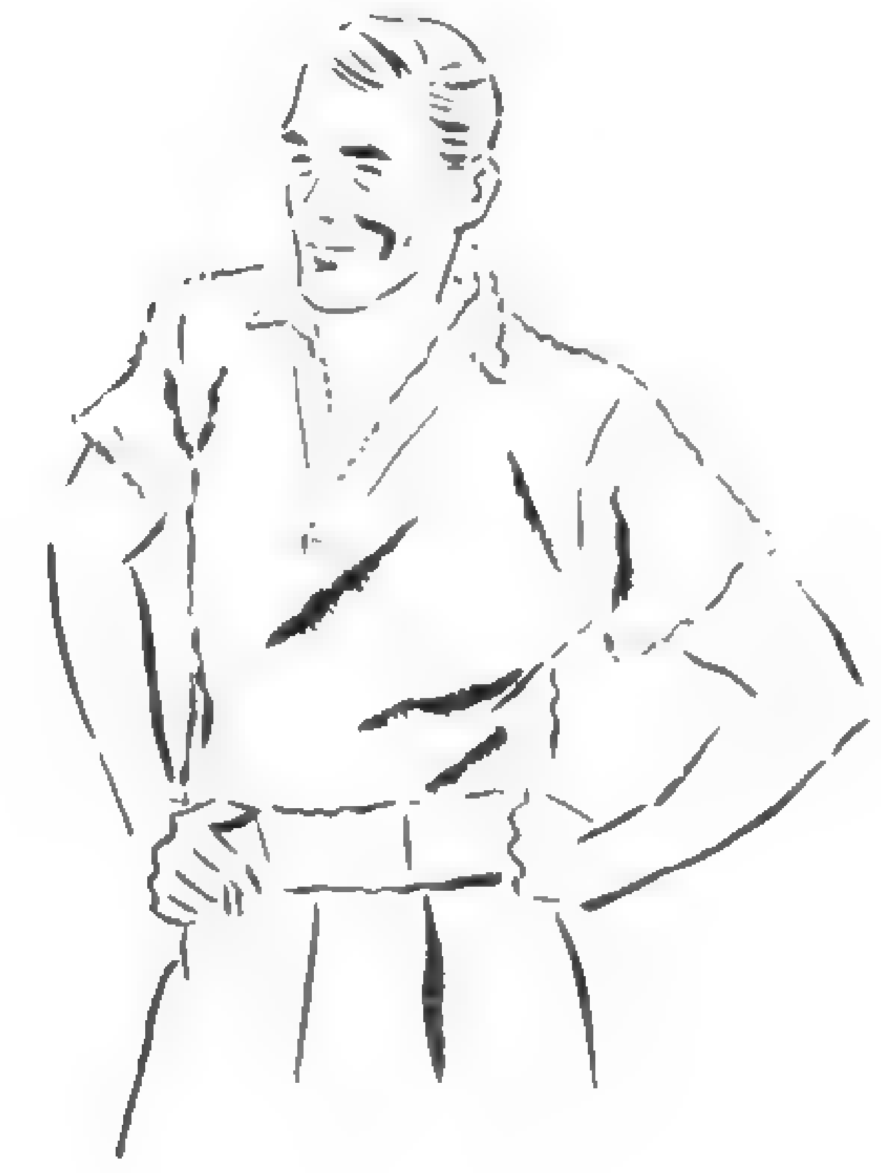


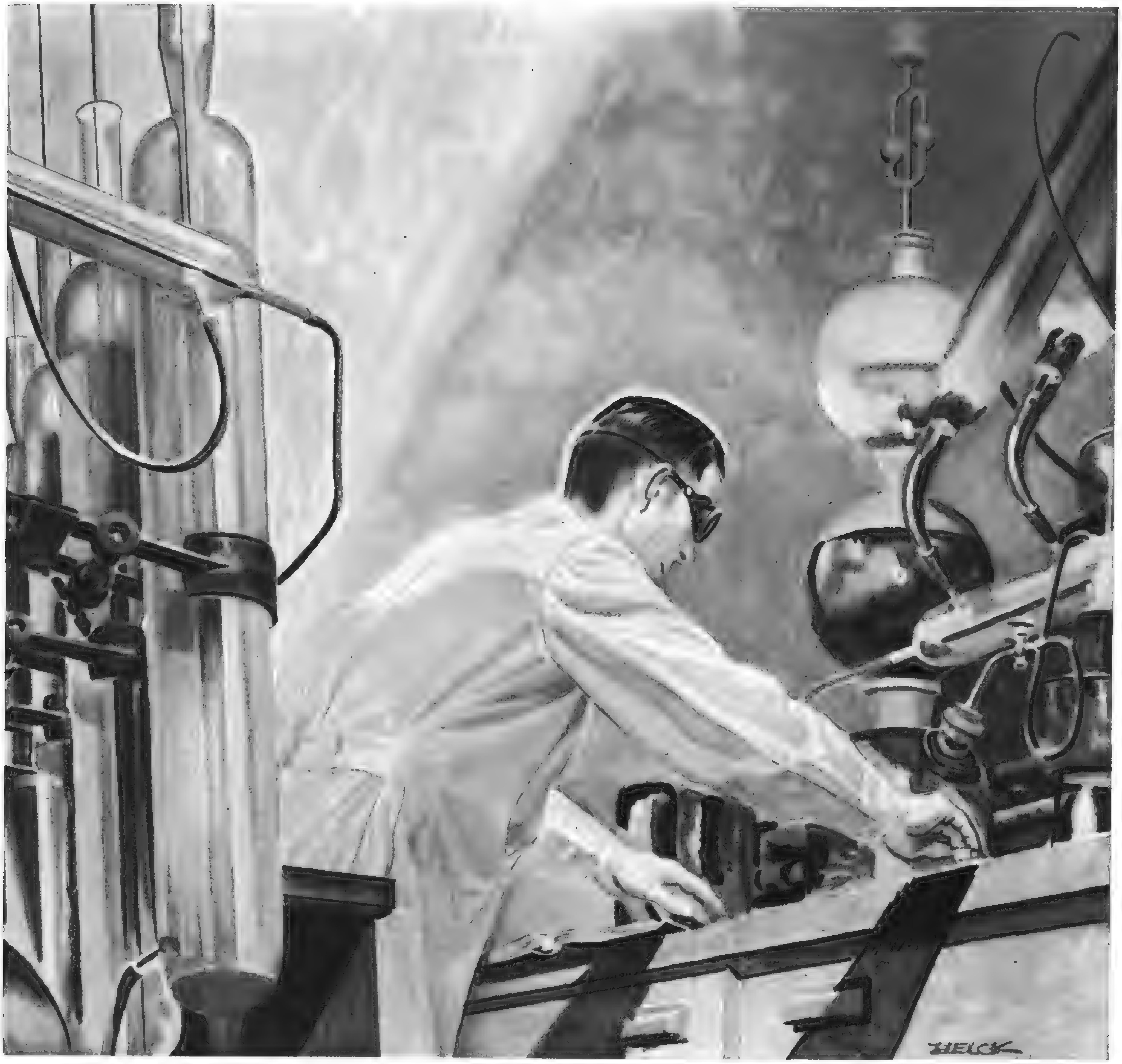
SHIP AND SHORE NEWS, MALE

Colorful canvas espadrilles, easy to pack and a smart thing to take along to wear on slippery decks or on the beach. To wear with your slacks or beach shorts, a striped or plain belt of lastex gabardine with large LEATHER buckle such as we've sketched.



Swim trunks of linen with stripes that look somewhat like a dish towel; and in case of modesty or fear of sunburn, you put the large square matching scarf around your shoulders. Then for beach wear there's a pullover shirt of white, yellow, tan or blue absorbent Terry cloth . . . designed like a cobbler's apron with 3 big pocket-like sections around the waistline . . . cobblers used them for nails, you'll find them a convenient storage space for cigarettes, tobacco, keys and what have you. For further tips on southern wardrobes, send 25c in stamps for Esquire's new CRUISOLOGY AND REVIEW OF RESORTS, an illustrated 32 page booklet that will tell you what to wear and where, where to shop and what to buy in foreign ports. How to be a veteran traveler in one easy reading.





IF HE'S LUCKY, A MILLION MEN WILL DIE!

HE was top man in his class when he graduated from college. It was predicted he'd have an exceptionally brilliant career.

And here he is, on the way to fulfilling those predictions. Do you know how? *By working on the development of a more deadly and inhuman poison gas!*

He might have been the scientist destined to find the cure for cancer. He might have held the key to the discovery of a preventive for infantile paralysis. He might have saved millions from agony, and heartbreak, and twisted limbs.

But the world couldn't spare him for that. He's needed to make poison gas. If he succeeds, a million or more men will die horribly when the next war comes.

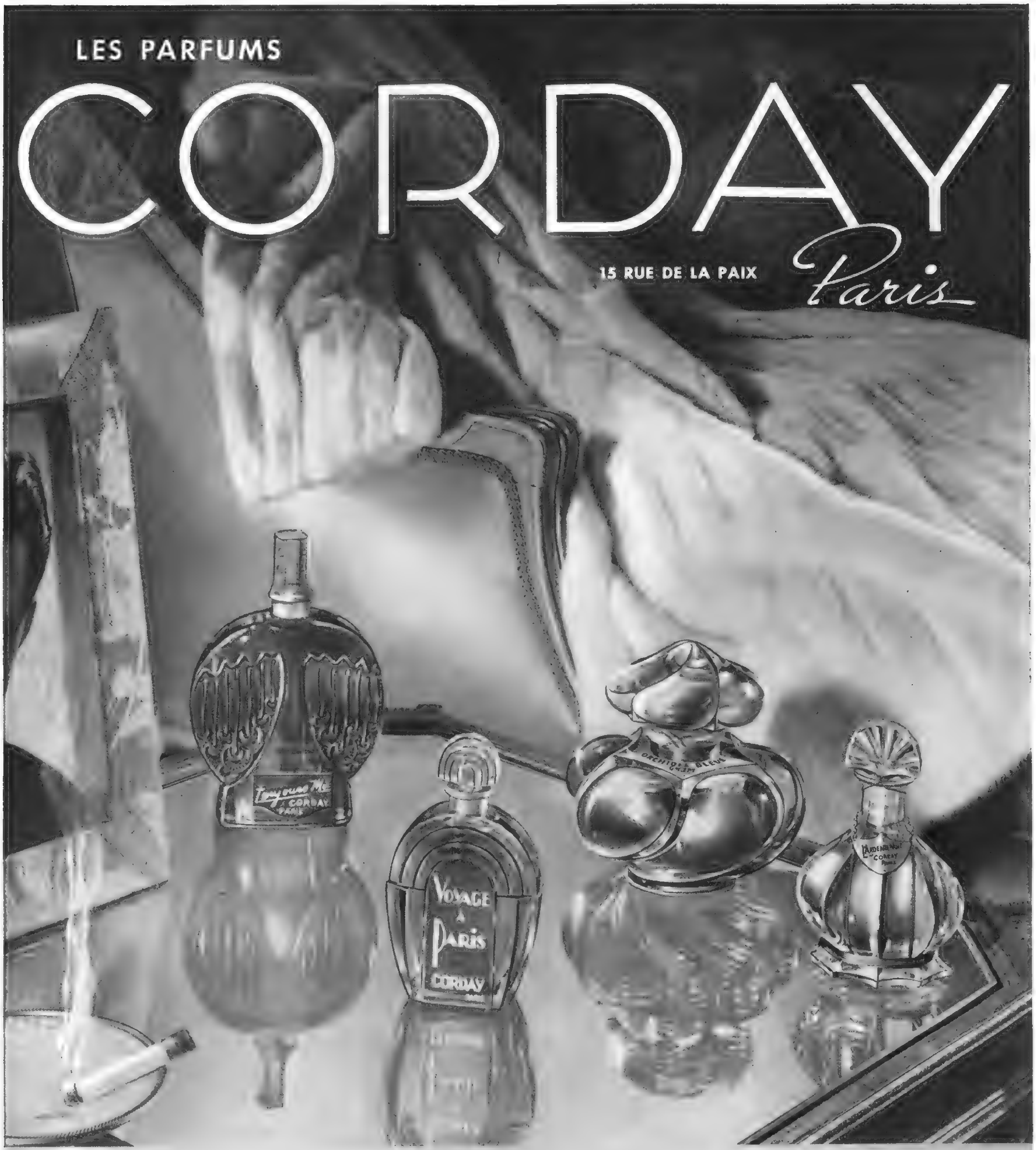
Behind the lines, planes will zoom over cities and towns, and children will fall down strangling from one breath of air that a second ago had been clean and sweet. Death will have the greatest picnic of all time . . .

. . . when and *if* the next war comes. Will it? That's largely up to you—you and all the other decent people of the world. You'll have to fight hard to preserve peace. You'll have to keep your wits about you in order to resist extremely clever appeals to your emotions, and extremely ingenious propaganda. You'll have to throw the weight of aroused public opinion against the handful who want war. So far, in the world's history, this handful has had things entirely its own way. And in the future ? ? ?

What YOU can do about it—

World Peaceways is a non-profit agency the purpose of which is to solidify the desire most people have to abolish the whole silly business of war.

We feel that intelligent efforts can *and must* be made against war and toward a secure peace. If you think so too we invite you to write to World Peaceways, 103 Park Ave., New York.


LES PARFUMS
CORDAY
15 RUE DE LA PAIX
Paris
Toujours Moi
CORDAY
Voyage à Paris
CORDAY
ORCHIDÉE BLEUE
L'Ardente Nuit
CORDAY

"Parfums of Lasting Fragrance"... the secret sorcery of CORDAY.

Toujours Moi ("Always Me") — for big moments and formal moods — always you because it becomes you... **Voyage à Paris** ("Trip to Paris") — a sophisticated fragrance — a challenge to the woman who wears it..to all who come within the aura of its spell... **Orchidée Bleue** ("Blue Orchid") — a gay informal parfum with the exotic undertone of the rare Blue Orchid... **L'Ardente Nuit** ("Ardent Night") — nocturnal in mood — in which mystery and passion mingle breathlessly.

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CREATED OF CROWN TESTED RAYON FABRICS

Here's your ticket to clothes-satisfaction, to simplified buying, to clothes that set a smart fashion pace. CROWN TESTED RAYON FABRICS, to be found in new men's wear fashions from the country's leading manufacturers, are such outright good values that you can't make a mistake in choosing them.

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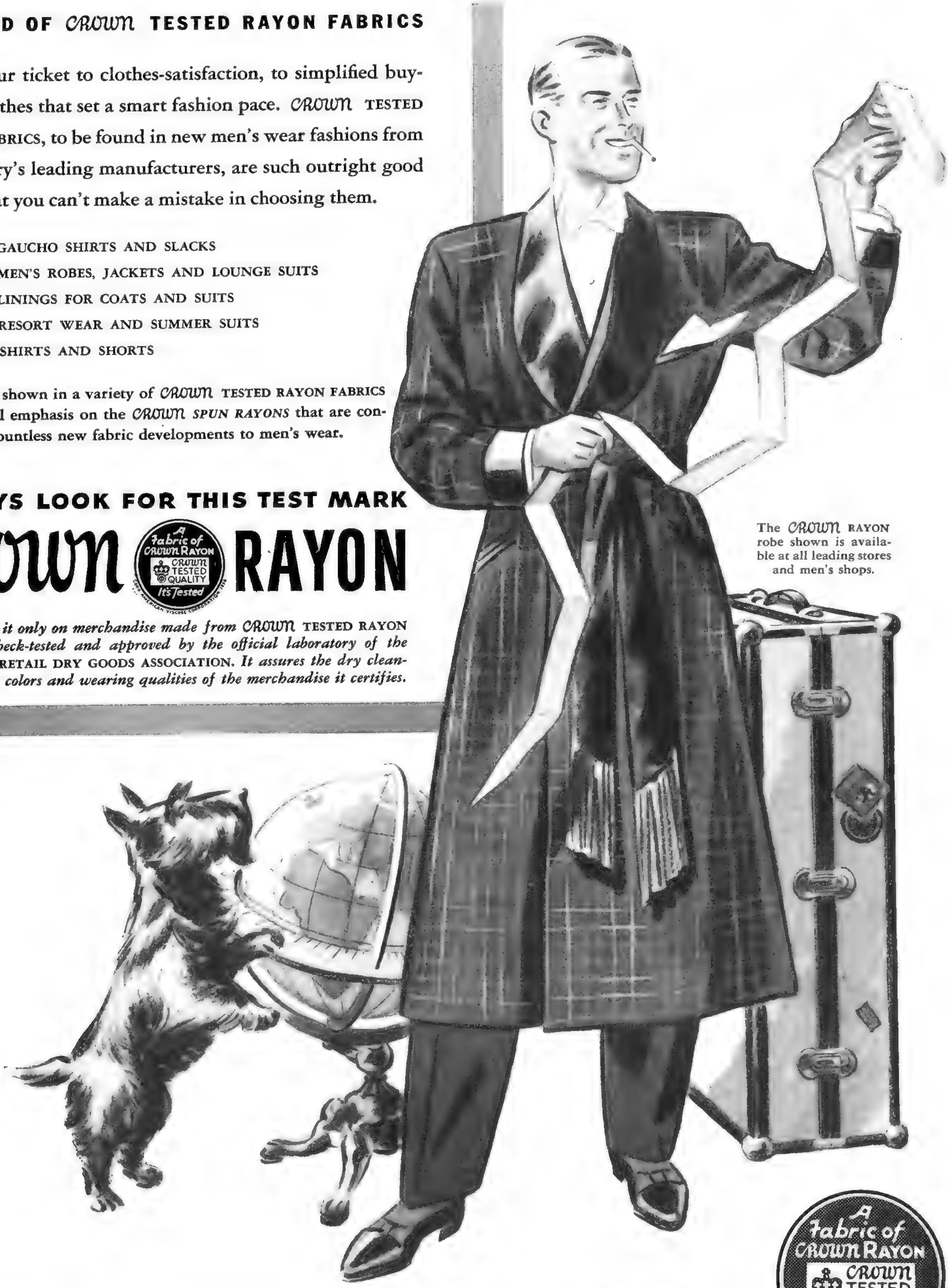
- MEN'S ROBES, JACKETS AND LOUNGE SUITS
- LININGS FOR COATS AND SUITS
- RESORT WEAR AND SUMMER SUITS
- SHIRTS AND SHORTS

Now being shown in a variety of CROWN TESTED RAYON FABRICS with special emphasis on the CROWN *SPUN RAYONS* that are contributing countless new fabric developments to men's wear.

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THIS TEST MARK

CROWN A Fabric of CROWN RAYON CROWN TESTED QUALITY It's Tested COPR. AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION 1938 **RAYON**

You'll find it only on merchandise made from CROWN TESTED RAYON FABRICS, *check-tested and approved by the official laboratory of the* NATIONAL RETAIL DRY GOODS ASSOCIATION. *It assures the dry cleanability, fast colors and wearing qualities of the merchandise it certifies.*



The CROWN RAYON robe shown is available at all leading stores and men's shops.

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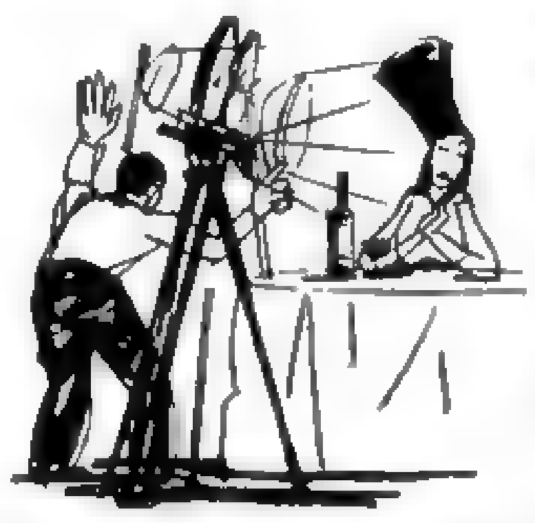
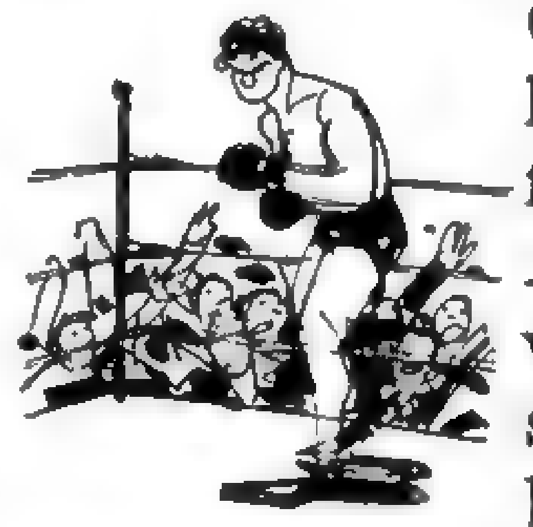
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

The Stork Club's variation of "I'll see you in the movies" is proving as fetching as any of the other tricks the genial Billingsley has pulled out of his bottomless hat. If your chapeau is new enough, or your curls turned under it at the proper line decreed by the mode, you sit at a table and look at an unopened bottle of wine while the movie test men do their stuff. The following Sunday night you can see your test shown on the screen at the Stork. Then you sit back and wait for the Hollywood scouts to bring around that $2000 a week contract. Even if they don't you've had your fun and it's something nowadays just to get into the Stork. Sherman has taken the blond saxophone player that seemed a fixture anyway and set him up with his own organization becoming Bobby Parks and his Orchestra.



The Waldorf Astoria, finding the magnificent Sert Room too often crowded, has managed to squeeze in another little cocktail lounge and restaurant. If you are accustomed to the war maps of fighting in China you will have no trouble in finding it; otherwise, turn left off the main lobby and ask a guide. The room is unique, having been decorated in a simple manner, reminiscent of the speakeasy days, by Xavier Cugat, who swings as mean a brush as a baton. The notables who have played and sung at the Waldorf, plus Elsa Maxwell, are illuminated on the walls.

Jack Dempsey's still continues to turn them in and out filled with prime beef or the game of the season. Opposite Madison Square Garden, it has long been the Mecca for sportsmen from fighting, up through horses to skating. And along with the men come the ladies who pant and thrill at having their hands shaken by a former champion. Go early, because it is always crowded and don't eat anything for at least twelve hours previous.



If you like the sort of slumming Americans go in for when in Paris, try the Maison Breton, 343 West Forty-sixth St. There you eat oysters or clams on the half shell with white wine; or the maison specialty, a dinner where you take what comes. Around the corner, at Moran and Guinness on Eighth Avenue, is an old-fashioned saloon where you will touch elbows with all the exvaudevillians in the world or employed folk from Broadway, and drink the superb Foxhead beer.

L'Aperitif, 5 East Fifty-fifth St., while not among the first six of the town, is cut somewhat on the same pattern and caters to the same sort of trade. The prices are in the higher brackets and the service impeccable. However, we have tasted better food.

Horace Heidt has managed to vary an old theme with his after-theatre broadcasts in the Bowman room of the Biltmore. Along with a full and varied program, calculated to please the alumni as well as the under-grads, Heidt calls out the latent talent of the dining room. Sometimes the spontaneous performer has vine leaves in his hair and that makes it all the funnier. Heidt's masterly fooling keeps the fun at a high pitch and he seems to have a genius for finding talent under a dress shirt. We have again given the chef a chance to strut his stuff and find that he can turn out a chicken breast broiled on Virginia ham that is worth any man's time.

Taking one consideration with another, we find the Iridium Room of the St. Regis one of the quietly elegant places of the town for after-theatre dining. Emil Coleman plays to a clientele who know him so well they whisper out their favorite numbers. Everyone in the handsome room seems to know everyone else. But it is not a haunt for those who wed at Armonk in the morning or who expect their pictures in the papers the next morning.

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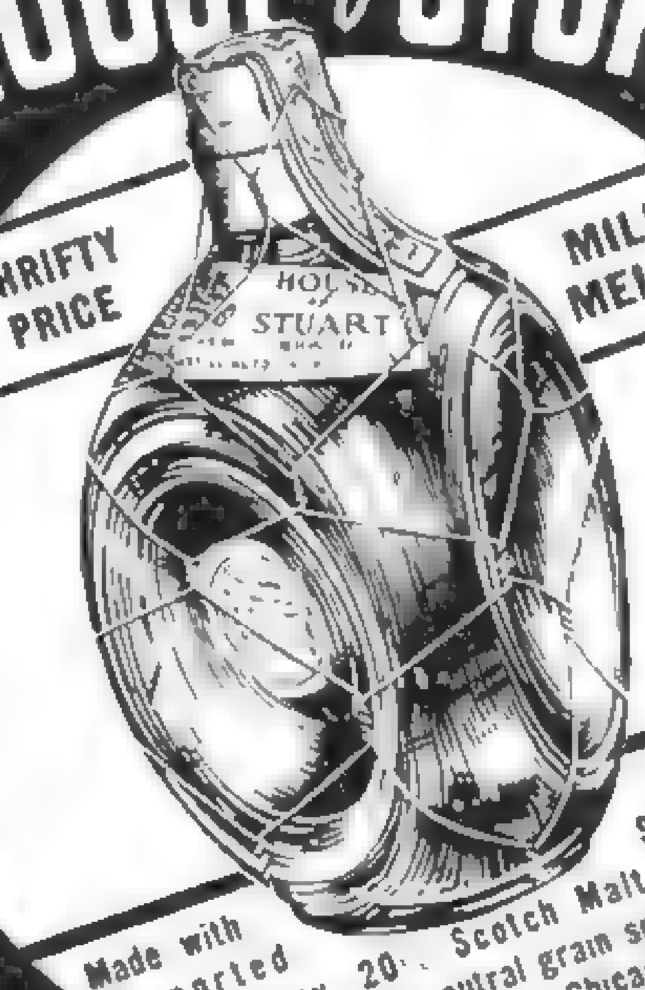

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BLENDED SCOTCH TYPE WHISKEY—86.8 PROOF

A NEW HIGH IN CONTINENTAL ENTERTAINMENT
Enchanting music • delicious food exciting atmosphere
Dinner and Supper Dancing Nightly
Delightful Entertainment
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MERRY-GO-ROUND GRILL

Ken will neither duplicate nor compete with any magazine now on the nation's newsstands. It will devote itself completely to its chosen province, the insiders' world, a world of information that is now outside and beyond the ken of the average person. It will be issued every other Thursday in the biggest magazine money's worth ever offered at 25c per copy.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

L. F. Addington

If any of the boys this month are discoveries, they forgot to mention it. But L. F. Addington admits he has formerly written stories for children, and *In Case Of Death* constitutes his first bow to an adult audience. He was born in southwest Virginia, and spent the summers of his early youth hoeing corn on steep hillsides and roaming the woods for "sang" (genseng); in the winter he attended a one-room school and trapped mink along the creek. He says: "I walked across Copper creek valley to the summit of Cooper ridge to a small two-year high school, Midway. After two years of this I turned south, walked across Moccasin valley to the turnpike and by way of a bicycle, went one year to the county seat school, Shoemaker, eight miles from home. College at Emory and Henry, Emory, Virginia. Graduate work at the University of Virginia. With the exception of one year serving as coach and classroom teacher in Lakeworth, Florida, I've been a high school principal ever since entering the teaching profession. I am thirty-eight. Married. Hobbies, fishing and kodaking."

•

Gene Jonquet feels he should confess that ordinarily he wears glasses—compound astigmatism. He has no intention of becoming a full-time writer. Says he was first introduced to writing "as an art and a discipline" at Millikin University. At the moment he's a social worker in St. Louis, having received his M. A. in social work at Washington University. He isn't married. Once he was detained in jail overnight as a suspected inciter of Illinois coal miners to Communistic misdemeanor. But the charge was dropped and he was released without ever finding out whether he was suspected of being a Trotzkyite or a Leninite. As a matter of fact, he was trying to find a job teaching school. He's been a night watchman, a candy maker, sold advertising for a theatre program, repaired furniture, put hand-bills behind screen doors. He likes Irish whiskey, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Ecclesiastes* and Lion Feuchtwanger's *Success*.

Gene Jonquet

•

Manuel Komroff insists he's hardly been out of the house since returning to New York from out West, and can't think of a thing exciting enough to print. He says: "I love the West, Arizona and New Mexico, and when I take in the newspaper and bottle of milk in the morning and glance at the headlines I feel as though I could do without Europe forever. And I think there must be more people like myself. The only thing I want to holler about is a good highway to the West. There is no coast to coast road today that is really worthy of the age. And not even the gasoline taxes have made a coast to coast highway. The money has gone for other projects. Am at work on another novel—contemporary with scenes laid in Europe, Asia and America. I just leave out Africa and Australia because compression is necessary in fiction."

Manuel Komroff

•

Peter Neagoe came from Rumania, but he says he thinks best in English, "a strong, virile tongue." His sympathies have always been with the peasants, among whom he passed his vacations in childhood. He began a writing career quite early, writing love letters for peasant girls working in his home. He studied philosophy at the University and painting at the Fine Arts Academy in Bucharest. He has written *Storm*, a book of short stories, *What is Surrealism*, a booklet; and two novels, *Easter Sun* and *There Is My Heart*. Random House will publish his next novel.

•

Michael Crowley (*When I Was a General*, page 62) is the author of a novel, *Horseshoe Range*. He's working on four others simultaneously, and writes about a paragraph a day on each. His stories have been published in *Harper's* and around. He's thirty-four, a bachelor, and only half Irish.

•

When he was thirteen, Edward Stevenson wrote a novel which had a large study hall circulation. When he was nineteen, he sold an article to the *Nation* for ten dollars. Then he coasted for awhile, till he got married. Since then his wife has been inspiring and goading him. He's had several stories published, and some very enthusiastic rejections. And he's working on a novel. After all, he reasons, why should he be the exception?

•

Robert T. Souter went to Harvard for two years and liked it. He's been a caddy-master, a giftshop manager, milkman, radio salesman and real estate salesman. Now he's married, has a four-month-old son and an office in a New England bank. His *Boys Will Be Boys* is on page 94 of this issue.

•

Jay Franklin is the pen-name adopted by John Franklin Carter for his political writings. He helped organize *Time* (he's a Yale man) and was one of the original editors. He's also worked for the London *Daily Chronicle* and the New York *Times*. His "Jay Franklin" writings began in 1930 and appeared in *Vanity Fair* and *Liberty*. For a while he assisted Dr. R. G. Tugwell, organizing the information program for the Resettlement Administration. Then he resigned to write a daily syndicated column, *We, The People*. He is one of the few columnists consistently favorable to the New Deal and to Labor. In an un-political mood, he wrote *Carolina Fish-Fry*, which you'll find on page 72.

•

Jeremiah Digges was born in Denver and went to school back East in Missouri. He's worked for several newspapers in New York and the Middle West. He lives in Provincetown with his artist wife and their collaboration, a small girl with yellow hair. He went to the Banks on fishing vessels where he learned some Portuguese, mainly profanity, and made some notes when the wind wasn't No'theast. He's the author of *Cape Cod Pilot*, published in 1937. He won't give his right name. Jeremiah Digges is a pseudonym.

Michael Crowley

•

The life story of E. S. Bostwick, author of *What Shall I Tell My Father?* shines like a good deed in a naughty world. He says: "I seem to lack the colorful biography of most writers so I fear there is little hope for me. I was never dropped on my head, never stowed away on a tramp steamer, wasn't with Scott in Mexico, and haven't an Eskimo father and Spanish mother to validate my literary career. To spoil the picture completely, I am even happy! This is one of the worst literary sins!" He's a free-lance writer, living in New York.

•

After thirteen years with *Variety*, the last four as radio editor, Robert J. Landry admits he's slightly whacky on radio showmanship. He talked on this subject before the 1936 convention of Association of American Advertising Agencies and again before the 1937 convention of Association of National Advertisers, and says that nothing can stop him now. He's the scion of a theatrical family, third generation.

Robert J. Landry

★ ★ ★

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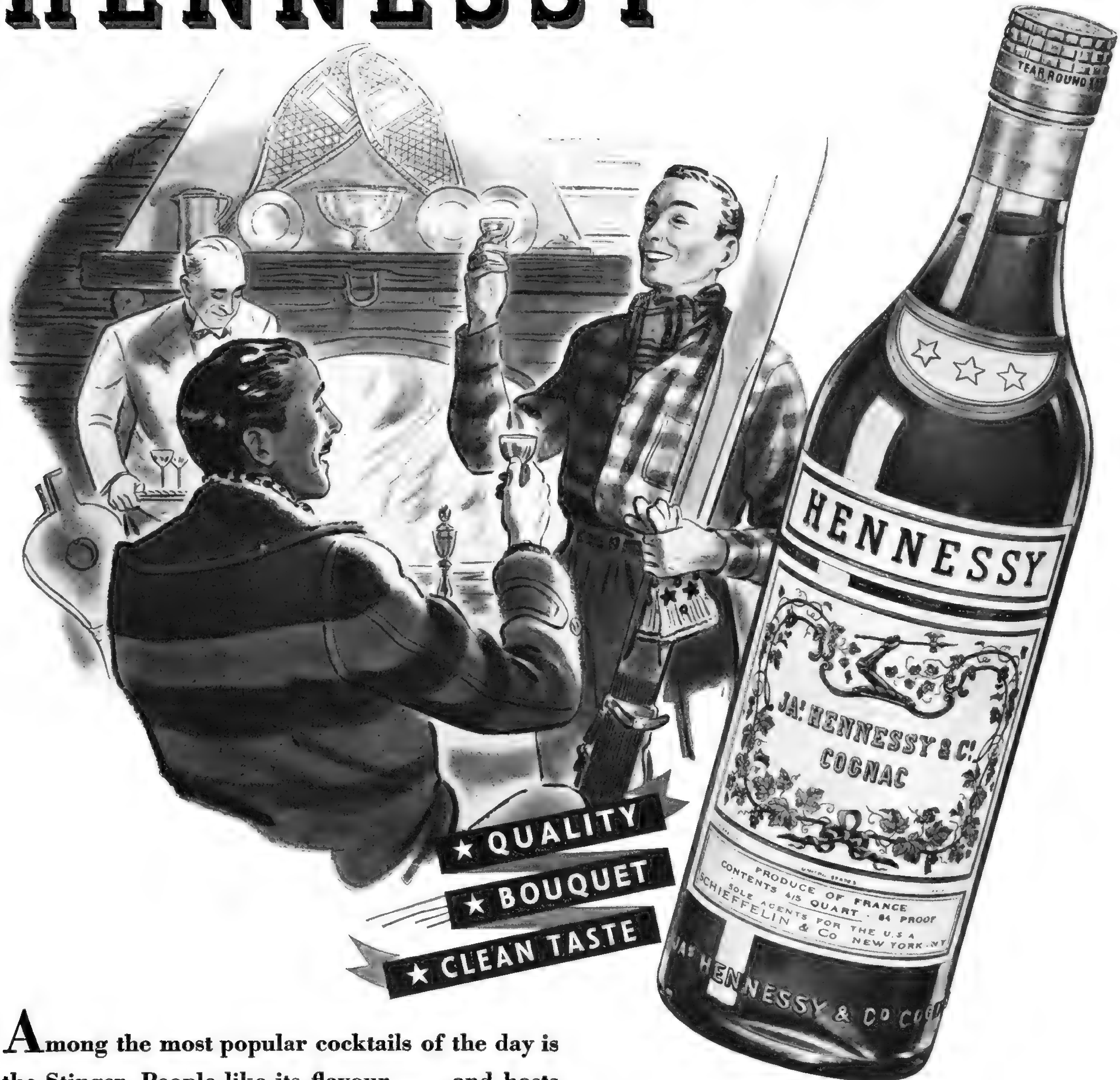
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★ QUALITY
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★ CLEAN TASTE

Among the most popular cocktails of the day is the Stinger. People like its flavour . . . and hosts find an added advantage in the simplicity of its preparation. The selection of the brandy is important. Discriminating hosts wisely choose Three-Star Hennessy . . . to give their guests the benefit of all the quality, bouquet and "clean" taste that make Three-Star Hennessy the preferred liqueur the world over.

STINGER COCKTAIL

1 part ★ ★ ★ Hennessy
1 part White Creme de Menthe
Mix in shaker with a little ice
and serve in cocktail glass.

Insist on HENNESSY in a

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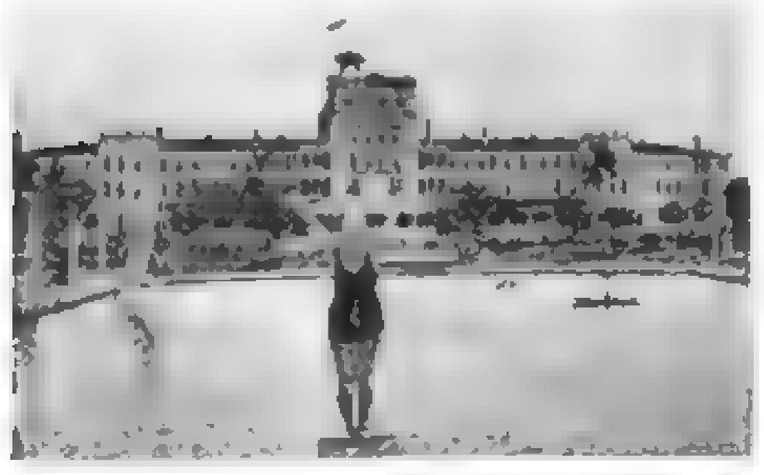
FOR KEENEST ENJOYMENT OF YOUR VISIT TO FLORIDA

Useppa Inn and Cottages, a lovely, complete Island resort. Club-like. Selectivity of clientele. Privacy assured. All sports.

Gasparilla Inn and Cottages, Boca Grande, leisurely club-resort. Clientele of character. Private facilities for sports.

The beautiful Royal Worth, W. Palm Beach's premiere resort hotel. Select clientele—all pleasures. From $4 Eur., $8 Amer.



The Charlotte Harbor, Punta Gorda. On water. Own bathing, golf, tennis—quail and fishing. Select Clientele. From $7 Amer.

The Manatee River, Bradenton, restful, enjoyable, an ideal winter home. ALL Florida offers. Rates from $7 American.

The Sarasota Terrace, smart center of smart Sarasota. Every facility for comfort and pleasure. From $7 American.

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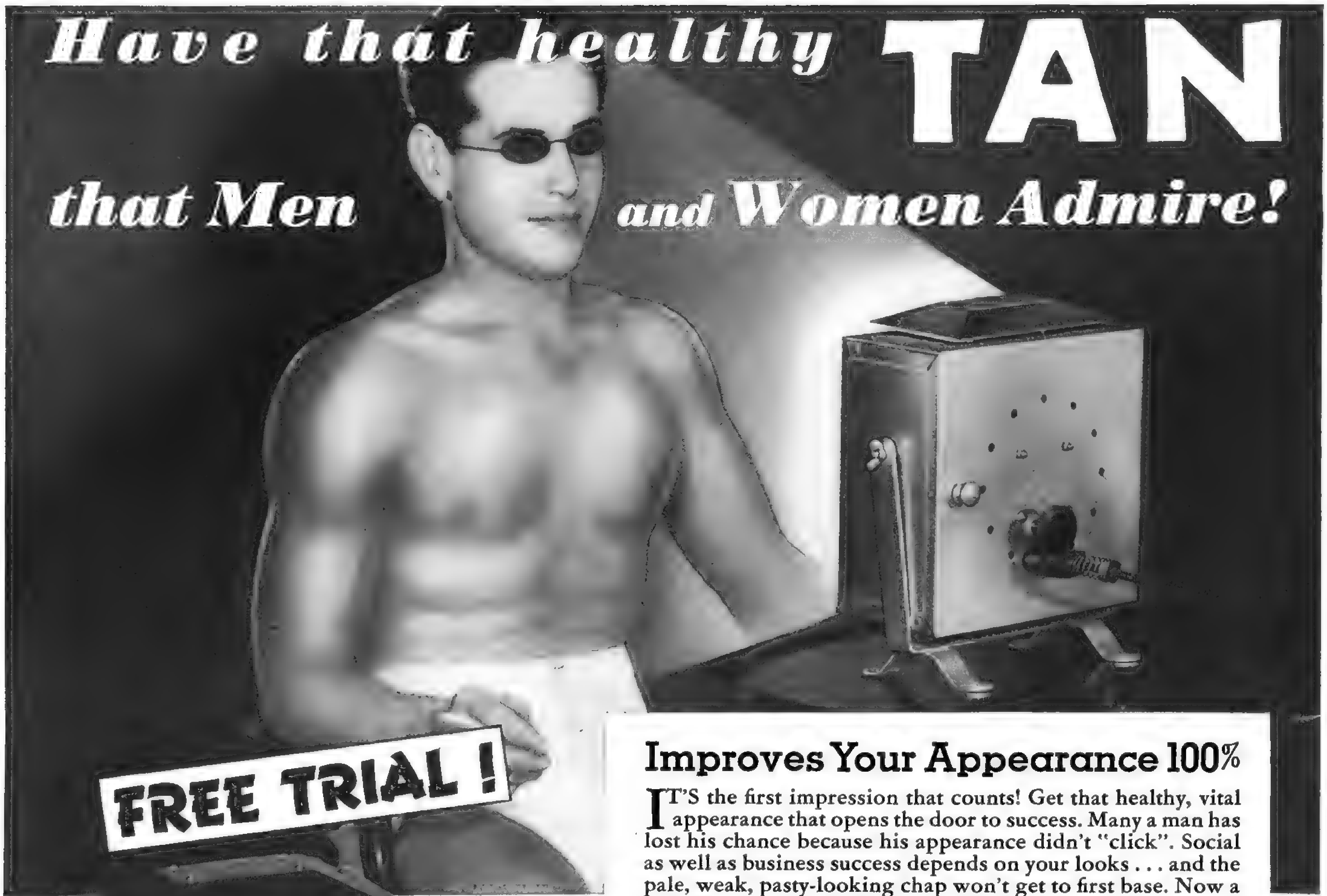
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that Men and Women Admire!
FREE TRIAL!

SUN TAN CARBONS
YOUR DAILY SUN BATH

$1.00 DEPOSIT BUYS IT!

Test It for 7 Days At Our Expense!

● We want you to test the Health Ray Sun Lamp at our expense. If, after using it for 7 days you are not completely satisfied, it won't cost you a cent! Included FREE with every Health Ray Sun Lamp are a pair of eye protectors and a descriptive booklet. Those who pay the full price with order will receive FREE a box of 10 Super-Tan Carbons. A bottle of Sun Tan Oil to hasten the tanning process, will also be included without charge.

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Send for Details of Our 7-Day FREE Trial!
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Simply mail $1 with the coupon. Use it for 7 days. Then either pay $6.95 balance or return the Health Ray Sun Lamp and get your dollar back.

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Improves Your Appearance 100%

IT'S the first impression that counts! Get that healthy, vital appearance that opens the door to success. Many a man has lost his chance because his appearance didn't "click". Social as well as business success depends on your looks . . . and the pale, weak, pasty-looking chap won't get to first base. Now a daily "sun bath", with the Health Ray Sun Lamp in the privacy of your own home, will keep you *looking* like a Million Dollars —and *feeling* as physically fit as you look!

Look Successful—*Be* Successful!

● A good, healthy coat of tan has a surprising effect on your appearance. You look healthy and virile and instantly command attention. Your prosperous appearance makes people want to do business with you. Salesmen find their sales actually increase after they have acquired a real bronze *tan!* And you will find yourself more popular, for both men and women are attracted by that healthy outdoor look!

Improves Health As Well As Appearance!

● Frequent exposure to the ultra-violet rays of the sun tones up the entire system, stimulates the body into energy and vitality, increases gland activity, builds up resistance to colds . . . and aids in clearing up many skin diseases. Many cases of pimples and temporary blemishes have yielded to the purifying action of these ultra-violet rays.

Four Times As Powerful As Summer Sun!

● You know what a glorious tan your skin would acquire if you could spend an hour every noon sun-bathing. The Health Ray Sun Lamp has been tested by the well known Electrical Testing Laboratories of New York. Their report indicates that this inexpensive Sun Lamp gives the same amount of beneficial ultra-violet rays in 15 minutes in your home that you would get in one hour's exposure to the mid-summer sun!

Inexpensive Health Insurance for Every Member of Your Family

Build up resistance and vitality so that your system will throw off germs and poisons. Insure yourself against illness the sunshine way! Start NOW by mailing the coupon TODAY!

Fully Guaranteed . . . Make This Free Test!

● Test this lamp at our expense NOW! Compact, easy to use, tested and approved . . . it is yours for 7 days' FREE trial! This genuine carbon-arc lamp is fully guaranteed. Send for booklet or lamp at once!

● ●

HEALTH RAY MFG. CO., Inc., 372 Elm St., Deep River, Conn.

(Check below for free literature or Sun Lamp)

☐ Send full details of FREE trial offer.

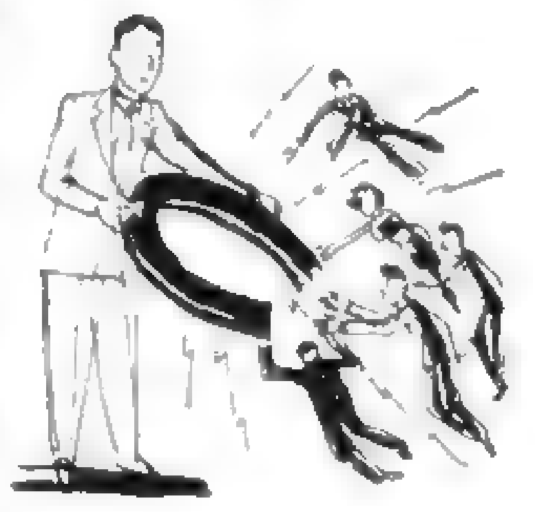
☐ Send Health Ray Lamp at once. I enclose $1. In 7 days I will either pay $6.95 or return the lamp and receive my dollar back.

Name ....
Please write Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address ....

● ●

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE



If El Morocco is difficult to get into on a week night, you can imagine what it is of a Sunday with Arthur Brown being the magnet. Sunday night in New York has come to be the final wind up of the long week-end, a sort of leisurely recapitulation, with no sport victories to celebrate, no traumas to blot out with a good old binge. Rather it is a graceful time when you meet old friends, drink a little, dance a little and prepare to face your ticker in the morning. M. Brown has that suave ease that brings out a constant following who can always be sure of his ability to round out the perfect holiday. John Perona still stands smiling under the glittering cellophane palm trees and the twinkling blue ceiling, greeting the members of his club. It is better to dress at the Morocco; you will feel out of place if you don't. Ernie Holst's orchestra alternates with Chiquito's rumba band for the dancing.

Louis Sherry will always manage to retain a section of the town that has its memories of the old days when dining was a high art. The room at 300 Park is also calculated to weave the magic of familiar things and is set to the rococo period of the gay nineties. From the quaint service to the polite waiters through the hearty nine courses, the dinner is one of nostalgia. Dance music is the modern note, a Meyer Davis Orchestra officiating. There is also an exhibition dance or two.

The Crystal Room of the Ritz has again been redecorated and a more intimate show attempted than the gay affair of last year. The one and only Hildegarde, evidently weary of waiting for television to catch up with her, is the chanteuse. The dance orchestra is that of Rudolf Friml, Jr.; June Hart and Jack Holland offer ballroom dances in the accepted manner.

If your tastes run that way, there may be something for you in the excellent show put on at the Havana-Madrid, on Broadway, near Fifty First Street. This is one of the winter's new spots devoted to the Spanish craze and along with the traditional food, cooked excellently, we saw a show that could easily have been run off at Town Hall or Carnegie. As these folk seem to come and go we cannot guarantee that you will catch them all. But if you do, we are on record that Juan Martinez and the lovely Antoinita rank with the top flight dancers of this generation. Jerinimo Villarino with his guitar is close on the heels of the mighty Segovia. There was also a medley of fine talent, a band of seven sisters, a sort of Kate Smith of the Caribbean and then the two native rumba dancers, Clarita and Alberto, who do a censored version of the dance we saw them do at the beautiful San Souci in Havana.

The Astor Hotel has reclaimed the old room above the drug store that once was a beautiful dining room and then sold down the river to the sandwich men. Now it is back, as a cocktail lounge to take up the overflow of the crowded bar on the street level. The room has been newly decorated, but not in the modern manner of the big rejuvenation; a sort of Victorian gesture to some of the older patrons, no doubt. Three musical comics keep the dance floor full at cocktail time.

Chez Marie, 129 East Forty-seventh Street, is another of those excellent small places that cater to the hordes of New York who have no homes. It calls itself French, but the kitchen is Italian, Piedmontese, and leans heavily on the olive oil. One great virtue of the place is that there are many maison specialties, made on the premises. The pate is excellent and the chiffon pie is extra special. An adequate wine list is at hand.

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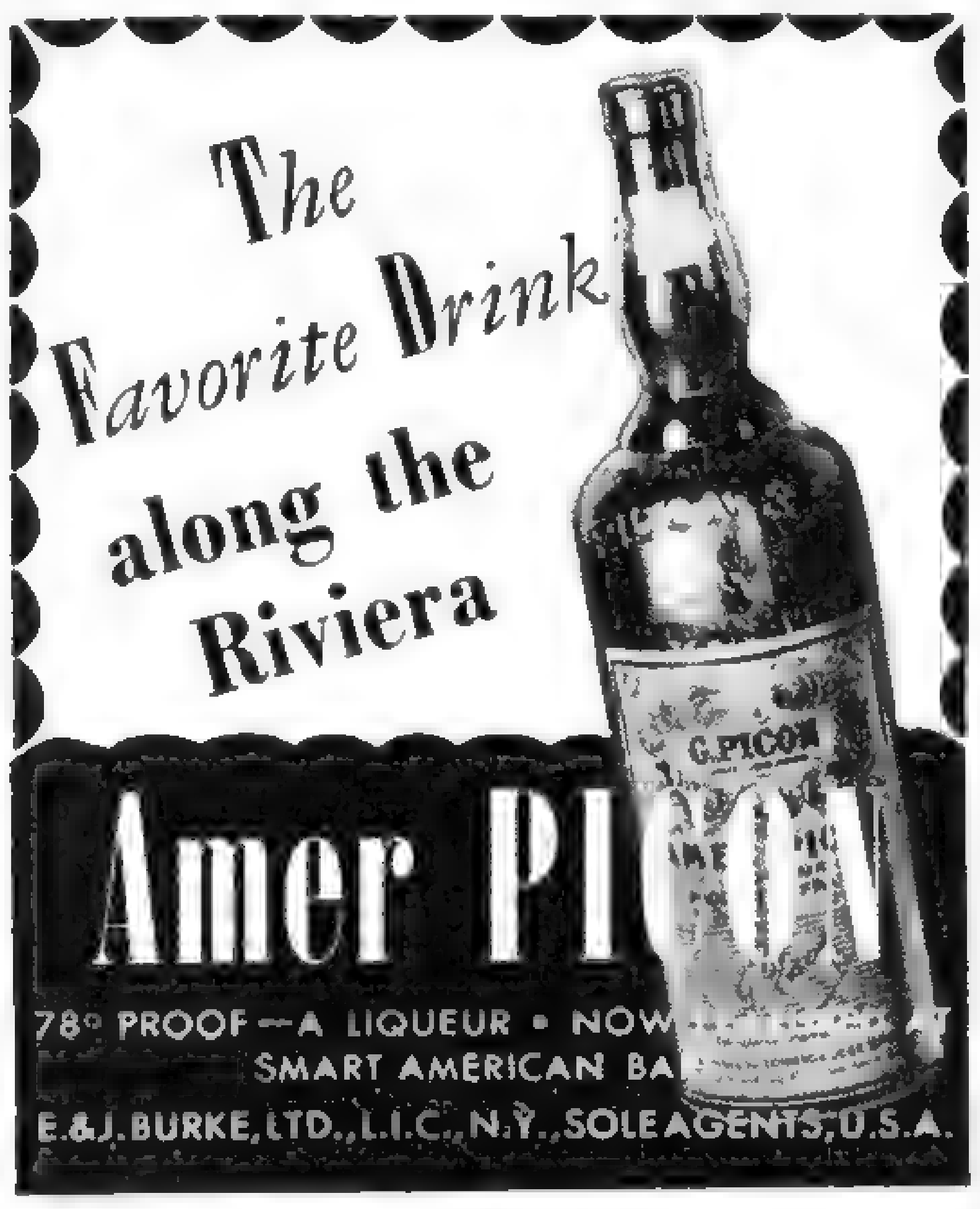

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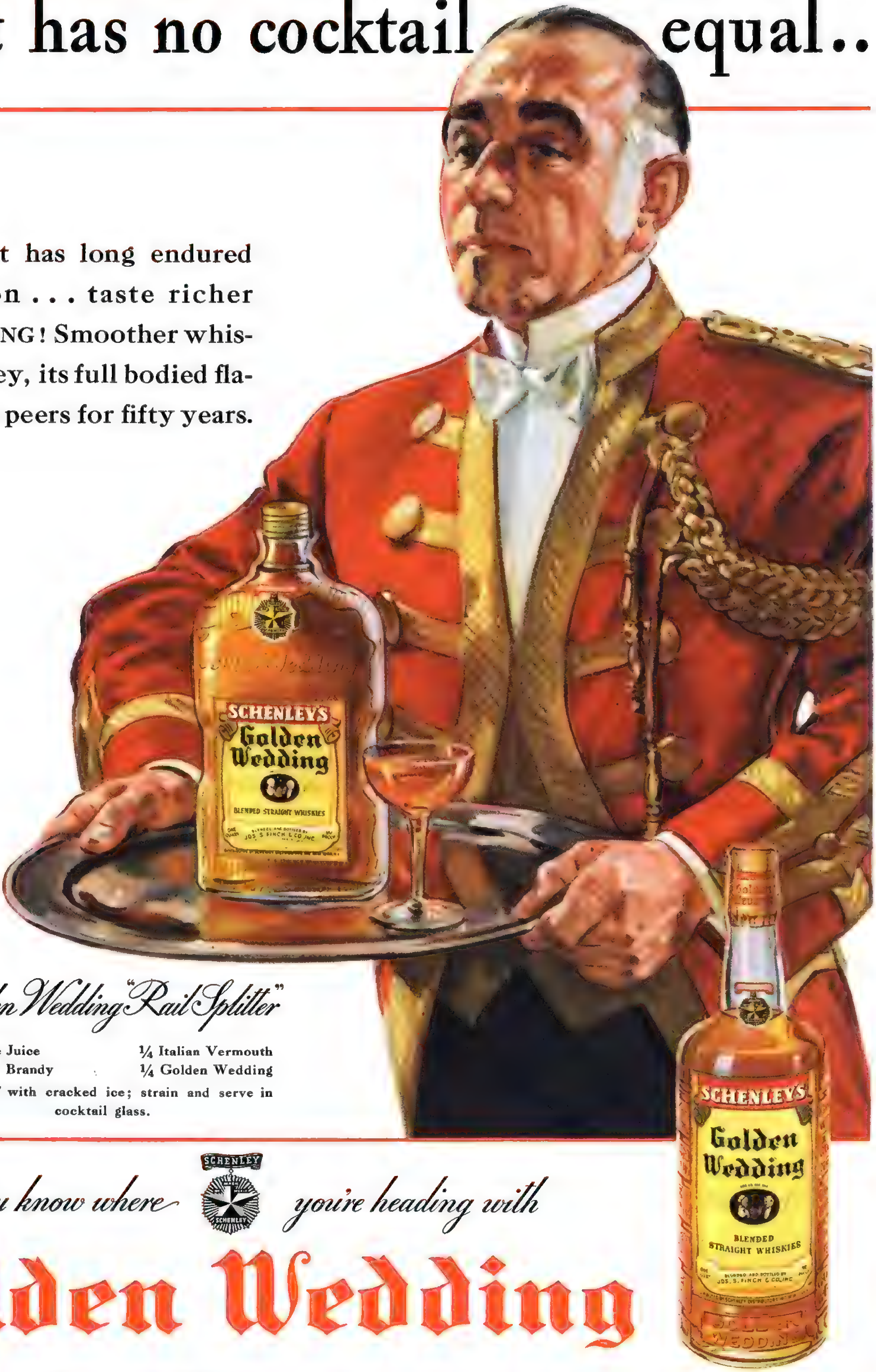
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A pleasant Sunday diversion we have found is the Hunt Breakfast at the Lombardy, 111 East Fifty-sixth. No horses stick their noses into the window but the correct hunt prerequisites are around in the matter of an English Sunday morning buffet. Being no breakfast-eater ourself, it is a habit to break the rule Sundays and go to town. The first drink is on the house and as we've said before, Sunday following Saturday, the best thing to drink is a bottle of ale or stout. It makes things just about right.

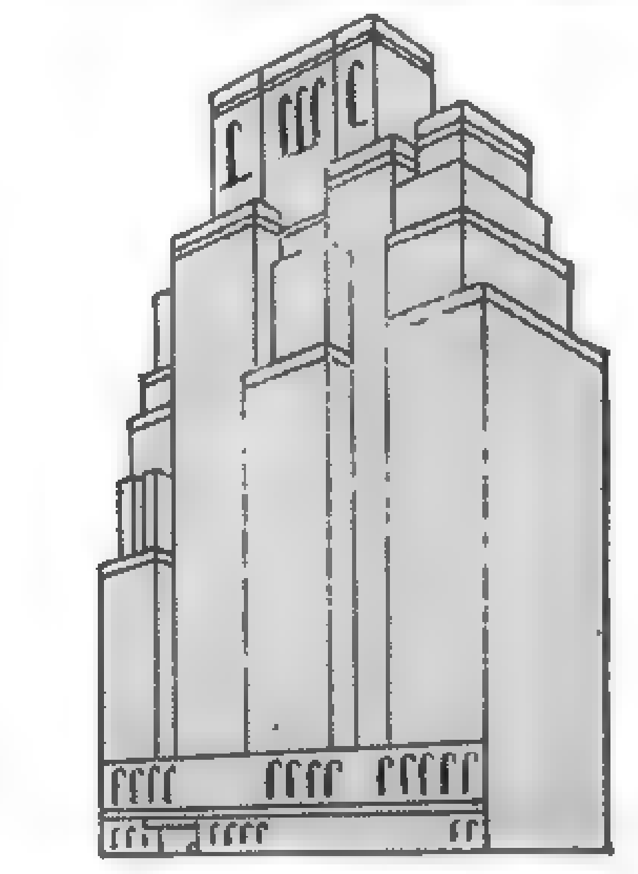
A vogue in New York, unlike Napoleon's army, marches on its feet instead of its stomach. So we are glad to report that one of the latest additions to the town's night gaiety in the rumba line, combines the two very pleasingly. La Conga, in the basement at the northwest corner of Fifty-seventh St. and Sixth Avenue, thinks as much of its kitchen as it does of its orchestra, which is high praise. Those who go in for the popular rhythms can be sure that Dick Gasparre and Panchito, the two La Conga bands, will give them all the authentic beats they require. You can be sure of this by noting any night the number of band leaders who come after hours to watch and commend. A very lovely Cuban gal, Hilda Salazar, is doing the local vocal. As for the kitchen, we had some of the best tamales we ever tasted; we took these as a side morsel to *paella Valencia*, a sort of *arroz con pollo* plus bits of sea food. With the hot dishes we heartily recommend one of the Spanish or South American wines. We found a Monte Alto, '25, sufficiently dry and of a pleasing bouquet.

If you get lost in Brooklyn, and every New Yorker does the minute he crosses the river, ask the local gendarme to show you to Gage and Tollners, 374 Fulton Street. Under the management of Seth Bradford Dewey, the restaurant is one of the compensations for going to the borough of repose. Unless you belong to a swank Metropolitan club we doubt if there is any place else hereabouts where you can get turtle steaks flown up from the Caribbean, for your palate. Or if your taste turns to oysters, consult the unchanging menu; they have ways there of preparing sea food that were in vogue a generation ago. There is a cream and celery oyster broil or a belly broil of clams and there is usually delicious pompano. Always ask Ike, who has been there thirty-eight years, what the fish man brought in that day. The cook comes on at eleven and everything is prepared to your order, never in advance. Stick to a dry sherry with your fish, or one of the excellent H. T. Dewey and Sons white wines. Gage and Tollners is on every gourmet's list and is worth your while.

The Brothers Krimsky, in presenting this year's charade, "The Fireman's Flame" at the American Music Hall, 141 East Fifty-fifth Street, have also gone in for a new bar called Chez Firehouse. The show is not as much fun as its predecessors, as no copy is ever as earnest as the original, but the new bar is a lot better. Noguchi, the brilliant artist, has supplied the decor and while the paintings are in the prevailing school of Miro or of Picasso, Noguchi has borrowed with a good deal more skill and taste than any of the others. It is a good spot and supplies ego food for those who find release in laughing at the foibles of their elders.

Basil Fomeen, with his orchestra and trick accordion, has alighted for the winter at the Restaurant de la Paix, in the St. Moritz. Fomeen is one of the more popular leaders and is always away up on the list when the voting ends. S. Gregory Taylor also presents with Fomeen, Claire Vermonte, an operatic lady, recently from abroad, who sings pleasantly in six languages, one at a time.

IN
NEW YORK
we recommend



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what's in a name?

Your grandfather, perhaps your great-grandfather, will tell you that once it was barter and trade. Buying in a store, then, was a kind of tug-of-war —an outgrowth of the fur trading posts. You rarely paid the same price twice. You might never have received the same quality on successive occasions. It always depended on your cleverness—or on your luck. No shoddier than his merchandise were the store keeper's methods. It was a case of every man for himself.

All that is changed today. The stores protect you. The manufacturers guide you. The publications guard you. And behind it all, protecting you and *your* protectors is the great force of national advertising. National advertising, in effect, is a sort of "society for the prevention of the plundering of the consumer"—the severest of all custodians of the ethics of the trade.

For, a product *must* be good to stand up under the great white search light of national publicity. It's *got to be* good to be worth the maker's investment; it's *got to be* fairly priced; it's *got to be* honestly made. Thus, the greatest leveler of deception, the greatest ferreter-outer of fraud is the force that speeds the sales of the nation's leading products. National advertising, of necessity itself, is honesty's police force.

You depend on branded names, just as you deal with confidence with those intimate friends whom you know to be responsible. Branded names, after all, are but good reputations and confidence in a good reputation is wisdom's emotion.

What's in a *name?* Pretty nearly all that's fine.

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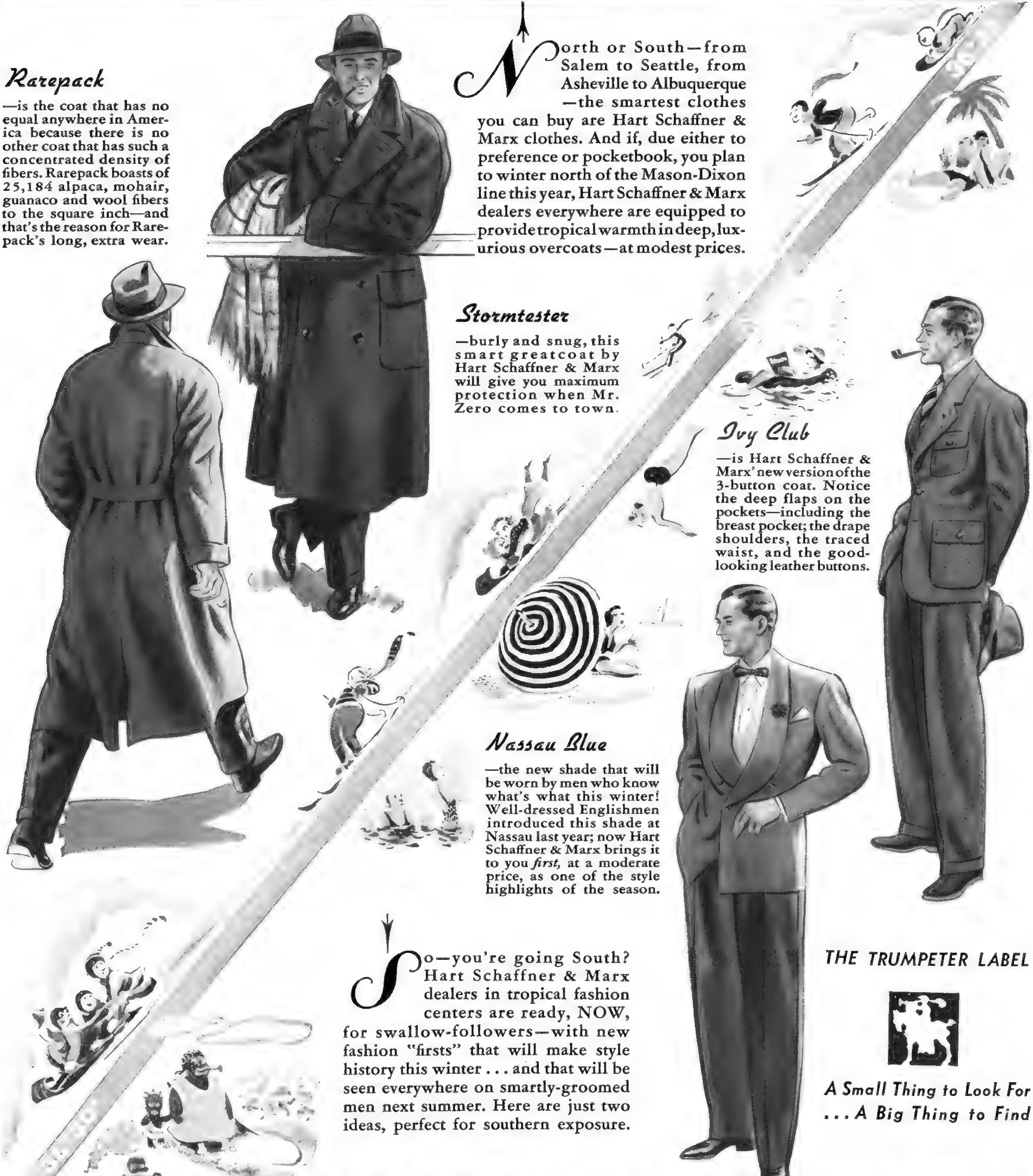

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North or South—from Salem to Seattle, from Asheville to Albuquerque—the smartest clothes you can buy are Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes. And if, due either to preference or pocketbook, you plan to winter north of the Mason-Dixon line this year, Hart Schaffner & Marx dealers everywhere are equipped to provide tropical warmth in deep, luxurious overcoats—at modest prices.

Stormtester

—burly and snug, this smart greatcoat by Hart Schaffner & Marx will give you maximum protection when Mr. Zero comes to town.

Ivy Club

—is Hart Schaffner & Marx' new version of the 3-button coat. Notice the deep flaps on the pockets—including the breast pocket; the drape shoulders, the traced waist, and the good-looking leather buttons.

Nassau Blue

—the new shade that will be worn by men who know what's what this winter! Well-dressed Englishmen introduced this shade at Nassau last year; now Hart Schaffner & Marx brings it to you *first,* at a moderate price, as one of the style highlights of the season.

So—you're going South? Hart Schaffner & Marx dealers in tropical fashion centers are ready, NOW, for swallow-followers—with new fashion "firsts" that will make style history this winter . . . and that will be seen everywhere on smartly-groomed men next summer. Here are just two ideas, perfect for southern exposure.

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A Small Thing to Look For
. . . A Big Thing to Find

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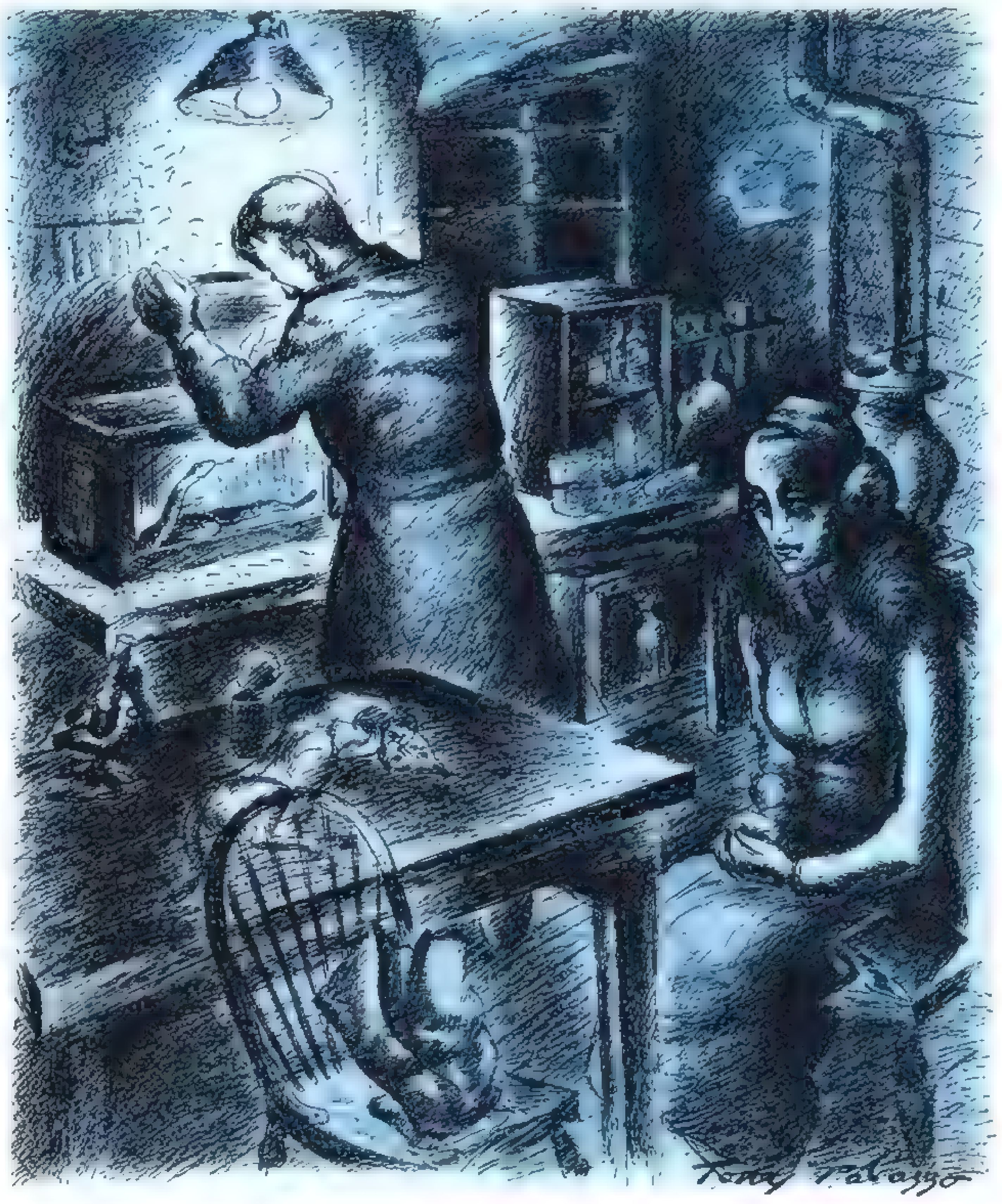
A Snake of One's Own

He didn't mind killing animals for the sake of knowledge, but doing it just for the excitement was revolting

by JOHN STEINBECK

▪ FICTION ▪

It was almost dark when young Dr. Phillips swung his sack to his shoulder and left the tide pool. He climbed up over the rocks and squashed along the street in his rubber boots. The street lights were on by the time he arrived at his little commercial laboratory on the cannery street of Monterey. It was a tight little building, standing partly on piers over by the water and partly on the land. On both sides the big corrugated iron sardine canneries crowded in on it.



Dr. Phillips climbed the wooden steps and opened the door. The white rats in their cages scampered up and down the wire, and the captive cats in their pens mewed for milk. Dr. Phillips turned on the glaring light over the dissection table and dumped his clammy sack on the floor. He walked to the glass cages by the window where the rattlesnakes lived, leaned over and looked in.

The snakes were bunched and resting in the corners of the cage, but every head was clear; the dusty eyes seemed to look at nothing, but as the young man leaned over the cage the forked tongues, black on the ends and pink behind, twittered out and waved slowly up and down. Then the snakes recognized the man and pulled in their tongues.

Dr. Phillips threw off his leather coat and built a fire in the tin stove; he set a kettle of water on the stove and dropped a can of beans into the water. Then he stood staring down at the sack on the floor. He was a slight young man with the mild, preoccupied eyes of one who looks through a microscope a great deal. He wore a short blond beard.

The draft ran breathily up the chimney and a glow of warmth came from the stove. The little waves washed quietly about the piles under the building. Arranged on shelves about the room were tier above tier of museum jars containing the mounted marine specimens the laboratory dealt in.

Dr. Phillips opened a side door and went into his bedroom, a book-lined cell containing an army cot, a reading light and an uncomfortable wooden chair. He pulled off his rubber boots and put on a pair of sheepskin slippers. When he went back to the other room the water in the kettle was already beginning to hum.

He lifted his sack to the table under the white light and emptied out two dozen common starfish. These he laid out side by side on the table. His preoccupied eyes turned to the busy rats in the wire cages. Taking grain from a paper sack he poured it into the feeding troughs. Instantly the rats scrambled down from the wire and fell upon the food. A bottle of milk stood on a glass shelf between a small mounted octopus and a jellyfish. Dr. Phillips lifted down the milk and walked to the cat cage, but before he filled the containers he reached in the cage and gently picked out a big rangy alley tabby. He stroked her for a moment and then dropped her in a small black painted box, closed the lid and bolted it and then turned on a petcock which admitted gas into the killing chamber. While the short soft struggle went on in the black box he filled the saucers with milk. One of the cats arched against his hand and he smiled and petted her neck.

The box was quiet now. He turned off the gas for the airtight box would be full of gas.

On the stove the pan of water was bubbling furiously about the can of beans. Dr. Phillips lifted out the can with a big pair of forceps, opened the beans and emptied them into a glass dish. While he ate he watched the starfish on the table. From between the rays little drops of milky fluid were exuding. He bolted his beans and when they were gone he put the dish in the sink and stepped to the equipment cupboard. From this he took a microscope and a pile of little glass dishes. He filled the dishes one by one with sea water from a tap and arranged them in a line beside the starfish. He took out his watch and laid it on the table under the pouring white light. The waves washed with little sighs against the piles under the floor. He took an eyedropper from a drawer and bent over the starfish.

At that moment there were quick soft steps on the wooden stairs and a strong knocking at the door. A slight grimace of annoyance crossed the young man's face as he went to open. A tall lean woman stood in the doorway. She was dressed in a severe dark suit—her straight black hair, growing low on a flat forehead, was mussed as though the wind had been blowing it. Her black eyes glittered in the strong light.

She spoke in a soft throaty voice, "May I come in? I want to talk to you."

"I'm very busy just now," he said half-heartedly. "I have to do things at times." But he stood away from the door. The tall woman slipped in.

"I'll be quiet until you can talk to me."

He closed the door and brought the uncomfortable chair from the bedroom. "You see," he apologized, "the process is started and I must get to it." So many people wandered in and asked questions. He had little routines of explanations for the commoner processes. He could say them without thinking. "Sit here. In a few minutes I'll be able to listen to you."

The tall woman leaned over the table. With the eyedropper the young man gathered fluid from between the rays of the starfish and squirted it into a bowl of water, and then he drew some milky fluid and squirted it in the same bowl and stirred the water gently with the eyedropper. He began his little patter of explanation.

"When starfish are sexually mature they release sperm and ova when they are exposed at low tide. By choosing mature specimens and taking them out of the water, I give them a condition of low tide. Now I've mixed the sperm and eggs. Now I put some of the mixture in each one of these ten watch glasses. In ten minutes I will kill those in the first glass with menthol, twenty minutes later I will kill the second group and then a new group every twenty minutes. Then I will have arrested the process in stages, and I will mount the series on microscope slides for biologic study." He paused. "Would you like to look at this first group under the microscope?"

Continued on page 178

The Villages Are the Heart of Spain

There was plenty of bread in the town of Pozorubio, while in war-torn Madrid, a few miles away, people were starving

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

ARTICLE

1. Village Behind the Lines

First it was that the driver was late, then that he had to go to the garage to get a mechanic to tinker with the gasoline pump, then that he had to go somewhere else to wait in line for gasoline; and so, in pacing round the hotel, in running up and down stairs, in scraps of conversation in the lobby, the Madrid morning dribbled numbly away in delay after delay. At last we were off. As we passed the Cibeles fountain two shells exploded far up the sunny Castillana. Stonedust mixed with pale smoke of high explosives suddenly blurred the ranks of budding trees, under which a few men and women were strolling because it was Sunday and because they were in the habit of strolling there on Sunday. The shells hit too far away for us to see if anyone were hit. Our driver speeded up a little.

We passed the arch of Carlos Third and the now closed café under the trees opposite the postoffice where the last time I was in Madrid I used to sit late in the summer evenings chatting with friends some of whom are only very recently dead. As we got past the controlposts and sentries beyond the bullring, the grim exhilaration of the besieged city began to drop away from us, and we bowled pleasantly along the Guadalajara road in the spring sunlight.

In a little stone town in a valley full of poplars we went to visit the doctor in charge of the medical work for the Jarama front. He was a small dark brighteyed young man, a C. P. member I imagine; he had the look of a man who had entirely forgotten that he had a life of his own. Evidently for months there had been nothing he thought of, all day and every day, but his work. He took us to one of his base hospitals, recently installed in a group of old buildings, part of which had once been a parochial school. He apologized for it; they had only been in there two weeks, if we came two weeks later we'd see an improvement. We ate lunch there with him, then he promptly forgot us. In spite of the rain that came on, we could see him walking up and down the stony court inside the hospital gate with one member of his staff after another talking earnestly to them. He never took his eyes off whoever he was talking to, as if he were trying to hypnotize them with his own tireless energy. Meanwhile we tried to stimulate our driver, a singularly spineless young man in a black C. N. T. tunic, the son of a winegrower in Alcazar de San Juan, to fix the gasoline pump on the miserable little Citroen sedan we had been assigned to. At last the doctor remembered us again and as our driver had gotten the pump into such a state that the motor wouldn't even start, he offered to take us to the village to which we were bound, as he had to go out that way to pick a site for a new base-hospital. We set out in his Ford, that felt like a racing-car after the feeble little spluttering Citroen.

Rain was falling chilly over the lichengreen stone towns and the tawny hills misted over with the fiery green of new wheat. Under the rain and the low indigo sky, the road wound up and down among the great bare folds of the upland country. Late in the afternoon we came to a square building of lightbrown stone in a valley beside a clear stream and a milldam set about with poplars. The building had been a monastery long ago and the broad valley lands had belonged to the monks. As we got out of the car larks rose singing out of the stubby fields. The building was a magnificent square of sober seventeenth century work. In the last few years it had been used as a huntingclub, but since July, 1936 none of the members of the club had been seen in those parts. A family of country people from Pozorubio had moved out there to escape the air-raids and to do some planting.

They invited us in with grave Castilian hospitality and in a dark stone room we stood about the embers of a fire with them, drinking their stout darkred wine and eating their deliciously sweet fresh bread. With his glass in his hand and his mouth full of bread the doctor lectured them about the war, and the need to destroy the Fascists and to produce as much food as possible. Wheat and potatoes, he said, were as important as machinegun bullets in war.

"I am an illiterate and I know more about driving a mule than international politics. That is all my parents taught me," the tall dark thinfaced man who was the head of the family answered gravely. "But even I can understand that."

"But it's so terrible, gentlemen . . ." the woman broke in.

"There are no more gentlemen or masters here," said the man harshly. "These are comrades."

"How soon will it be stopped? It can't last all summer, can it?" asked the woman without paying attention to the man. Tears came into her eyes. Three little girls and a halfgrown boy, standing in the shadows behind their Mother whose face was streaked with tears in the firelight, all turned their black eyes fixedly on the doctor's face.

"The war will stop when the fascists are driven out of Spain," said the doctor. "After all it's for these children, and all our children, to make life better for them . . ." he added looking into one face after another. Then he explained how the countrypeople must tell everybody in the village to send to Madrid to the Department of Agriculture for free seed potatoes and that they must use the milldam to irrigate the fields. Then we gravely wished them good health and went out to the car and were off into the rainy night again.

We stopped at their village, Pozorubio, to load up on bread. We went into the bakery through a dimly lit stone doorway. The baker was at the front, so the women and young boys of the family were doing the baking. The bread had just come out of the oven. "Yes you can buy as much as you want," the women said. "We'd have bread for Madrid if they'd come and get it. Here at least we have plenty of bread." We stood around for a while in the dry dim room talking and looking into the fire that glowed under the ovens. As we got back into the car with our arms piled high with the big flat loaves the doctor was saying bitterly, "And in Madrid they are hungry for bread; it's the fault of the lack of transport and gasoline . . . we must organize our transport." Then he snapped at his Belgian chauffeur, "We must get back to headquarters fast, fast." You could see that he was blaming himself for the relaxed moment he'd spent in the warm, sweetsmelling bakery. As the car lurched over the ruts of the road across the hills, furry black in the rainy night, there went along with us in the smell of the bread something of the peaceful coziness of the village, and country people eating their suppers in the dim roomy stone houses and the sharpsmelling herbs in the fires and the brown faces looking out from the shelter of doorways at the bright stripes of the rain in the street and the gleam of the cobbles and the sturdy figures of countrywomen under their shawls.

2. Village on the Valencia Road

Fuentedueña is a village of several hundred houses in the province of Madrid. It stands on a shelf above the Tagus, at the point where the direct road to Valencia from Madrid dips down into the river's broad terraced valley. Above it on the hill still tower the crumbling brick and adobe walls of a castle of Moorish work where some feudal lord once sat and controlled the trail and rivercrossing. Along the wide wellpaved macadam road there are a few wineshops and the barracks of the civil guard. The minute you step off the road you are back in the age of packmules and twowheeled carts. It's a poor village and it has the air of having always been a poor village; only a few of the houses on the oblong main square with their wide doors that open into pleasant green courts have the stone shields of hidalgos on their peeling stucco fronts. The town hall is only a couple of offices, and the telephone

DRAWING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

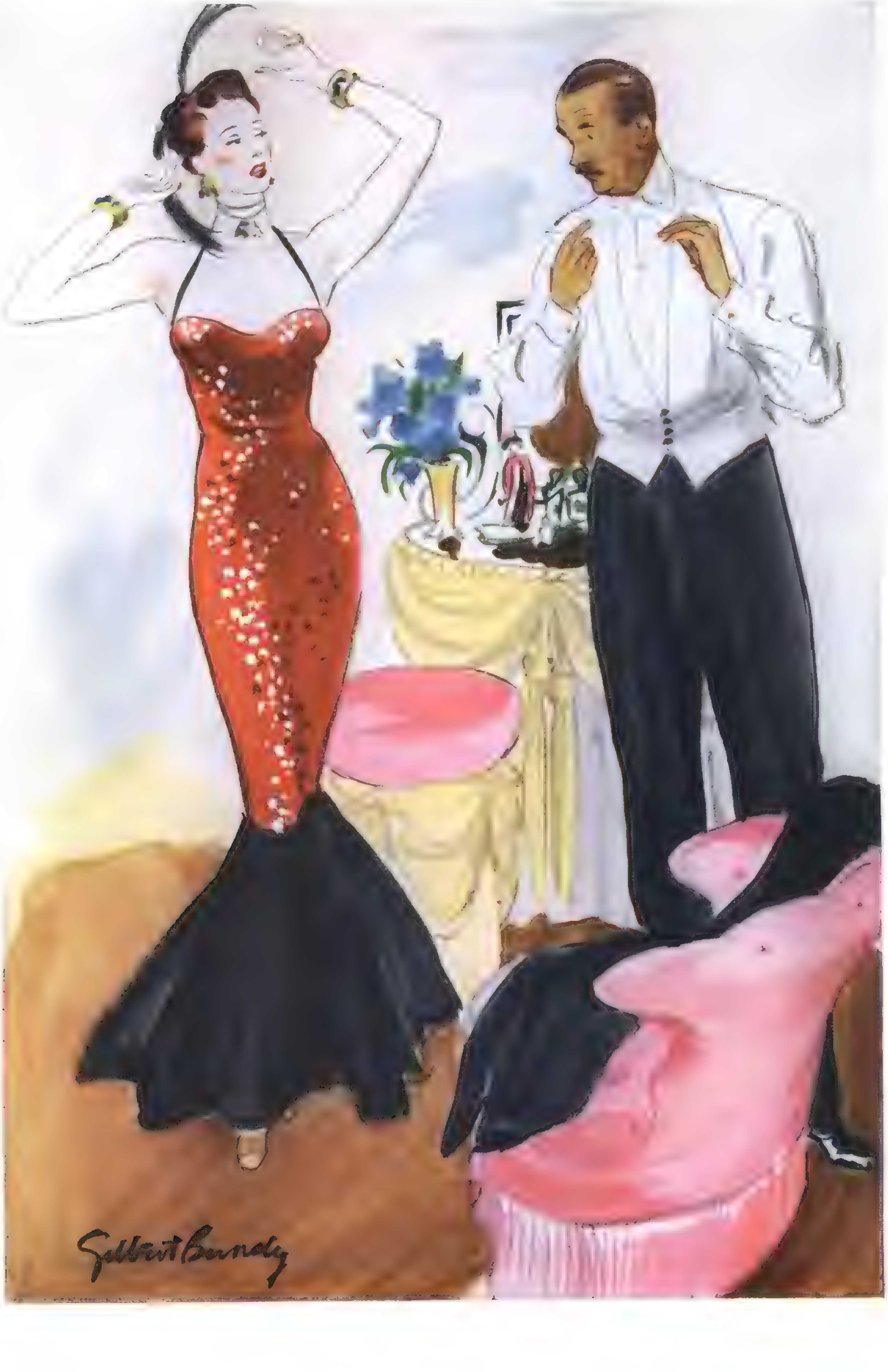
on the wall that links the village to Madrid. Since July the real center of the town has been on another street, in the house once occupied by the pharmacist, who seems to have been considered hostile, because he is there no more, in an office where the members of the socialist (U.G.T.) Casa del Pueblo meet. Their president is now mayor and their policies are dominant in the village. The only opposition is the C. N. T. syndicalist local which in Fuentedueña, so the socialists claim and I think in this case justly, is made up of small storekeepers and excommission merchants, and not working farmers at all. According to the mayor they all wear the swastika under their shirts. Their side of the story, needless to say, is somewhat different.

At the time of the military revolt in July the land of Fuentedueña was held by about ten families, some of them the descendants, I suppose, of the hidalgos who put their shields on their houses on the main square. Some of them were shot, others managed to get away. The Casa del Pueblo formed a collective out of their lands. Meanwhile other lands were taken over by the C. N. T. local. Fuentedueña's main cash crop is wine; the stocks in the three or four bodegas constituted the town's capital. The Casa del Pueblo, having the majority of the working farmers, took over the municipal government and it was decided to farm the lands of the village in common. For the present it was decided that every working man should be paid five pesetas for every day he worked and have a right to a daily liter of wine and a certain amount of firewood. The mayor and the secretary and treasurer and the muledrivers and the blacksmith, every man who worked was paid the same. The carpenters and masons and other skilled artisans who had been making seven pesetas a day consented, gladly they said, to taking the same pay as the rest. Later, the mastermason told me, they'd raise everybody's pay to seven pesetas or higher; after all wine was a valuable crop and with no parasites to feed there would be plenty for all. Women and boys were paid three fifty. The committees of the U. G. T. and the C. N. T. decided every day where their members were to work. Housing was roughly distributed according to the sizes of the families. There was not much difficulty about that because since the fascist airraids began people preferred to live in the cavehouses along the edges of the hill than in the big rubble and stucco houses with courts and corrals in the center of town, especially since one of them had been destroyed by a bomb. These cavehouses, where in peacetime only the poorest people lived, are not such bad dwellings as they sound. They are cut out of the hard clay and chalky rock of the terraced hillsides facing the river. They have usually several rooms, each with a large cone-shaped chimney for light and to carry off the smoke of the fire, and a porch onto which narrow windows open. They are whitewashed and often remarkably clean and neat. Before the civil war the housedwellers looked down on the cavedwellers; but now the caves seem to have definite social standing.

The village produces much wine but little oil, so one of the first things the collective did was to arrange to barter their wine for oil with a village that produced more oil than it needed. Several people told me proudly that they'd improved the quality of their wine since they had taken the bodegas over from the business men who had the habit of watering the wine before they sold it and were ruining the reputation of their vintages. Other local industries taken over by the collective are the bakery and a lime kiln, where three or four men worked intermittently, getting the stone from a quarry immediately back of the town and burning it in two small adobe ovens, and the making of fiber baskets and harness which people make from a tough grass they collect from the hills round about. This was a spare time occupation for periods of bad weather. After wine the crops are wheat, and a few olives.

The irrigation project seemed to loom larger than the war in the minds of the mayor and his councillors. Down in the comparatively rich bottom land along the Tagus the collective had taken over a piece that they were planning to irrigate for truck gardens. They had spent thirteen thousand pesetas of their capital in Madrid to buy pumping machinery and cement. A large gang of men

Continued on page 151


Gilbert Bundy

"Does my slip show?"

The Beard of Iron

Wondering how long Balbo, that once-proud hero of Fascism, will serve Il Duce by standing and waiting in Libya

ANONYMOUS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

HE MIGHT have been cast as Brutus to Mussolini's Caesar. But Brutus wound up a failure. Air Marshal Italo Balbo is as determined as his bristling black beard to master his destiny more efficiently.

And so Fascist Italy's No. 1 Forgotten Hero swallows his political castor-oil and bides his time with strained pretense of contentment. Mussolini is fifty-four. Balbo is forty-one. Even an eagle must be something of an opportunist.

Marshal Balbo has been condemned by Il Duce to serve an indeterminate sentence in African oblivion as governor-general of the Imperial Italian Colony of Libya. A high-sounding title, but as barren as the Libyan desert itself of the kind of glory Balbo's fiery temperament craves.

The chalk-white governor's palazzo in Tripoli, Libya's Moorish capital overlooking the Mediterranean, bakes in the glare of a merciless sun. From his swivel-chair behind a massive desk, Balbo—the erstwhile enfant terrible of Fascism who won his spurs in the Black Shirt Revolution as Mussolini's youngest and most volcanic lieutenant—cracks an impatient whip of authority over the Arabs and Negroes of this desolate colony where only an occasional date palm or fig tree breaks the monotony of the horizon.

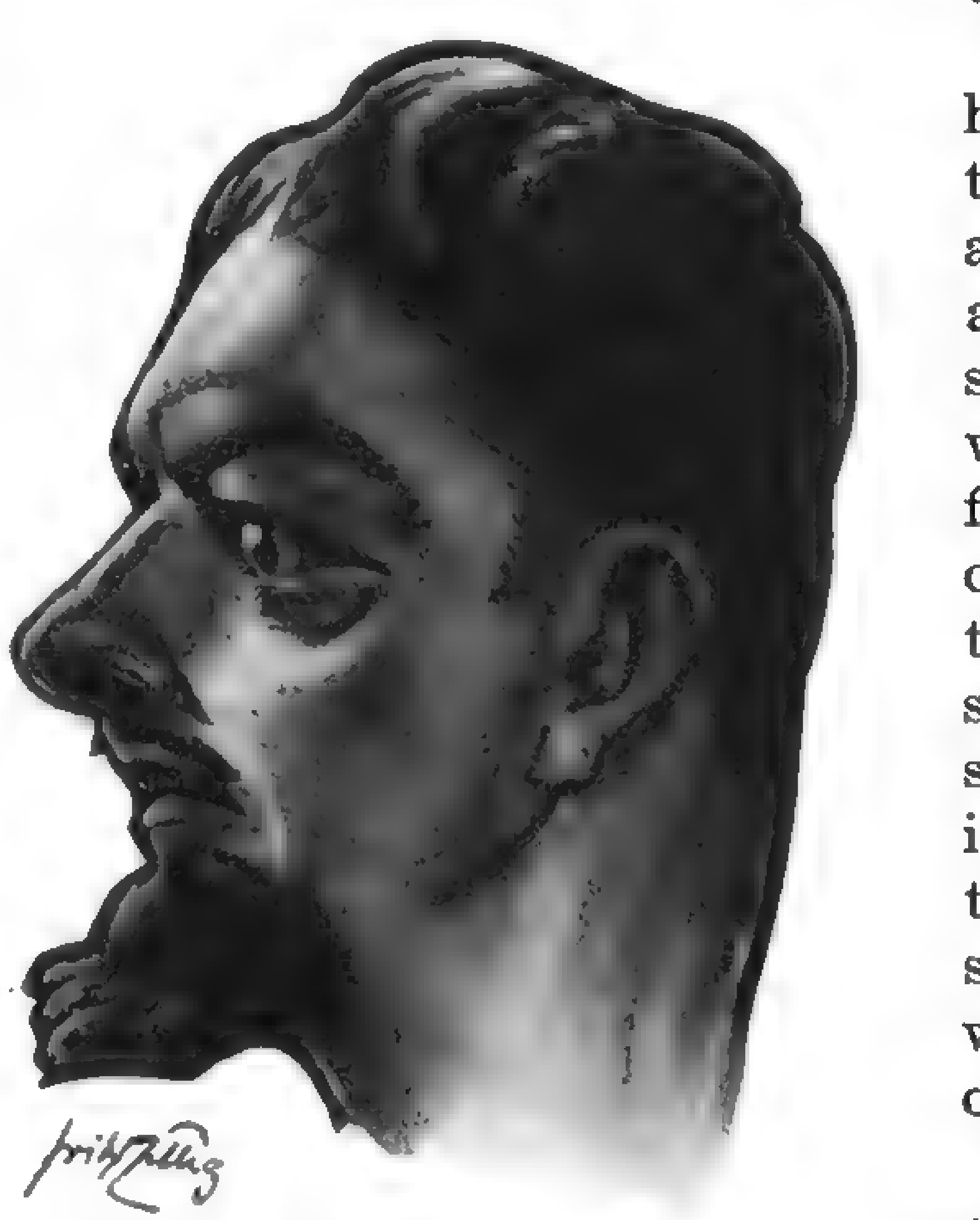
He wears the uniform of his marshal's rank: a tropical white air corps uniform with all the gold braids and tinseled frippery of Italy's highest military title. And he wears it with the same dashing swagger that won him the greatest personal following ever enjoyed by any leader in Fascist Italy, except Il Duce himself.

I have often noted as I observed them both from close range during the last few years how much finer a military figure Balbo cuts than his uniform-loving boss. Mussolini has increasing difficulty in draping his abdominal circumference. Balbo is still as trim as a lion.

Il Duce, who hates beards and publicly ridicules them as "masks for humbug," once ordered all his aides to be smooth-shaven—but Balbo hasn't shaved his off once since the first wisp-like growth he managed to sprout in the early days of the revolution gave him a striking resemblance to Trotzky. Today, it is such a formidable part of his personality that he has been fondly nicknamed by his air force comrades "Pizzo di Ferro" which means "Iron Beard."

A gladiator's physique, blazing black eyes, an imperious voice that roars through his beard with just the trace of a lisp, a captivating smile that somersaults into ferocious scowls with a flash of temper—all combine to make Balbo a 20th century carbon copy of the Condottieri, those medieval buccaneers whose daring won volunteer armies to their embattled standards and made a profitable profession of terrorism in Italy during the Renaissance.

Sleepy Tripoli, however, is hardly the setting for a modern Condottiero. There hasn't been any real excitement thereabouts since the 1800's when it was the independent capital of marauding Turkish pirates. And the prosaic job of building roads through sand, of welcoming Arab delegations and entertaining the neighboring petty officials at stiff-necked receptions is a far cry from the heroic tempo of transatlantic flying feats in which Balbo indulged his flair for the spectacular.



I will never forget the crowning day in Balbo's aerial career; the day he and his armada of twenty-four giant seaplanes returned triumphantly from the United States, leaving behind them a trail of sighing society hostesses and millions of American admirers who were thrilled by the spectacle of the Italian planes roaring in formation across the skylines of Chicago and New York.

Mussolini and all of Fascism's highest apostles were at the Ostia seaplane base just outside Rome to hail Balbo and his one-hundred-fifteen flying companions as the armada emerged from a leaden sky in triangular threes and glided down, one by one, onto the broad canal.

All Rome was ablaze with festive glitter and bunting in honor of the return of Italy's flying air minister and his fellow-conquerors of the Atlantic.

Huge posters everywhere proclaimed the 12,000-mile round-trip flight a "new triumph of Fascism," but instead of Balbo's bearded countenance the posters displayed an ominously frowning profile—of Mussolini!

I was standing at Il Duce's elbow that day as Balbo, his eyes beaming with pride, jumped off a wing of his seaplane onto the nearby ramp and into the arms of Il Duce. Mussolini kissed him on both cheeks while the cameras clicked and the bands thundered.

When Balbo and his pilots had soared out of Orbetello, Italy, a month before, at the beginning of the mass flight to the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition, he spoke not a word of what we Americans still obstinately refer to as the English Language.

But no sooner had the American correspondents surrounded him a few minutes after his return than he proudly flashed:

"Hello sweetheart . . . O.K. Baby."

Despite the efforts of the more or less amorous dowagers of Chicago and New York, who had lionized Balbo and his men during their brief stay in America, those were the only words he brought back with him and to this day remain the frontiers of his English vocabulary.

Rome went on an orgy of hero-worship. Cannon boomed. Planes bombarded the streets with patriotic pamphlets. Rome's seven hills echoed with the roaring cheers of the populace.

Pride swelled in Italian hearts. Balbo had made the entire world sit up and take notice of Italy's aerial prowess. The speeches and parades were climaxed by a flower-strewn procession of Balbo and his fliers through the Arch of Constantine near the Coliseum in the first revival in sixteen centuries of the triumphal honor bestowed upon returning war heroes and conquerors by ancient Rome.

Amid another display of military fanfare, Mussolini again kissed Balbo on both cheeks and—while the cameras again clicked and the bands again thundered—proclaimed him "Marshal of the Air." Il Duce announced that the award of Marshal's rank to Balbo was "equivalent to promotion on the battlefield of honor." It was in fact the first time the title had ever been conferred for peace time accomplishment.

Only two months later, when the hysteria of the parades had worn off and volatile Italian sentiments calmed down to their normal velocity, the eagle's wings were clipped. Mussolini quietly removed Balbo from the air ministry and announced inconspicuously that he had been "raised" to the governor-generalship of Libya.

That was in the late Fall of 1933. Il Duce is said to have induced Balbo to accept the North African post with promises that if and when Italy's war on Ethiopia materialized he would be given a stellar military role. But the Ethiopian campaign was started and finished—without Balbo.

As far as the Italian public is concerned, he has been buried alive and embalmed in the sands of Libya—a familiar reward for the mounting popularity of anyone but the dictator himself in Fascist Italy.

The Fascist press, which led the symphony of praise for Balbo on his return from America, is now uniformly silent on the subject of

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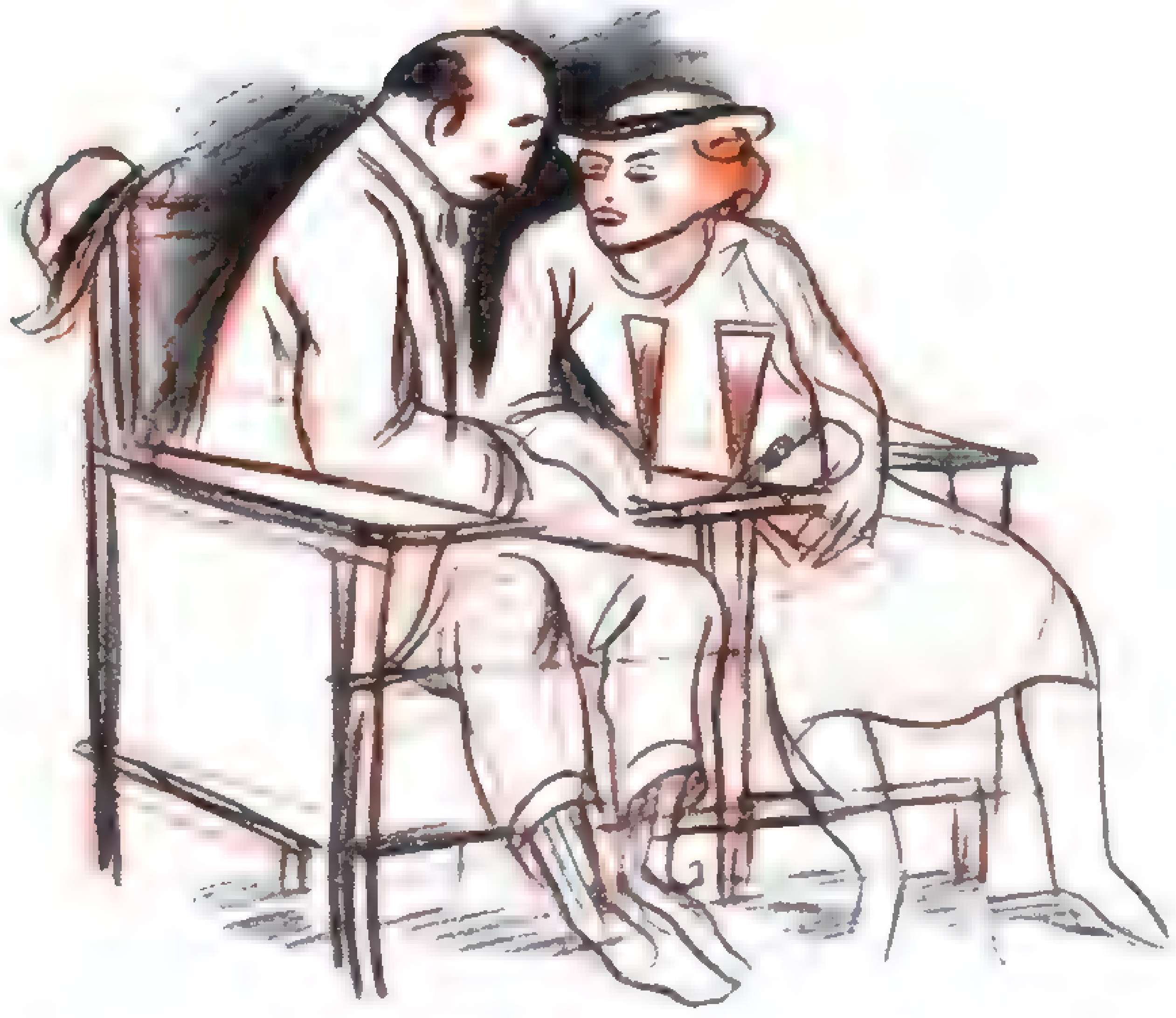
Dialogue by Night

Along with the drinking come trivia and tragedy, the dying of old loves and ever-bright beginning of the new

by HUBBELL ROBINSON

▪ FICTION ▪



John, the waiter, looked at the customers.

"Talk, talk, talk," he said to himself. "What can they talk about? And why do they come here and spend all this money to do it? Can't tell me that those dames' conversation—or the guys' either—is worth all the dough it costs 'em. Least not from what I hear of it. What do they have to say that keeps 'em up this late? There ain't that much stuff in the world to gas about. No, sir, you can't tell me. It just don't make sense."

I

"You see, Thyra it's all a matter of strategy. You gotta plan how you're gonna make a sale. Yuh gotta conduct a reg'lar campaign. Yuh know a salesman is kinda like a general. Yuh see what I mean, Thyra."

"Yeah, Max, I see. Yuh mean yuh think yuh're sort of a general or somethin'?"

"You got it, Thyra. Now look. I go after a big order of dresses, see. I gotta sell the buyer in the department store what's gonna buy the dresses, see. She's a strictly high class dame. So I gotta use a strictly high class approach. Yuh see what I mean, Thyra."

"Yeah, I see, Max. But it sounds kinda tough."

"No, sir. Not if you figure your strategy. I see right away how to handle her. I see I gotta make her like me. I gotta make her see I got class too."

"It don't sound to me like it was gettin' any easier, Max."

"Now, listen, Thyra. Yuh just don't understand. It's a snap. Here's what I do. I takes her out, see, and to the snappiest place in town see."

"Yeah, I see Max. What's she got I haven't got."

"Oh, now, Thyra don't be like that. This was business. So I takes her there to dinner, champagne, and then the theatre."

"Yeah, Max, and then to a night club. The routine sounds familiar. What kinda business is that? Or do I know?"

"Naw. Now look Thyra. There's a funny thing. A very funny thing. I asks her to go to Leon and Eddie's after the show. They don't come no hotter than that you know but she says no she'd rather go home. She says she's sick of seein' all her friends and she's afraid she'll see 'em there. And then she laughs."

"No, Max. Yuh don't tell me."

"Thyra, ain't I just told you. Now look, here's what happens. Does little Maxie argue with her—not me. I say, smilin' and quick-like, 'Yeh, well, after all we gotta work tomorrow.'"

"Gee, Max yuh sure ain't a guy to let the grass grow under your feet none, are yuh?"

"Now, you're talkin', Thyra. Then the next day I calls her up and makes a date for lunch the day after. Not rushin' her into no quick buy, see. Showin' I respects her judgment."

"Just plottin' that old campaign, eh, Maxie?"

"You said it, Thyra. Then, at the lunch, I'm all business, see. That shows her I knows there's a time and a place for everything, see."

"Yeah, I see. How big an order did she give you?"

"Well, now there's a funny thing. She didn't place the order—yet. She's a smart girl. Said she wasn't quite ready. Tryin' to trade with me or bluff me a bit, see. But she'll buy all right. Can't help it. It's just a case of strategy. Like I was tellin' you. Like a general plannin' a campaign. Yuh see what I mean, Thyra."

"Yeah, Max. I see. Like a general plannin' a campaign. Well, Max, don't forget what happened to Napoleon."

II

"But Jim, I'm frightened. It all seems so awful, somehow. You know, I've read about these things but—well—I—well, it all seems so kind of sordid."

"Oh, Ann you mustn't say that. You know we can't get married—yet. And you know I love you. I love you more than anything in the world. You *do* know that don't you, Ann?"

"Jim, I've got to know it. I say it to myself a thousand times a day. Jim, I've got to know it. I've got to believe it."

"And Ann you *know* you can. But, Ann, whatever this thing we have to go through now may seem to you, it would be infinitely worse if we tried to get married right away. You'd have to give up your job and you know what it would mean if we tried to live on my salary. We both manage fairly well, now, but if we both tried to live on what I earn it'd mean no clothes, no theatre, all our meals home every night, a grubby little apartment in an awful part of town, a struggle to make ends meet."

"I don't know, Jim. I think I could face it. I think I could."

"Oh, Ann of course you could. So could I. But, Ann, we wouldn't be the same people, we wouldn't have the same kind of love. All the rules would be changed. Don't you see Ann, it's not as if you were 18 and I was 22 or 23. I'm 32 and you're 26. We've been through the struggle-mill. We've, each of us, independently, got a little comfort. Not a great deal, God knows, but we do eat in good places, do nice things and go out when we want and where we want. And it's been a hell of a scrap getting that. Ann, we can't go back to the dollar dinners, and second balconies, and slightly soiled linen and face them with the same ignorance and the same blind hope we did ten years ago."

"But, Jim."

"But, *Ann*. Believe me darling. I know I'm right. We'd always have the horrible contrast of what we'd had, each of us, and what we'd had to go back to. It'd be the surest way in the world to get to hate each other. Ann, when we get married—and we are going to get married, Ann—we want it to be gay and happy and right—and this is wrong.

"This way we parade to the altar with two strikes on us. We're letting nature pull a squeeze play on us."

"But Jim, what if something should go wrong? I'm frightened."

"Oh, baby, of course you are. But there's nothing to be frightened of. Really there isn't, sweetie. In a day or two you'll be as good as ever. You know, Ann, after all, the guys who do that can't afford to make a mistake. That is, the good ones. And, of course, we'll have the best."

"Jim, do you—do you know anyone?"

"Of course, Ann. I know a guy who's a marvel. Why last year he did one for—, well, Ann, I know he'll do it beautifully. In a week you'll never know it happened."

"Oh, Jim—I'll always know. Jim, can't you see—I hate to give it up."

"Oh, my sweet, my beloved one."

"Jim, let's get the check. I want to go home. I want to cry—in the dark."

III

"I tell yuh, Tom, Joe Boley would sure go to town in a big way in a place like this."

"He sure would, A. J. Yes, sir, he sure would. Yes, sir, this is the place for old Joe."

"You know, Tom, it's good for a fellah to get away from Chi once in a while and see little old New York. I remember old Joe always says, 'the grass always looks greener in the other fellow's bush.' By God, Tom that's true."

"Yeah, A. J., he's got something there. But I think Joe says, 'the grass always looks greener in the other fellow's yard.' "

"Now wait a minute, Tom. Don't try to tell me what Joe said. Why Joe was like a brother to me. We was together in the Pittsburgh office for eleven years. No sir, I ain't never forgot anything Joe said. Why, I remember one night goin' out on the Smoky City Express—"

"Now, look, A. J. You didn't know Joe no better than me. Why we was in the sales school together. Classmates that's what we was. Musta been twenty years ago, this commencement."

"Listen, Tom, I don't care if you was at Gettysburg together. I know Joe. And I heard him say—I remember we was going to a sales meeting in Atlanta and there was a little dame right across the aisle and Joe he looks at her and he winks at me and he sez, 'Well, A. J. the grass always looks greener—' "

"Damn it, A. J., that couldn't be. That Atlanta sales meeting was in '22 and Joe was handling the Denver territory in '22."

"Say, listen, Tom, is this a friendly drink or an argument?"

"Now look, A. J., I'm only tellin' you what I know to be the truth. And I guess I know Joe better 'n almost anybody in the organization. Wasn't we classmates in the sales school? Ain't I just been tellin' you?"

"Oh, yea. Well, let me tell you something. Maybe you know him too well. 'Cause just last week he was tellin' me that you told him you wasn't in sympathy with the new sales policy of unit distribution. Well, let me tell you, Tom Schmotz, that's goin' to be the policy whether you like it or not. And what's more we ain't got no room for guys what can't subscribe 100 per cent to the company's strategy."

"Strategy, hell, A. J. That ain't strategy. That's a plot, a gag, to cover up the losses we took last year and you know it. Wha—What's that waiter? Who's making a noise? Whadda you mean we're disturbin' the customers. Listen, do you know who you're talking to? Well, just let me tell yuh. This here is Mr. A. J. Buckholtz, sales manager of the Ulysseses Steam Shovel Company. And I'm Tom Schmotz, assistant salesmanager. Now, whadda you say to that? How about it, A. J.?"

"Yeah, you said it. Oh, so yuh never heard of it, huh? Well, listen, nobody in New York nor no place else can talk to me and my friends like that. Come on, Tom, we'll go some place where a coupla gentlemen can have a little friendly talk in peace. By God, we will. And, by God, I'd like to take some of you New York waiters out to Chi sometime and show you what real service is. You'd learn."

IV

"Well, Glenda. Let's make talk."

"Mmmmmmmm, I wondered how long it would be before the frontal attack began."

"Well, baby, you can stop wondering. It's beginning right now. Listen, my pet, I've seen you almost every night for two weeks. The flesh has been willing but the self-confidence has been weak. It still is. But anyway I have the courage of my eagerness. Glenda I've fallen very much in love with you. I am in love with you. And I'm delighted—I hope."

"Go on. There's more isn't there—darling?"

"Thanks. That helps. There's a great deal more. Do you want to hear it here?"

"I think a bit more—here."

"It's mighty easy to give out, my lamb. Listen, Glenda. With no right in the world to be that way, I'm a fussy guy about gals. I like to be able to laugh with them and drink with them and work with them—and love them. The love is no good, really, without the rest. You have all the rest. And, oh, my darling, how you have it. And I want to love you, to hold you, to adore you, to worship you for hours and days and years—for as long as you'll have me. Can't you see my precious one, I'm mad for you? I want you—now—tonight."

"Yes, you make it fairly clear."

"Well—"

"Well, just this Carl. I can hardly pretend I'm not interested. I don't want to anyway. I am interested. I'm more than that. I think you're probably the most attractive guy I've met in a long, long time. But—and spell it with caps—I am also aware that when I floated into your life there was another lassie who, at the moment, seemed to be meeting *all* the requirements in fine fashion. Please note the 'all'!"

"I do. I have. And I've done quite a bit of tossing and turning in the process. You're quite right, of course. But after all Glenda that couldn't be helped any more than I can help the fact that your light shines so brightly in my life that it's an eclipse for anyone else. In a thing like that everyone takes their chance. And please believe me, beloved, it's you, you, you. Can't you see that? Can't you feel that? Don't you know it? Deep down inside you can't you feel my love reaching for you, completely, utterly you?"

"Oh, Carl, I'd like to."

"Oh, Glenda, you do, you know you do—And Glenda can't you see? We can't go on this way, fencing with the thing that's between us. It's bad for both of us. Glenda, I can't give you much but I think I can give you some happiness for as long as you want it. I know you can give me that and more, so *much* more—"

"You know, of course, Carl, what you're asking. I don't want to seem to be melodramatic or stuffy or wide-eyed or old-fashioned but you're asking me to gamble a hell of a lot on a long shot."

"Not such a long shot, dearest. And because I love you so very, very much I do ask you. And ask you and ask you and ask you. My lovely one—I love you."

"Carl, let's get the check."

V

"Well, Henry, I must say I can't imagine what ever possessed you to pick *that* play. It seems to me it's the silliest thing I *ever* saw. Imagine people *living* like that."

"Well, after all m' dear, the girl at the ticket agency at the hotel said it was very good. And you'd certainly never know from the title."

"*You Can't Take It With You*, indeed. I should think *not*. And Henry, that reminds me. If you'd just come to the Drama Guild meetings like all the other men you'd *know* about these things. And *that* reminds me, I *must* write Henry, Jr., tomorrow and tell him not to see *that* play, by all means. Heaven only knows why we're letting him spend his Easter holiday here alone, anyway. It'd be better if he stayed right there in Groton and we went up and stayed with him. So much more wholesome."

"Now, now Elizabeth. The boy needs a little relaxation, a little change. Why I remember my sophomore year at State—it was in '94—no it was '95—or was it '94—"

"Henry it makes *no* difference now *when* it was. And let me tell you, I for *one* will be very glad to get back to Eau Claire."

"Yes, so will I, Elizabeth, but as long as we're here we might as well enjoy it—if we can. Let's have one more rye and ginger ale, anyway, and then go back to the hotel."

"Very well, Henry. Only I don't want *any* more. You may have it, if you wish."

"Well, I think I will. Waiter, another rye and ginger ale. Are you sure, Elizabeth?"

"Oh, well if you are. I suppose you'll get grumpy if I don't."

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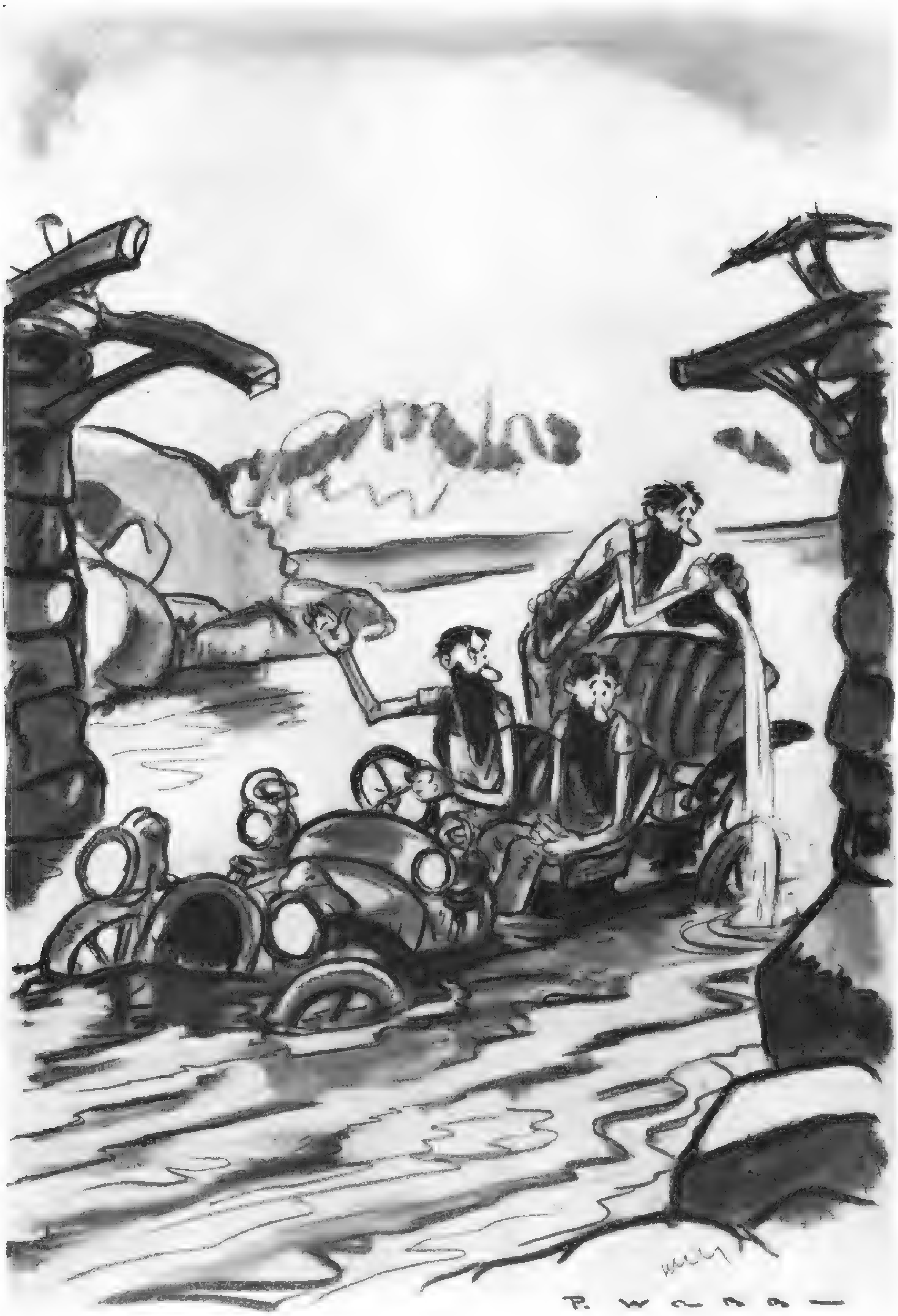


"Gawdamighty! Why don't somebody fix that bridge—Ah can't always be rememberin' it got washed away last spring"

What Shall I Tell My Father?

Parents should, at least, know enough not to make those embarrassing breaks, but they're awfully slow to catch on

by E. S. BOSTWICK

• SATIRE •

These booklets on *What Shall I Tell My Child?* remind me that something will have to be done about Father!

You would think, at his age, he would have looked up Words in the dictionary, or that he'd Talk with the other boys, wouldn't you?

Not long ago, my sister Constance and I spent two days in stuffy kennels before we found a suitable mate for our pet Pekingese, Joy. We wanted the puppies. I'm sixteen and Constance fourteen and she goes to a very Modern school. The veterinarian arranged details—I mean, he fixed everything up and assured us when we came back for Joy that our Goal was achieved. We didn't confide in mother and father, knowing they were bound to notice it in time, and we knew how skittish they are about Such Things.

For several years now they have promised to share with us the Simple Facts of Life. We are still waiting.

It seems odd, for mother and father are modern in every other way. From what they don't know we have often thought maybe the doctor *did* bring us in a black bag. If they didn't occupy a separate part of the house, together, and if it weren't for the indisputable evidence of Constance and me, one would imagine they were not That Kind.

Mother came home one day quite excited from her luncheon club. "Charles," she addressed my father. "Mrs. Longstreth says she has such a good, new butler. He's so capable and the best she's ever had. But, she says she's so sorry—she'll have to let him go. He's too popular with certain *men.* Someone asked her what she meant, and she laughed and said: 'oh, he's funny!'—Now, what did she mean?"

"May I call attention to the presence of the young ladies?" responded father.

But, *I* wanted to help her. "I suppose the butler's Queer!" I explained, significantly.

"Queer?" repeated my mother. "What of it? Is that any excuse to discharge the poor man? Queer!" she snorted, indignantly. "One of the best maids I ever had walked in her sleep! The best ones always talk to themselves! As far as that goes, who isn't queer? You're queer, I'm queer, everybody's queer"—she kept on until our pain was general.

"Oh, not everybody, mama!" Constance said, shocked.

So what are you going to do? I ask you.

As the weeks passed, and Joy and her Condition became more and more obvious, father wore a haggard air. I met him one day on the stairs. He coughed and began. "There is a little something I have to tell you and your sister, Constance"—as if I didn't know Constance was my sister!

THERE THERE - PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER!
WHAT EVERY FATHER SHOULD KNOW
RODNEY deSARRO

"What is it, father?" I was very demure.

He looked guiltily around. "Er—come down into the kitchen. The maids have gone for the afternoon. We can be—alone."

Obediently I followed him and seated myself. First, he looked all around. Then he closed the doors. He spoke in a low, embarrassed tone.

"I think you and Constance are old enough to know—well, to Know! You understand—you've studied that—haven't you, about how Nature moves in her wonderful and mysterious way to replenish herself—"

"You mean about the fish, the flowers and the birds?"

"Yes, yes," he said, hastily. "I understand how much little Joy means to you both—"

"Father!" I broke in, with a nurse's solicitude, "is there anything wrong with Joy?"

"*Yes!* I mean, no! It's nothing *wrong!* For *her!* Though how she managed it, I don't know. But, after all, she's only a dog! You've got to expect—she's got to expect—"

What she had to expect was never disclosed.

Constance accidentally opened the door. At the sight of both of us, father was too overcome to proceed. "You'll have to excuse me—I have to—have to get tickets for a show." He dived out of the room and we could hear him telephoning in another room.

He was so unnerved he bought tickets, just any tickets the agent had. The next night we found ourselves viewing a farce which showed the French influence. It showed a little of everything. It was the kind of show that makes you crawl inside. The only thing to do was look dumb and pretend you didn't get it.

My father got started laughing at the clean stuff and couldn't stop. People were staring at him. If he ever finds out some of the things he laughed at—

As the fateful eight weeks neared the end, he made several more feeble and fumbling attempts to tell us Something.

"What do you suppose it is?" I asked Constance. "Do you suppose Joy has been sneaking out?"

"If so, we can't help it, and why should he pain himself? No, let's nail him and find out. Maybe he thinks he can have her aborted! You never can tell *what* he might do."

Constance amazes even me, at times.

We told mother to tell father that we wanted to see him. About the Thing that he wanted to see us about.

That night we waited up until two but he just wouldn't come home.

We heard afterward that he went somewhere and got plastered.

We were very sleepy the next morning and naturally the dog's Condition was far from our thoughts when we came down to breakfast.

At the foot of the stairs stood father, waiting for us, still in evening clothes. Aside from a disordered appearance, he was sober.

"I've been trying for some time to tell you girls a very charming little nature story," he began in a bedside manner, "and I never could seem to find a moment."

Couldn't find a moment, couldn't he!

"But now the time has *come.* Er—Dame Nature, bountiful and wise, *working in her mysterious* and beautiful way, has sent Joy five adorable little progeny, and a probable sixth—"

"A probable sixth? What are you talking about, father?" I demanded firmly.

It took Constance to clear the whole thing up.

"The bitch has whelped!" she shrieked, ecstatically, pushing past us into the kitchen.

After his ordeal, this was too much for father.

He fainted. ⧺

Songs for Eight O'Clock

by **PETER DE VRIES**

TEMPERA PAINTING *by* ERIC LUNDGREN

Clocks tinkle over a gaunt hour.
From alleyways the brittle clop of hoofs
Rifts his last sleep. Among the broken roofs
The sudden sallow kitchens bloom;
Hands fumble thickly in a growing room.
Along the alley steals the dawn
Gray as the cats that sniff and yawn
Among the ashes in an ashen gloom.
Thick eyes obliquely mind a dial hand;
Lips linger briefly on
Fruit juice and a clinking cube;
Deplore the tedious worm of Time
Inching from a toothpaste tube.

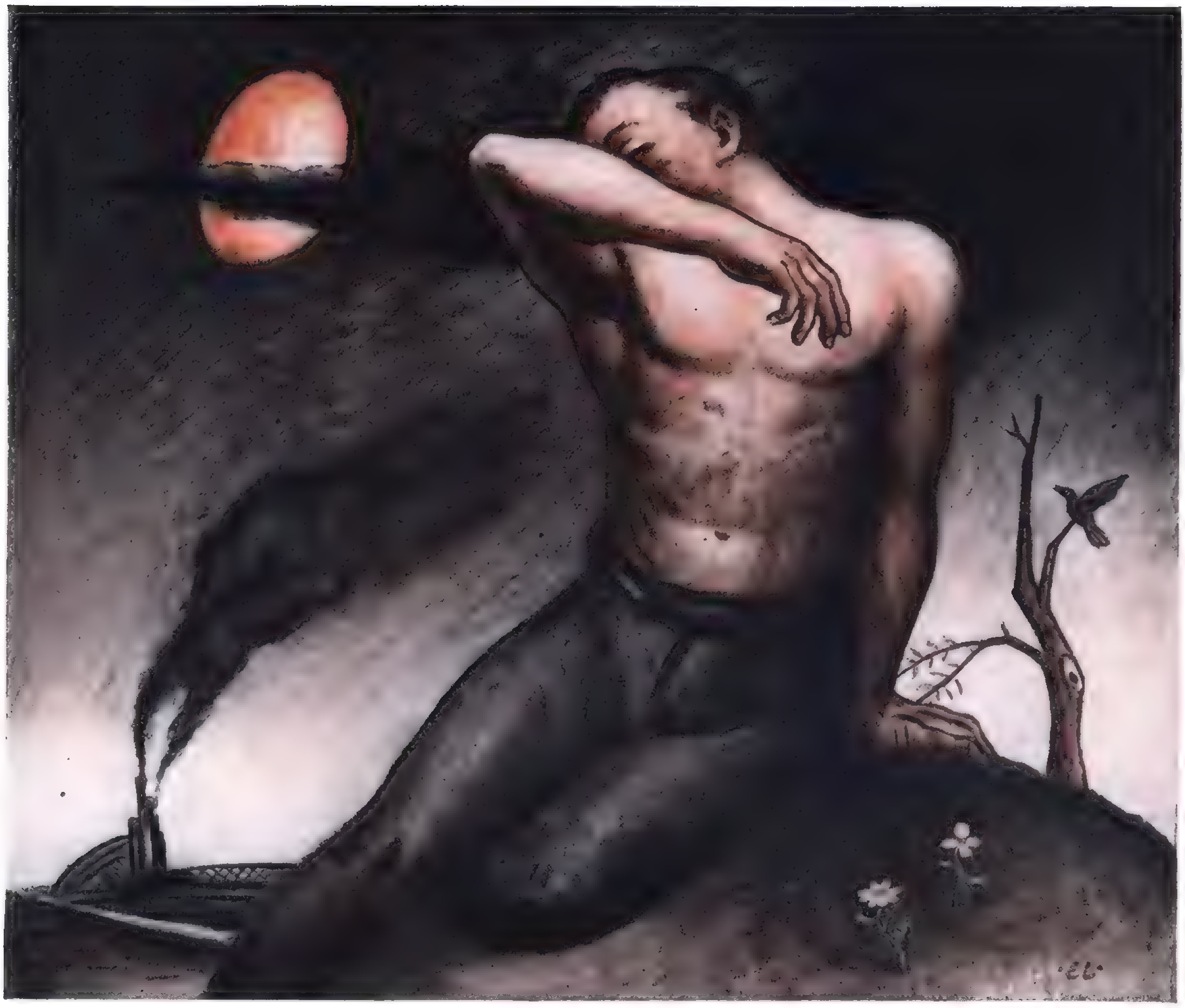
There are blue chambers in the sea where seamaids pour
A sound of muffled bells along the floor
And all night long the night is cool and deep;
The melted mind swims in the phantom fluencies of sleep.
And fancy veers in grottoes underground
And fugitive and strange the sounds upon the grotto floor
And strange the starlight fragments penciled on the cavern door.
And sudden elfin things with sounds
Like piccolos in vacant halls.
The seaward eye
Is agile undersea and finds the fabled door
That leads to tolling music evermore.
The hour is early and the hour is late; let him lie plushed in sleep
Some minutes more.
But eight o'clock is law. The long day lies unfurled;
He steps into the street, to shoulder an iron world.
A man sits on the corner curb,
The inky menace of a headline stares—the headline rumbles war.
He turns the page, not quite awake.
The girls return from Cedar Lake
Done to a golden brown.
They live in wide, wide neighborhoods
All full of shade and sun
And croquet mallets and groomed grass
Where squirrels ripple when they run.
He dreams of this.
A man darts by in a car streamlined as a watermelon,
Smokes and smiles above a snow-white collar;
Sleep was good. The price is up. Morning shines
Like a freshly minted dollar.

II

Eight o'clock and the whistle shuts the hour on the bright world.
Each morning the tight renewing of the nerves when the black thunder is hurled
From the drop forge hammers, and his face sets once again like stone
With less than resolution, and with more.
The din will pound through the grimed hours endlessly
Shaking the roof and throbbing floor, but will it not
Totter the pillars of the old world and will it not
Shake to the throne of God? What of the
Thousand times ten thousand his head has lain upon this block
His skull sledged like an eggshell, his brain mashed flat as paste?
To what shall hope avail or longing matter
Here where the long staccato thunders batter
Mind and the paled flesh and the secret heart?
He thrusts the bar into the taut splayed oil fires to melt it
And under the hammer to mold it, then in the punch press to cut it clean and lo
A niblick!
The filth is menial
But the boss is genial
And smiles when he greets you at eight.
Boom!
He plays a neat game
And he's always the same
And won't crab when you're ten minutes late.
Boom!
Hardly more deft the hammerblows,
The crash of nerveless brawn,
Than the mallets that the golden girls
Are tapping on the lawn.
Boom!
Here at the searing furnace mouth
The spouted yellow flame that curls
Is not so gentle as the sun
That waffle-browned the golden girls.
Boom!
The weighted minutes drag their hard and heavy train.
The hammer rivets every moment to the brain.
Boom!
Lenore is fragrant. Can I marry? How much would it take?
Saturday the golden girls go back to Cedar Lake.
Boom!
The forest has a thousand birds that warble when it's dawn.
The golden girls tap croquet balls across the barbered lawn.
Boom!
Lenore is white. The summer fields are spangled bright with flowers.
The summer night is long, and cool the woodland hours.
Boom!
Night is a secret that the moon will shed and keep,
Bathing the bedroom where the golden girls will sleep.
They are more gold than sunset sun on harvest grain;
Lenore is more white than lilies after morning rain.
Fierce, fierce the longing on steel and fire hurled;
These are the hammers that build and wrack the world.

III

Eight o'clock. Lenore above the stein
Draws from her bag a glass and comb.
The pining fiddles rise and die:
Baby won't you come back home.
A melody of cheated love
Wobbles from a sad trombone;
He wishes vaguely that the horns
Would let the violin alone.
Her breasts that shake with laughter now
Swell out in curving amplitude;
The saxophone is sorrowful,
Is bleating—In my solitude.
He dreams of river banks beyond,
The hum of evening long and low,
And cools his ardor in her arms
By darkened roadways. Hi-de-ho.
Yield up the flower face to his
Give him the kiss that soothes and burns,
The avid and the healing hands.
Baby how my poor heart yearns.
The man in green wilts by a wall
Where smothered lights are hung;
He drinks his seventh whiskey. Straight—
It crashes cymbals on the tongue.



The chromium jazz that sheets the brain
Slides forth in accents fierce and trite.
Sounds assail the ear all day, must sounds
Assail the ear all night?
"I work at home all day, today
I scrubbed the kitchen and the hall,
And so at night I like excitement,
Whoopee. I mean after all."
At half past one he finds her hand,
Gropes briefly where the stairway curves;
The accents of a negroid night
Beat faintly on the naked nerves.
The hallway moment is at last;
The darkness and the hush enclose;
She gives a long and crushing kiss.
He bears it homeward like a rose.

IV

And did the fiddles weave
No moment to deceive?
The treacherous hour like some insidious beast
Has waited crouched beside the bed he sinks upon,
Springs like the darkness when the light goes off.
And did the fiddles wind
No tendrils for the mind?
Weave, weave heart! fancies to spread
Upon the shadows and the walls.
Quickly spin, to cloak the heart,
Tapestry the barren mind
(He does not stroke the single rose
Because a yard of moonlight falls across his clothes):

There is a deep garden somewhere beyond the engulfing hours
Or any intervening thing
Where I shall find you waiting
Red and white among red and white, and new birds will sing
Under green leaves new nimble breezes lift,
You fresh and waiting where soft odors drift.
And a word shall fall on me gentle as a shed blossom dropping
And your ankles rustle the tall stems where you step.
Then the sudden mild hands
Quick as small birds
To mine, infinitely gentle
And frailer than the flesh of white flowers
Summer has uncurled
And stronger than the wrists that have lain broken
Upon the stones of the world.
And, could one kindle beauty with desire,
I shall touch a kiss to you as one touches fire
To a tall white candle.
There are strange . . .

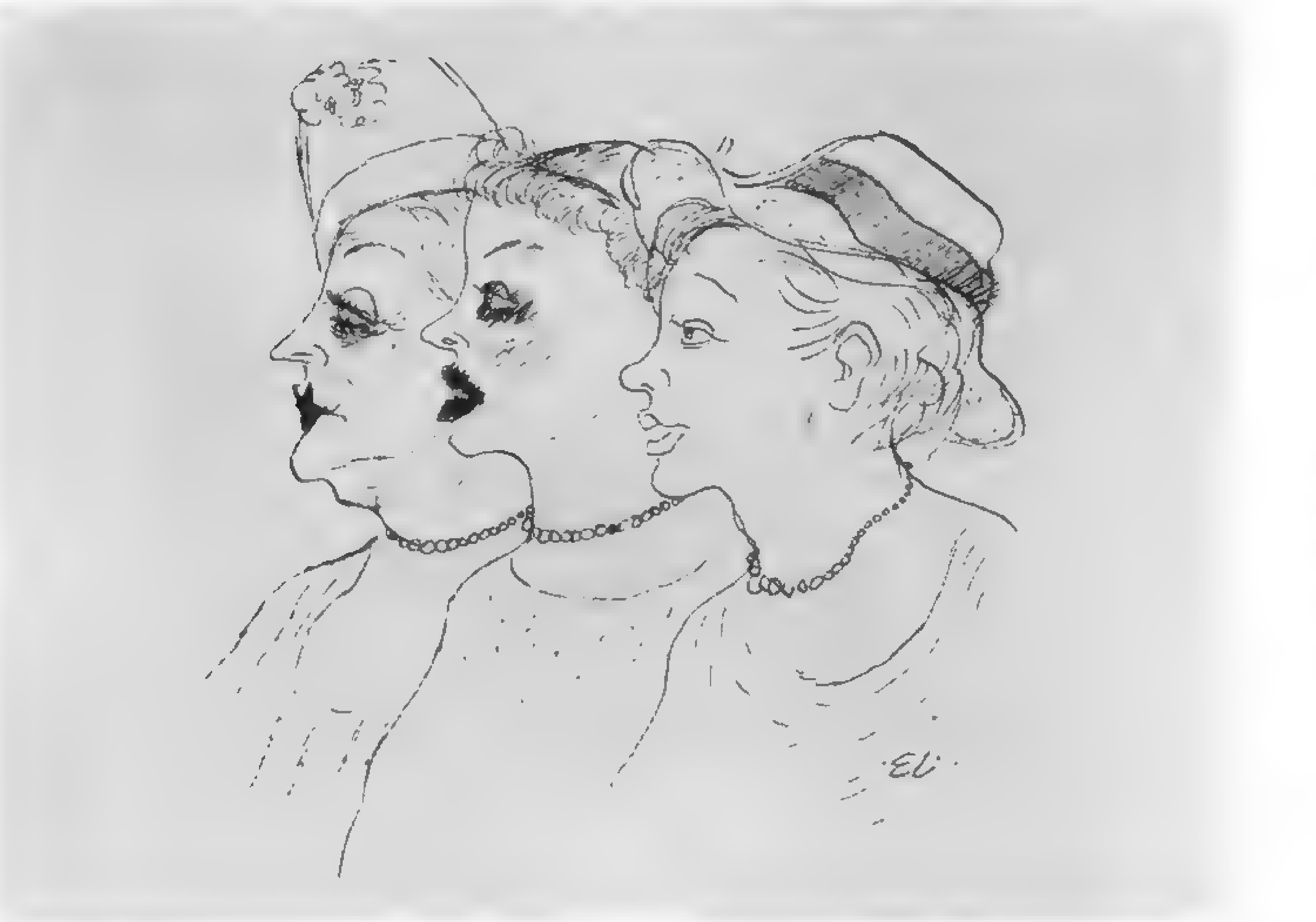
Silence will deepen, midnight smooth away
The hammer hours that roar and rock,
The dance refrains that wed and isolate,
The dread and dream of eight o'clock.
He turns. Delivered flesh slips undersea
And there shall hear the long and lovely lay
And wonder what the seamaids call and say
And there the wistful eye shall find the door
That leads to tolling music evermore.
Terror may cleave his slumber, once;
There is a serpent in the sunken clime—
But never there the inching worm of Time.

Three Strings of Pearls

Probably your best friend's friend has had the same amazing experience —or at least, so you've been told

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •



The First String

There is a curious tale about a lady who once walked into a fashionable Fifth Avenue jewelers and asked to see a string of pearls. She was a big woman, in the early forties. Over her dress she wore a yellow duster and she carried a big handbag under her arm. She had a jolly home-fireside face and when she spoke she showed several bright gold teeth.

The clerk, to save himself a lot of trouble, or to avoid a possible misunderstanding, bowed very politely and said: "Yes, Madam. But we carry only genuine pearls."

"That's just what I want," she replied, "genuine pearls."

She was led to the proper department. The clerk was quite certain that he had been unable to make the woman understand and so he drew from the showcase a string of pearls and placed them before her.

"There you are, Madam," he said. And as he fingered the tag: "The price of this string is eight thousand dollars."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I don't want anything like that. I want real big pearls, a real big string."

He put away the string of tiny pearls and drew out a string of fairly large-sized pearls. "These, of course," he apologized, "are more expensive. Twenty-eight thousand dollars."

She took the pearls out of their box and held them up before her. It was evident from her glance and the bold twist of her lips that she was far from pleased with them.

"Why I don't think much of these," she said. "I don't want a little bit of a string about my neck. I want a long big string!"

When she said these words the clerk knew that it was time for him to signal to the store detectives. This he did.

Two men moved up slowly. They pretended they were looking in the showcases nearby.

"We have a long string in our vaults, Madam," he explained with Fifth Avenue politeness. "I could bring them out. Their price is in the neighborhood of fifty thousand dollars."

"That's all right," she said plainly. "I'd like to see them."

And so the clerk carefully put away the string which she had been holding and sent one of his assistants to bring the pearls out of the vault.

In time the box came forward. It was a large box covered with dull red leather. The corners were worn. "Of course," explained the clerk, "this is an old string of pearls. It belonged to one of the big families in Europe." He opened the box and with much ceremony placed it before her.

"Can you take them out?" she asked.

"Why, yes, certainly, Madam."

She took them in her hand and hung them over her bosom, just to see how they would look. And when she did so the store detectives moved a step or two closer.

"Are these the very best you have?" she asked finally.

"Yes, they are, Madam," said the clerk, slightly irritated. "There are no better pearls for color and matched sizes in all the world."

"I mean," replied the lady, "is this the biggest string you have? You see," she explained with a smile, "I'm not what you call small size myself, and if I get a string I want it to look like something that is part of me."

The clerk leaned forward and told her with a confidential air that they had a string of pearls such as she described. In fact, they had two of them but one of them was valued at seventy thousand dollars and the other at eighty-five. He spoke these large prices in a whisper. But it was loud enough for the detectives to hear.

"Well," said the woman, putting the pearls back in their box, "that's what I wanted to see! Why didn't you bring them out before?"

"Very well, Madam." The clerk bowed politely. And the store detectives came another step closer.

Finally the two boxes were placed before her. Her hands reached at once for the largest string and this she took out of its case and dangled it on her bosom. She did not bother at all with the string that was valued at seventy thousand dollars. That one seemed too trifling. This was the one that was eighty-five thousand. "The string you are now holding," explained the clerk, "was once in the family of the Austrian Archduke Paul and we can vouch for their history."

"That part of it doesn't bother me at all," she replied. "As long as they're good pearls and you say this is the biggest and best string you've got, that's all I care about." And she placed them again to her bosom to admire. She measured the length of the string and finally said: "All right, I'll take these."

For a moment the clerk did not know what to reply. He merely stood there and looked at her, then at the pearls.

"Yes, that's all right" she repeated. "I'll take these."

"Very well, Madam," replied the clerk. "You have a charge account with us?"

"No," she replied, "I have no charge account." And with these words she hung the pearls about her neck and said: "I guess I'll wear them. Never mind the box."

"But Madam," stammered the clerk. "Your cheque . . . You see we would need some identification . . ."

"Oh," she replied, "that won't be necessary. I brought the cash with me."

And with that she opened up her large handbag and peeled off, on the counter, greenback currency to the amount of eighty-five thousand dollars. Each note was the denomination of a thousand dollars and eighty-five such notes made quite a pile. They were crisp and new.

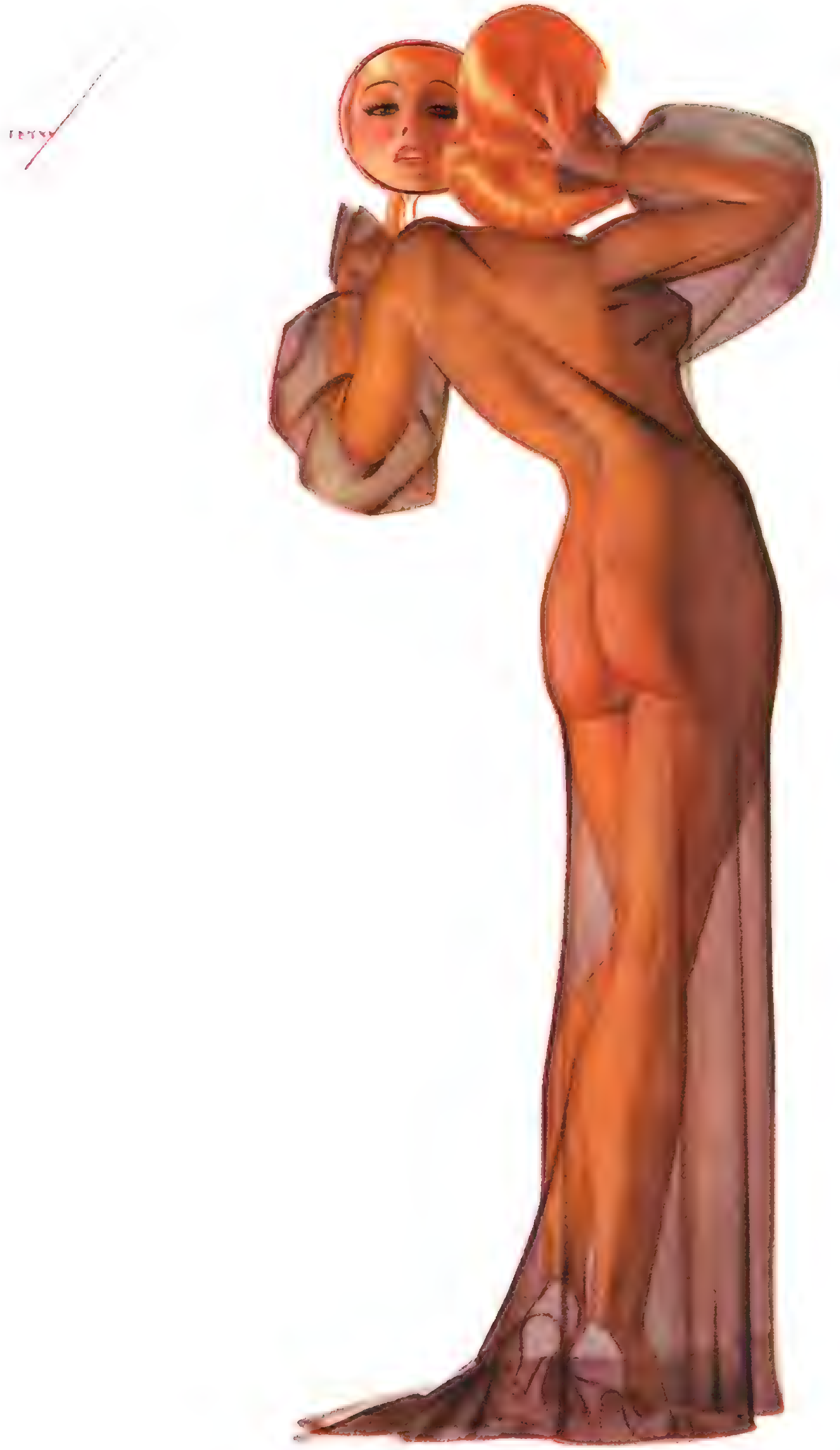
The two detectives stood by. Their eyes were ready to pop out of their heads. Two clerks also stood by. And the manager of the store had come up in the meantime and he also witnessed this sight. She counted out the money and there was still more currency in her bag when she got through paying for the pearls.

The bills were examined by the cashier. They were carefully scrutinized but nothing was wrong. They counted them over twice. The woman was about to depart. But the manager was anxious to have her name and address because of unforeseen complications that might arise. Where did so much money come from?

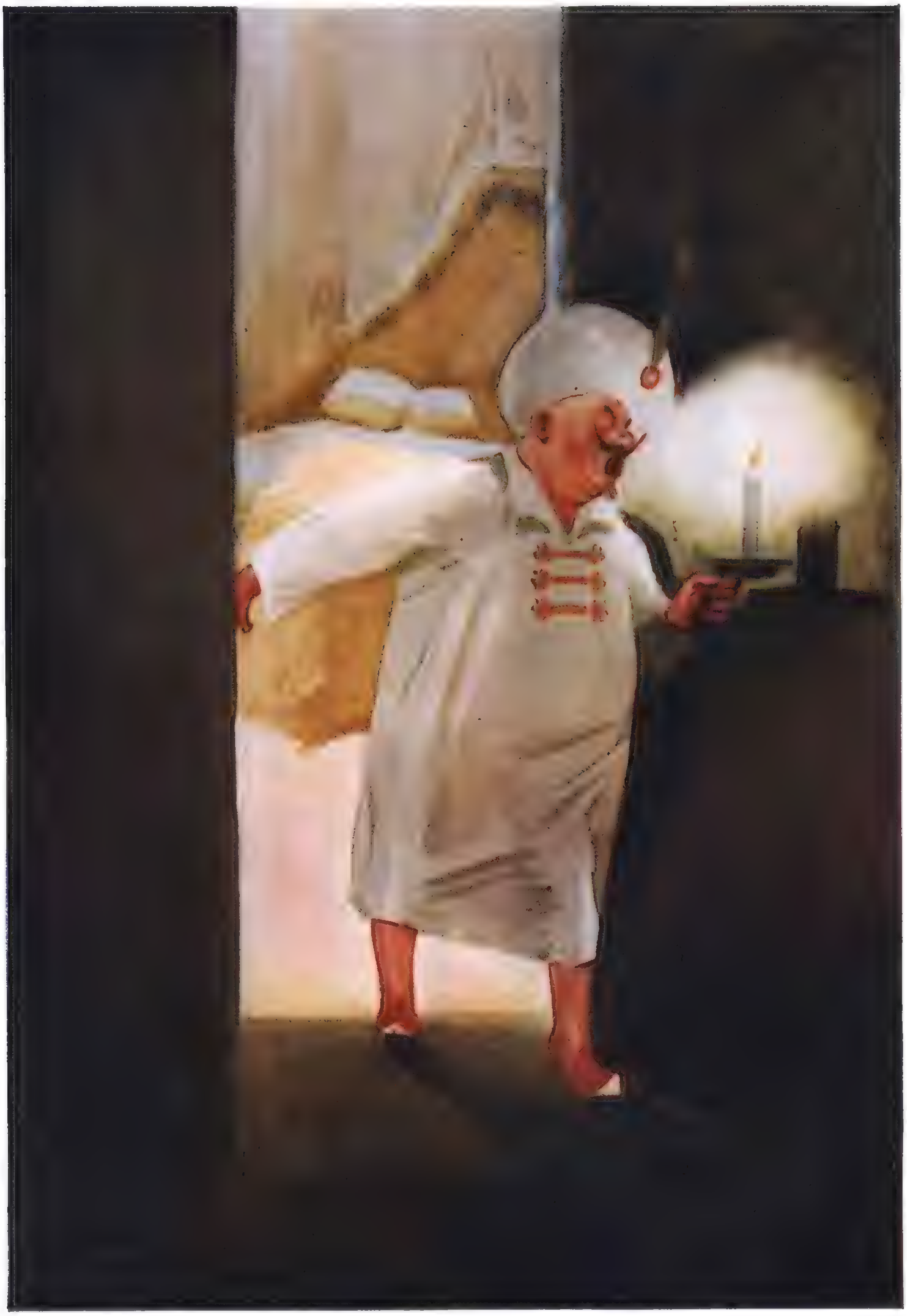
He came forward, bowed and said to her: "We would like to mail you the history of the pearls you have just purchased and also have made a fresh box for you to keep them in. Where should we send these to?"

She gave her name as Mrs. Victor Clark

Continued in center of page 124



"You might as well turn the page—I'm not turning around"



"That's a helluva resolution for ALL you girls to make!"

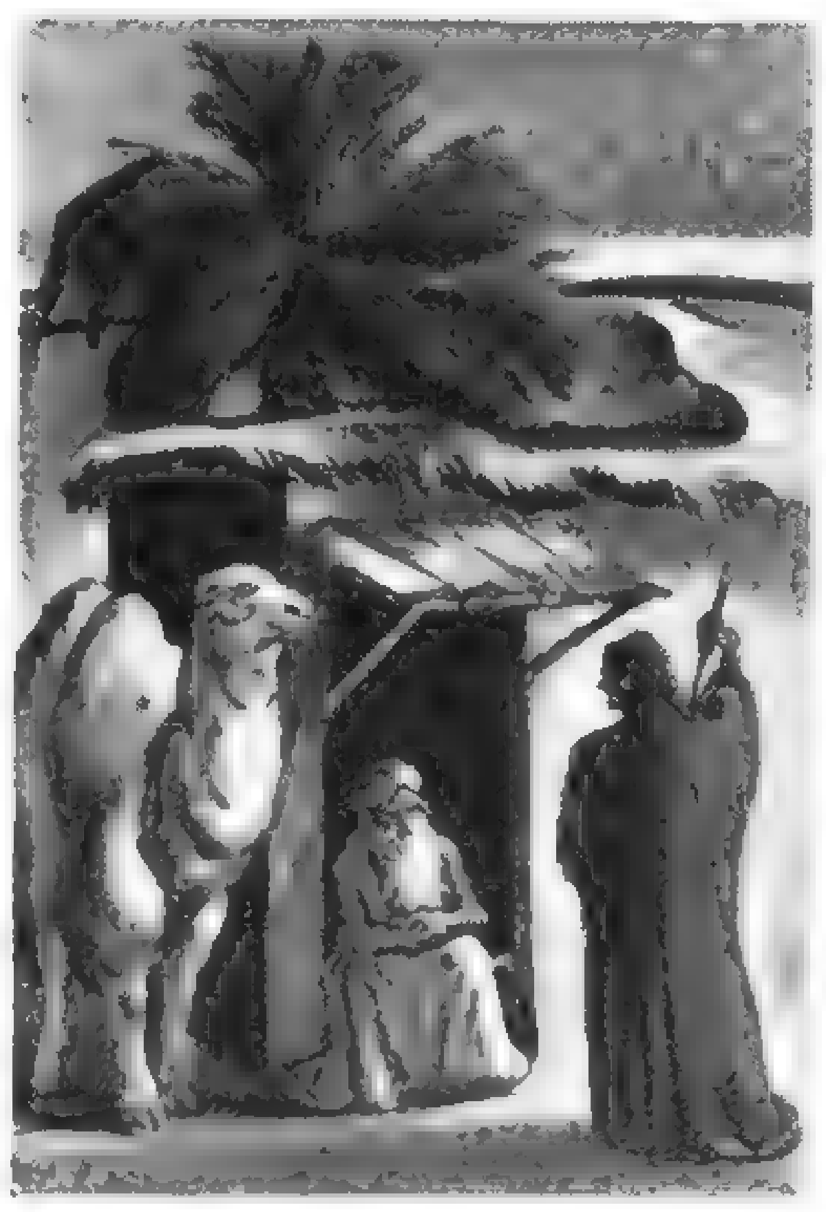
The Camel of the Prophet

The Moslems will tell you that Allah is just, and when a man is guilty of blasphemy, he is sure to be punished

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

• ARTICLE •

HOLDING tightly to the rail, Trubetzky, my old friend De Croci, and myself were the only passengers having the persistence of character and the resistance of stomach to remain on deck while the S. S. *Perla* fought to hold her position before the stretch of rocky coast where lay the town of Mogadiscio. We had all experienced several times the tragic-comic phases of the unique landing at this point, but it had never happened to us before to make it in the midst of such a strenuous monsoon, and we wanted to enjoy it from the beginning to the end.



As we waited, I strove to draw out the colossal Pole, Trubetzky, knowing that when he was, as now, in a state of mild drunkenness he might be expected to produce some startling and interesting tale.

"Idiots! Imbeciles! Fools!" he suddenly exploded, with his customary castigation of language, as a particularly vicious wave sent the ship soaring up like a crazy lift for three or four floors, to drop dizzily to some impossible marine basement.

"Exactly," I answered with conviction, "but who?"

"These Moslems. Can you picture a man walking over a sea like this?"

Our faces must have told him that we were quite incapable of visualizing such a performance and also, perhaps, that we entertained doubts as to the clearness of his head, for he began a long explanation.

"The Moslems here believe it, I can tell you. According to them, a pilgrim walked quietly over a sea like this one and landed just there." He waited until the lift ascended several floors and we could see again the low strip of white houses. "There," he repeated, pointing with his finger to a spot a little at the left of Mogadiscio, while already we were beginning our descent and the capital of Italian Somaliland was disappearing from view.

"The pilgrim was tired." And Trubetzky gave a loud, discordant laugh. "Imagine a man who would walk on the sea in full monsoon, and then grow tired! Anyway, they believe it, the idiots, and they say that after he had walked some miles into the desert—for that was a long time ago and Mogadiscio didn't exist yet," he informed us patronizingly—"he came to a miserable hut in front of which sat an old man with a long white beard. They exchanged a good half-hour of salaams. Then the pilgrim asked for some water to drink. The old man didn't have any water, for the desert was absolutely dry, and not until the following morning would his son bring him a *ghirba* from the distant well. But he was extremely hospitable, good, wise, and all that sort of thing, as old people always are in these legends. 'Accept instead,' he said to the pilgrim, 'this white camel—the only one I have.' Conceive, if you can, of one of those dogs of Negroes making a present of his only camel to a stranger!"

Again, he gave his harsh, discordant laugh.

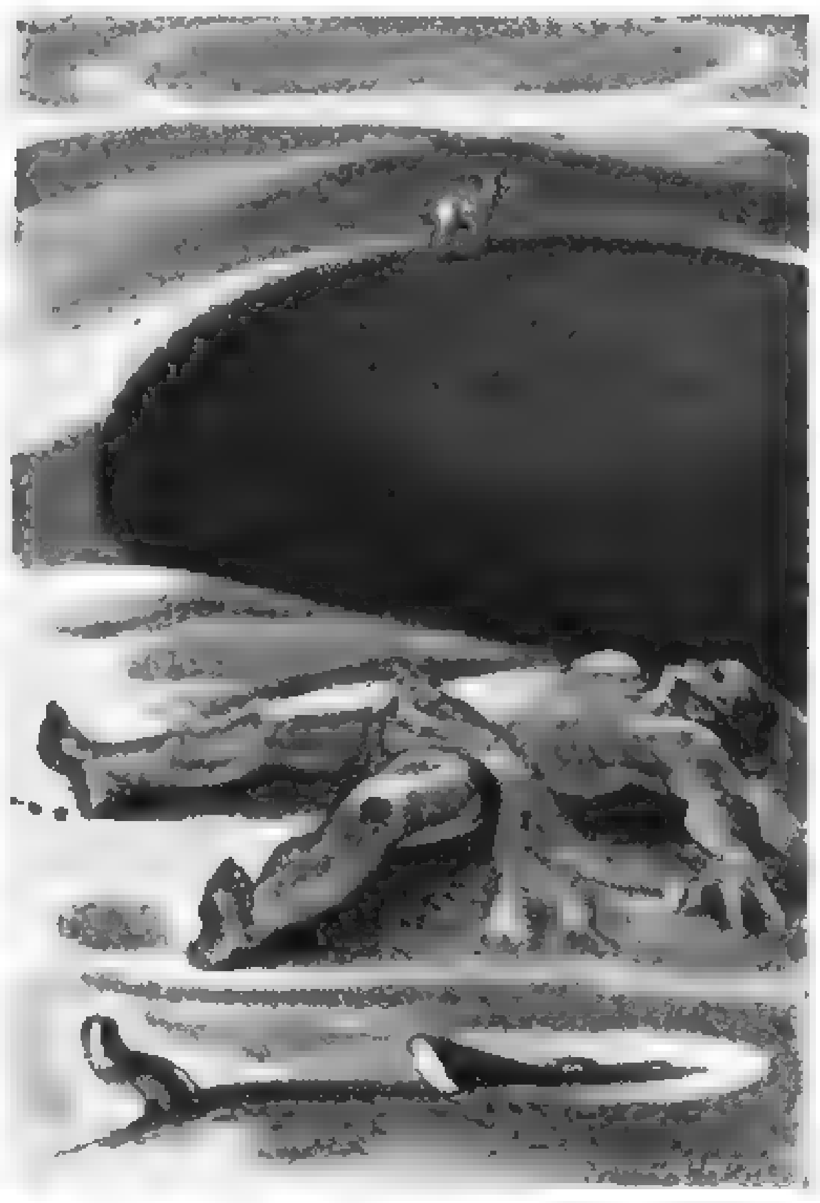
"Well, goodness always receives a prize—in the legends. You know who the pilgrim was? None other than Mohammed himself. Overcome at the old man's generosity, he touched the ground and as it separated before his fingers, he said: 'Here, water will be abundant and pure for thy sons and for the sons of thy sons forever.' Or words to that effect. And while the old man knelt before the cold spring bubbling up at his feet, Mohammed departed toward his goal at the other side of the desert," Trubetzky concluded in a melodramatic voice.

Then, "Here they are, those dogs of the Rer Magno," he shouted in his usual bellicose tones. "Finally they have deigned to come and pull us out of this hole of the devil."

An antique barque, fifty feet long, appeared and disappeared as it advanced slowly toward us, traveling up and down the hills of water, driven by a score and a half of oars propelled by as many muscular Somalis to the rhythm of their ubiquitous songs.

"And the camel?" my friend inquired of Trubetzky.

"The prophet took it, of course. And when he got far into the desert, bandits attacked him and would probably have murdered him if the camel had not become suddenly animated by some diabolism and hurled himself on the bandits, screaming and biting and trampling them savagely under his feet until a number of them were dead and the others, wounded and bleeding, ran for their lives.



"Think of it!" and he produced a laugh worthy of a Mephistopheles.

I must confess that I felt disgusted to hear so blasphemous a rendering of a legend which must have been filled with ingenuous poetry, but I was curious to know the end of it. "And then?" I encouraged.

"And then, nothing. Except that the fools believe that the prophet, out of gratitude, gave the camel eternal life. And for them, that camel, or his phantom, still today gallops over the desert and assaults anyone who insults Mohammed. Charlatanerie, of course. And they say also. . . ."

But he was interrupted by a group of officers and sailors who had come up on the bridge to begin the difficult operation of transferring the passengers to the boat of the Rer Magno.

To have an idea of the craftsmanship of these black seamen, one must see them at work. Maneuvering with marvelous synchronism their long, thin oars, they succeeded in keeping their disgraceful barque constantly within a few yards of the ship, although the succession of huge waves lifted them up and down until at times they were high above our heads, at times thirty or forty feet below us.

The only method of getting into the barque was by way of a rough cage which Trubetzky had just managed to fill with his three-hundred-pound bulk when a winch lifted it out of board. There it swung for a few minutes until—bang—it landed just in the middle of the lifting barque when the ship swooped downward. At that bang the Pole endeavored to jump out, but not quickly enough, and he would have remained suspended by a leg to the cage which was already rising with the ship, had not two of the Rer Magno given him an energetic pull. While he thanked them with an avalanche of insults and curses, the operation was quickly repeated, fortunately without misadventure, until all the other passengers were safely aboard the barque.

Not until, with a breath of relief, we had reached a fairly calm stretch of water on the other side of the reef or jagged rocks which is Mogadiscio's only protection from the mighty monsoon, and the boat had grounded in the sand, did we hear again of the Camel of the Prophet. Arm chairs carried on the shoulders of four Rer Magnos walking in water up to their chests had appeared to transport us to shore. Trubetzky, heavily transferring his big body to one of the chairs, met with a little wave which gave him a sudden iced hip-bath

This was too much for his temper, and he began to shout a string of imprecations in all of the twelve languages which he spoke fluently.

"Cursed dogs! Cursed be yourselves, and

Continued in center of page 141

In Case of Death

There was no money left, and the doctor said they couldn't use a cow or work horse at the hospital

by L. F. ADDINGTON

• FICTION •

Maw was worried bad. She was afraid little Rufe was a-goin to die. She stood over him a-wettin his hot brow and a-talkin soft to him. Me, I was bendin over the footboard of the old bedstead. I was helpless.

Maw and me had said little Rufe would grow up to be a great man. He was at the head of his class at Rocky Fork. He was in the seventh grade. He said he wanted to be a great fiddler. And he shore wanted to be one awful bad for he'd stand in the middle of the floor for hours a-playin a-way. He used the old fiddle Paw had played on before he died. Maw had said that ifen she could get the money she'd send him to music school.

Maw finally straightened and looked at me right straight. Her eyes were pale; her hair seemed grayer. Her mouth was open.

"'Spect ye'd best go ater a doctor," she said to me. I nodded. Then I bent over Rufe real close and said to him:

"Buck up, Rufe. No use o' worryin about missin a day of school. Health comes first."

Rufe was twelve. His black eyes flamed with sense. His curly head made me think of the pictures of great musicians I'd seen.

I went outside the cabin, a rough board cabin, unsealed inside, unpainted outside. There was a chimney at one end, a stove pipe at the other.

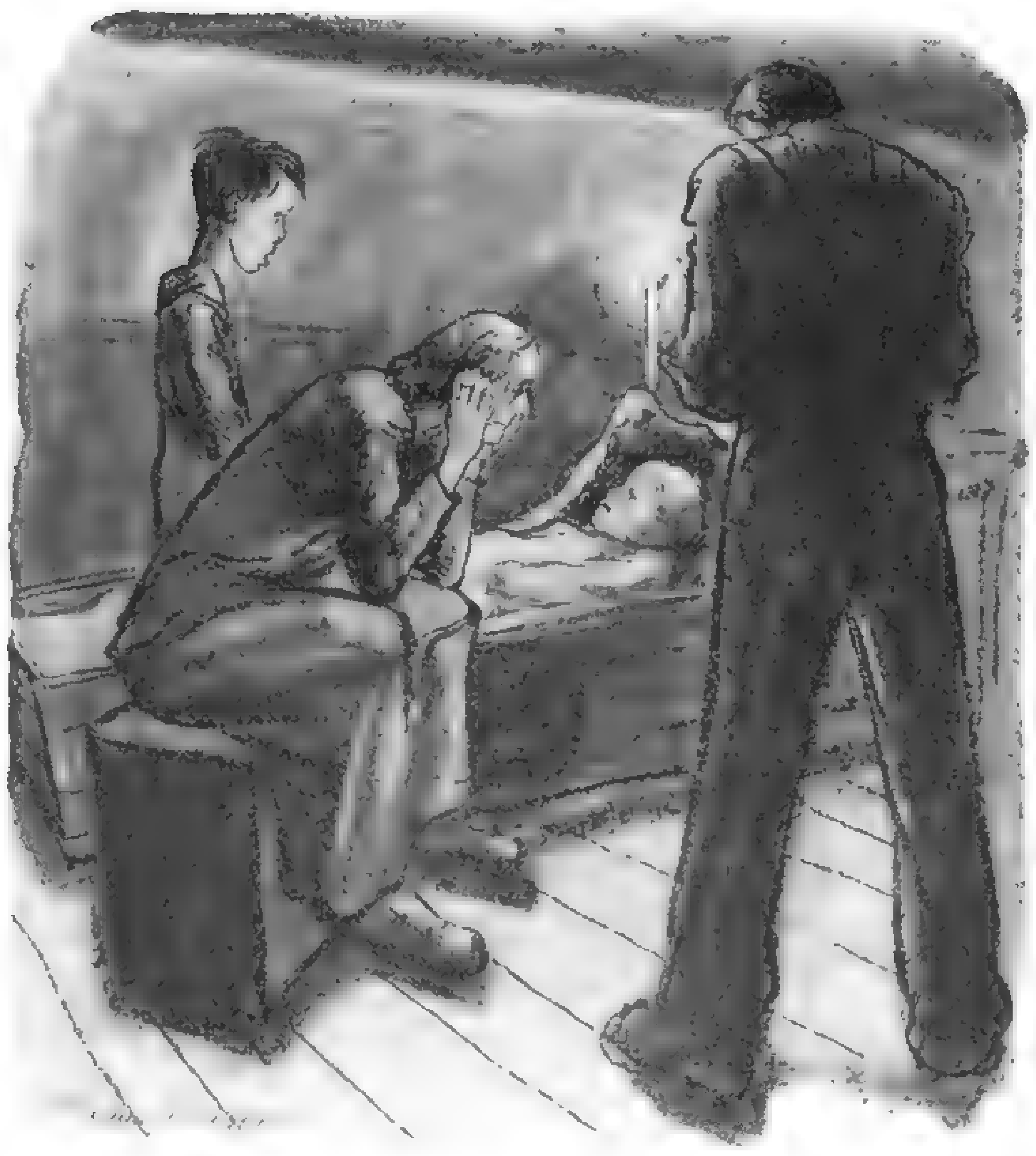
I went to the stable. It was made of logs and it leaned a little toward the hill over which the morning sun broke. It had two stalls in it, and a loft. That was enough. One stall for our white work horse, Chock; another for Pide, the cow. The loft for hay and fodder.

Chock stuck his nose through a crack between the logs and whinnied. He thought I was goin to feed him. But I didn't have time. He'd have to eat when he came back.

I walked into the stall, a bridle in my hand. Chock jerked up his head, sort of defiant like, then he lowered it and closed his eyes for the bits. His soft lower lip quivered a little. He seemed to dislike takin the bits before corn and hay. But it had to be that way this one time.

Too, old Pide must do without her nubbins until I got back. She mooed in her stall and looked through a crack shaking her head. She didn't understand it was different this morning.

When I led Chock outside and flung the worn old saddle upon his back he shook himself and glanced around at me. Really, I hated to ride him off without his breakfast, but I must.



Chickens came running from the crib below the stable. Domineckers, Rhode Island Reds, and a lot of in-betweens. They made a fuss and swarmed about my feet. But I didn't have time to go shell corn for them. I'd do that when I got back. Right now the important thing to do was to get help for Rufe.

I rode Chock up out of Rocky hollow and into the sunshine. I gave him my heel and the reins. He trotted along the old wagon road where white frost sparkled in the slanting rays of the sun. In the tall timber on the spur of the ridge, I heard a redbird call. It was a beautiful morning. If there'd been peace in my soul I would have enjoyed it.

I rode Chock hard and when I got into Laurel he was all a-lather with sweat. He got a long breath and slumped in relief when I slid off his back to go in to see Dr. Ransom—Dr. Blain Ransom.

I knocked several times on the door of the brick bungalow before the doctor came out. He opened the door and said "Good Morning," as he put on his horn-rimmed glasses. He was a fat man. Face red. Nose big at the end. He'd come to see Paw before he died. And now, as I stood before him, I remembered hearing Maw say that she hadn't paid him all for comin to see Paw. She just couldn't pay much a year and live. We rented the rough little farm from John H. Bays on the halves. Sometimes all we raised of corn and taters and tobacco wasn't a good half. We'd been particular hard hit this year on account of the dry weather in the summer.

But the doctor said to me: "Come in."

"No," I said, "ain't got time. Rufe, he's mighty sick this mornin. Got an awful hurtin in his side and stomach. Waked up a-hurtin and a-pukein. Maw'd like for you to ride over and see what's ailin him."

The doctor pulled off his glasses sort of easy like and he squinted. He mumbled somethin under his breath, but I heard him.

"It's a mighty long trip over to your place," he said. "Cain't drive more'n half the way."

"I brought along a nag," I said. "You can ride the rest of the way hoss back."

I thought I knew what was gnawin him. Doctors don't like to go way back in our southern hills these days unless they know they're goin to get their pay. Sometimes they don't go at all. I wondered why there ortn't to be some sort of a law to protect poor devils like us when we were plum out of money. So, I said to Doc Ransom:

"How much will be your charge?"

"Well," he answered, slappin his glasses back on his nose, "about fifteen dollars, I 'spect."

He looked like he thought he'd have to take it out in chargin if he went. But before he said anything more I told him this:

"Dr. Ransom, Maw's got ten dollars in cash saved up. We can sell potatoes and get the five in a few days."

"Oh, that's all right," he said. He appeared to want to make me think that he wasn't thinking of the pay at the start. But I knew he was. And, I 'spect doctors ought to think of the dollars. That's what they work for.

Doc went in his car to the top of Hogback ridge. There he waited for me. I slid off Chock and he got on. We soon went the rest of the way to our house.

He wasn't long tellin us what he thought was the matter with Rufe. Appendicitis. He should be taken to the hospital at once. Maw went pale a-standin at the foot of the bed. I saw her ketch to the bed post and put her other hand to her forehead. I walked close to the doctor and said:

"Then we'd better get busy." The doctor nodded and put some instruments back in his little black bag.

"How are you going to get him across the ridges?" he said.

"I've got a one hoss wagon," I said. "I don't know of any other way. It'd be almost impossible to carry him there, wouldn't it?"

The doctor nodded.

"I can put hay in the wagon bed," I said. "It'll be soft. And I'll try to miss the rocks in the road."

The doctor got up and started out. At the door he turned:

"You can get someone to help, maybe," he said.

"Yes," I answered, "Taze Mullins'll help. He lives down the hollow a piece."

I called Maw aside and told her that the doctor was expecting some money. She nodded and went to her little black handbag where it hung on the wall by the fireplace.

She got the bag down and fingered out her money—every cent she had and handed it to the doctor. He cleared his throat, adjusted his horn rimmed glasses and said, "Thank you, Mrs. Redwine."

The doctor picked up his medicine kit and went out. I didn't look after him for I hit the back door in the direction of Taze Mullins'. In the yard I turned back and called to Maw. I told her to give old Chock some corn in a box so he could eat a bite while I was gone. She stuck her head through the door and nodded.

Taze Mullins was a-pullin corn like forty-nine tom cats a-fightin, but when I told him what I wanted, he said:

"Shore, I'll help." Taze was big and strong. His face was red, and always covered with a short beard. His eyes were blue and his mouth was wide. His overalls were smelly with sweat; his old flopped hat was greasy about the band.

Taze also worked a part of Mr. Bays' farm. He worked long hours and hard. Still, like us Redwines, he lived a miserable life.

Taze was an accommodatin man. Never once had he turned us Redwines down when we needed help. And we'd never turned him down.

When Taze and I got back to my home old Chock wasn't through eatin his corn but I slapped the gears on him anyway and hitched him to the old wagon. The wagon needed paint and grease. I'd had it fixed up if our crops had been good.

It was luck that I had a fair ration of clover and timothy hay in the stable loft. I got up and forked down some into the wagon bed while Taze spread it. While we were at work Maw came out carryin a feather bed. We put it on top the hay.

Taze and me went for Rufe. We wrapped a blanket about him and carried him to the wagon. He bit his lips and tried to be quiet, but he couldn't. He winced and groaned. I knew he was sufferin somethin terrible. As we put him on the feather bed I told him to buck up. He'd be in good hands when we got him to the doctors over at the Laurel Hospital. They'd make him well again and he could go on thinkin about becomin a great violinist. He didn't answer me. He merely opened his eyes and looked into my face.

I helped Maw into the wagon bed so she could sit beside Rufe and give him water when he called for it. Maw had brought some water in a big bottle. Me and Taze took to the road, me on one side of the wagon, him on the other.

We got into Laurel sometime around two o'clock and drove over on the outskirts next to Clinch Mountain where the hospital was located. The hospital was a two story brick building; there were a lot of trees around it. A road circled it. Taze said that it was back behind that they took sick people in.

He'd been here with John H. Bays, the man whose farm he worked, one time. So, I drove around and stopped. Taze went in to see the head doctor. He was gone a long time. When he come back his face looked a little sad. He walked up close to me and said:

"The doctor wants to know can you make good the debt. He asked a lot of questions about you and your Maw. He asked did you own a farm. Did you own much household property. Guess you'd better go talk to him yourself."

It was awful how I felt inside me. For a moment I couldn't say a word. I looked at Maw a-settin on the hay. Her face was wet with sweat.

"Maw," I said, "I 'spect we'd better go in and talk to the doctor."

"Hadn't we better get Rufe in first?" she asked.

She looked at Rufe. I heard him groan.

"We've got to talk to the chief doctor," I said. "He told us to come in."

I helped Maw down and then I told Taze to set with Rufe until we got back.

On the porch a nurse met us and took us into the little room where there were lots of big books in cases, a few plants in pots, a big flat desk and behind the desk a man who wore specs that pinched up his nose. He looked like a smart man. He stood up; and waved a hand toward chairs. Maw told him we didn't have time to set.

"We've brought my boy to be operated on," she said. "He's awful sick."

The doctor nodded.

"I'm very sorry," the doctor said. "And we'd like to do what we can for him. Now may I explain that the board of directors has ordered that everyone coming for help must make a down payment or secure the expenses. I'm sorry that I must tell you this, but we've had so much charity work in the past that the hospital almost went on the rocks. It looks hard, I know. But maybe you can . . ."

He stopped. Tears were streaming down Maw's cheeks.

I saw she couldn't speak so I talked for her.

"We've got a cow," I said. "And a work nag. We'll give you them. And Doctor, I'll work. I'll do anything."

The doctor sat down. He looked out the window. . . . He swallowed. Then turning to me again, he said:

"I'm sorry, very sorry, that we can't use a cow here. Nor can we take a work horse. Maybe you know someone in town, someone who would sign for you."

"I don't know anybody but Doctor Ransom," I said. "We owe him money already."

"I wish I could call some charity organization to your aid," the doctor went on. "But there've been more needy cases of late than charity organizations could finance. And the county doesn't help in such cases. It has all it can do to run schools and pay the county officers."

"Then what can we do, Doctor?" I asked.

The doctor looked a little sad. "I don't know," he said finally. Then he got up and added: "I'll look at the boy."

The doctor went out to the wagon. He climbed up into the bed and bent over Rufe. Me and Maw and Taze stood on the gravel driveway, waitin, hopin the doctor would say somethin encouragin. When he got back down he said in a low voice:

"He's very sick. But I think he can stand the ride to Kenva. There's a doctor up there who has a private hospital. He's been taking such cases—as this—all he can. Hurry the boy over."

Kenva was ten miles up the base of the mountain, and the road was none too good. But we started. Rufe soon quit sayin a word. He didn't even ask for water. His face got white. . . . Maw set bent over him. There was no sound but Chock's iron shoes on the stones and the creaking of the old wagon.

The sun dropped low. The air became chill. The mountains took on a bluish cast. Smoke hung about the tops.

I kept my eyes on the twisty road, trying

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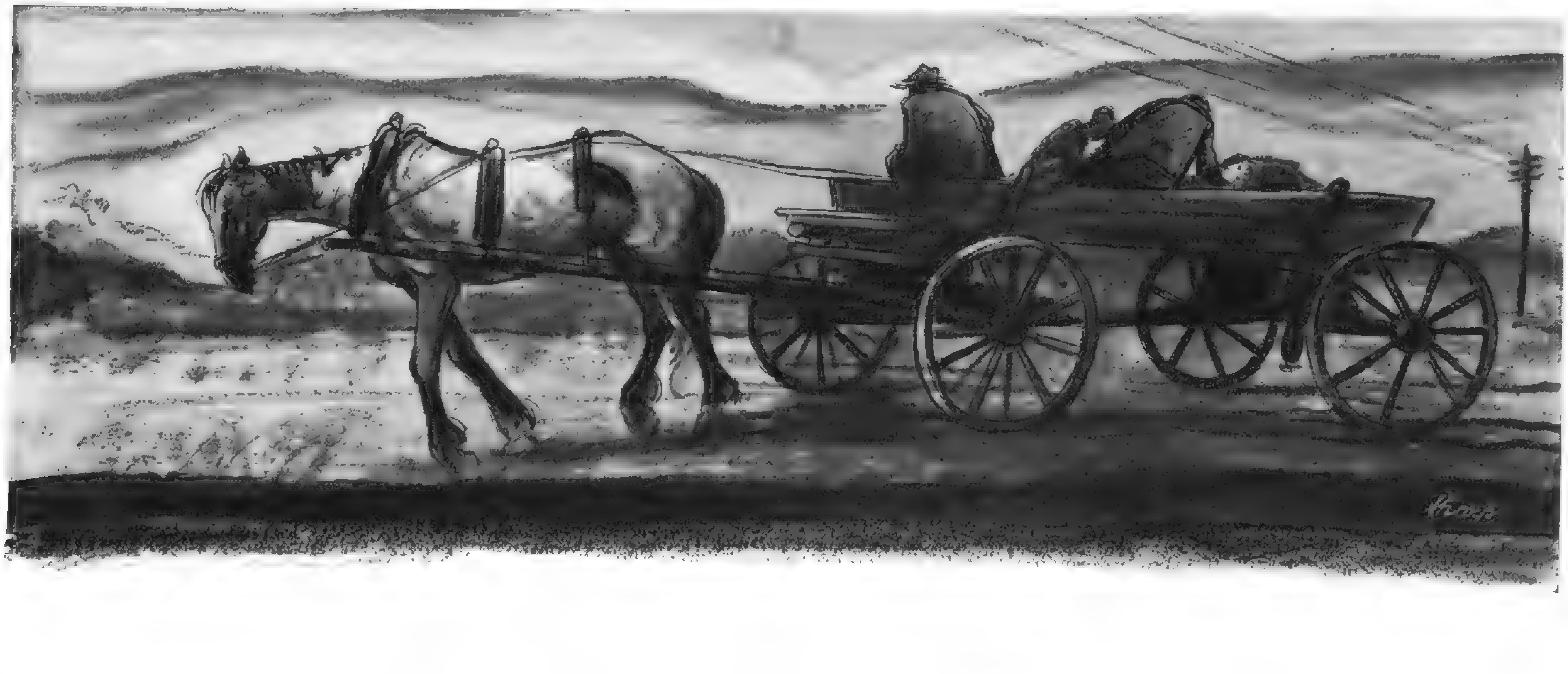

The Rise of the Ski-Golo

And if you get tired of skiing, you can take a whirl at the Schuhplattler which is easy after a few gluehweins

by M. SPRINGER & P. READ

▪ SPORTS ▪

Back in the Terrible Twenties, the Gigolo was the idol of Deb and Dowager alike. This swarthy, burning-orbed maestro of Terpsichore was becoming a definite menace to mankind—then came the depression, and the tango tick was the first luxury American husbands could afford to do without. During this relative hiatus in Latin Liaisons, they relaxed, to a man—the gigolo was as passé as prohibition. But with the return of prosperity, the urge for romance asserted itself again in the hearts of our fickle females and the search for new life in new love was on.

Enter the Ski-golo . . . modern Siegfried of the snowy slopes, now firmly ensconced as one of the major attractions in the smartest European winter resorts. The increasing influx of femininity to the Alps is not primarily a health measure, not a desire to become proficient in the art of skiing—this current sport is merely a new means to an old end—the Hanses, Fritzes and Leopolds are adequately filling the gap left by the Rudolphos, Ramons and Carlos.

In order to meet this new encroacher upon the sacred precincts of the American home in his original habitat, head for St. Moritz, one of the few European winter-sports resorts where (to all intents and purposes), skiing isn't the all-consuming interest in life.

The St. Moritz Ski-golo is omnipresent, the exact antithesis of his Latin predecessor—clean, lean and blond; tanned to a healthy bronze, his magnificent streamlined physique attired in impeccably tailored, vastly becoming ski-togs—despite the fact that this particular type of snow bird has little time for the actual business of skiing. For St. Moritz is the haven of that interesting category advertisements refer to as "spectator sports." Active interest in sports is politely detached. Life in St. Moritz is one great show, from the middle of January on up to Easter, every day brings a new sports event.

Norwegian crack jumpers compete on the breathtaking jump; over a special course of sheer ice the fastest ski race in the world is run, the Kilometer Lancee, wherein the skiers attain a speed of about 136.6 km. an hour; down the Corviglia, internationally famous skiers compete in a super slalom and there are any number of downhill and cross country events. There is the marvelous cresta ice run for bobsleigh fans and any number of magnificent skating rinks under a gloriously blue sky; ice curling, ski-joring behind nimble footed horses over the snow covered lake, and a sleigh ride up to Pontresina is never to be forgotten. The evening may bring an ice hockey match or an ice carnival in which the participants appear in lavish costumes.

The élite of the social registers, de Brett's Peerage and Tout Paris, gather at the palatial hotels, the exclusive Suvretta House or the swank Kulm, or the famous Palace with all its formal antiquity—Oriental rugs, hideous statues of coy females with inadequate draperies mingle with the inevitable palms and ferns. At the Palace you breakfast in your room, lunch on the ice terrace where waiters deftly balance loaded trays while flitting around on skates. The bar opens at 10:30 in the morning and is the last place in the house to close.

After you have had your tea and patisserie in the Konditorei Hanselmann, you toss off an aperitif at the Palace Bar. Between six and seven-thirty the place is jammed—a veritable League of Nations—a Hindoo Prince, a Dutch Mynheer, an English Lord, Italian aviators, French politicians rub shoulders with the social climbers of all nationalities, and dance in ski boots and togs until it is time to dress for dinner.

You dine any time between nine-thirty and midnight, always in grand tenue—amidst such luminaries as King Farouk of Egypt complete with his four little sisters, the Queen mother (who arrived with 184 trunks weighing 4½ tons); the banker Bernet, the famous British publisher Sir Tresham Liver, Countess Cheadska, Prince d'Orleans, Viscomte Arivabene, Eddie Cantor, Schiaparelli and the former Crown Prince of Germany. All sounds are muffled, voices modulated and you can hear only the faintest tinkle of silver on precious china.

After dinner you retire to the lounge where you listen politely to an old-fashioned string orchestra while you sip the strongest black coffee. Social life is divided into definite cliques which are not exactly conducive to any great degree of conviviality.

For a greater *esprit de corps* there is Davos, Switzerland's second famous Ski-Dorado. Formerly a world renowned health resort for t. b. it has been taken over by the ski fiends and most of the luxurious sanatoriums have been turned over into even more luxurious sports hotels. There is, however, still the widespread belief that if the old body needs reconditioning, Davos is the cure.

This rather large resort, consisting of the two little towns, Davos Platz and Davos Dorf, is absolutely ski mad. It is the hideout of the ski racers. The reason for this, is the famous Parsenn funicular, a mountain cable railroad, that brings you three thousand feet up to the Weissfluh Joch in a scant twenty minutes. Without the slightest exertion, you find yourself sitting on the roof of the world with a choice of twenty odd runs down into the valley. Here the internationally famous racers do their training and by means of the funicular they can crowd 25,000 feet of downhill running into a day's work. You can watch the famous Otto Furrer, Johann Seelos, Gerda Paumgarten, Betty Woolsey and hundreds of others known throughout the skiing world, zooming down the famous Derby Schuss to Kueblis in sixteen minutes (amateurs take a day to accomplish the same run).

There are any number of large, comfortable hotels in Davos—the Grand Hotel Belvedere, the Derby or Fluela. The crack skiers patronize the Parsenn Hotel, right across from the station of the funicular, so that they can dash off a preliminary run before breakfast. In addition there are literally hundreds of small hotels and pensions of various grades and prices.

During the main season, in February and March, Davos goes British, and because it is the favorite rendezvous of our British brethren and their hardy spouses there are an unbelievable number of quiet little places where tea-drinking is a ritual. If you want

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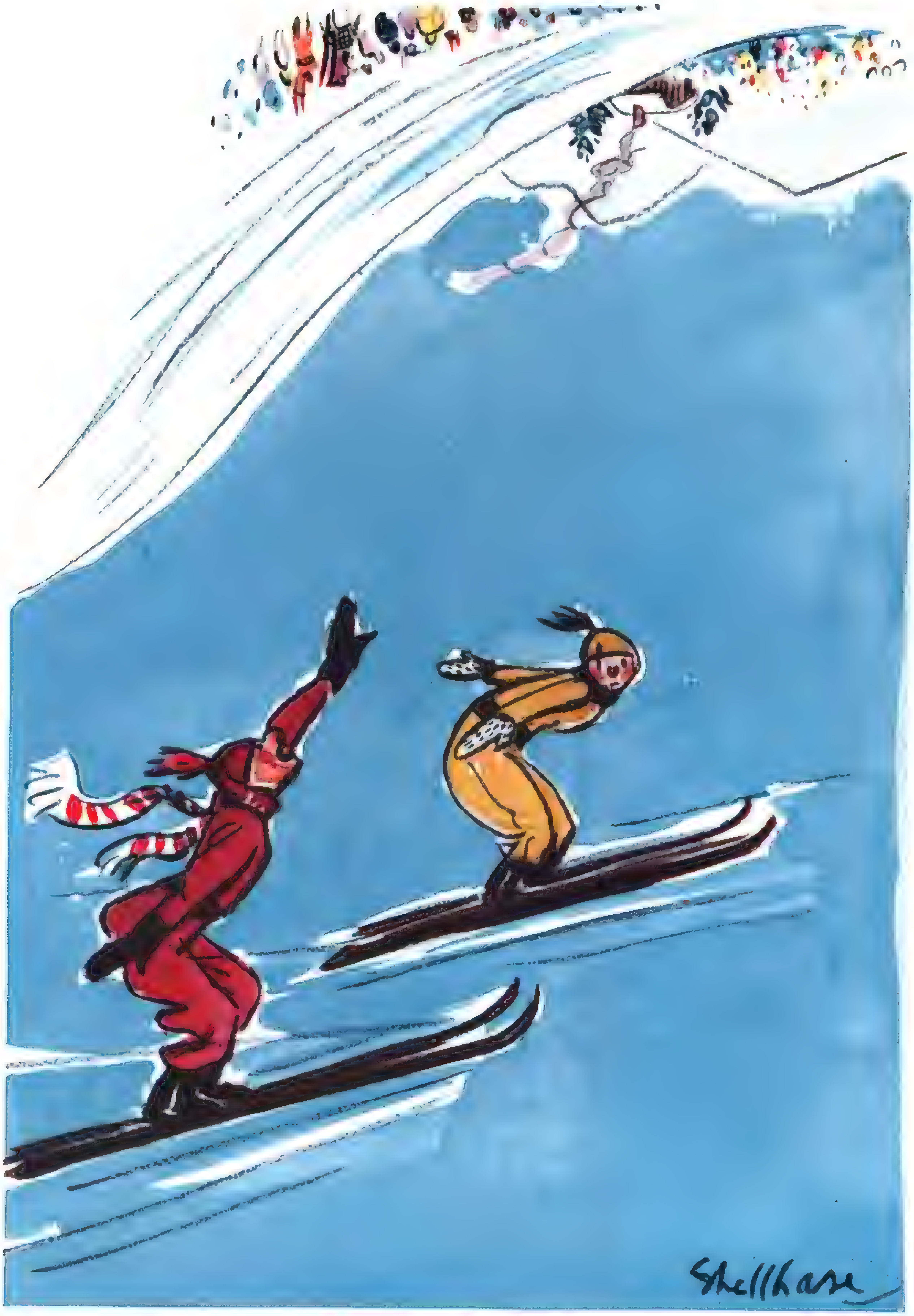
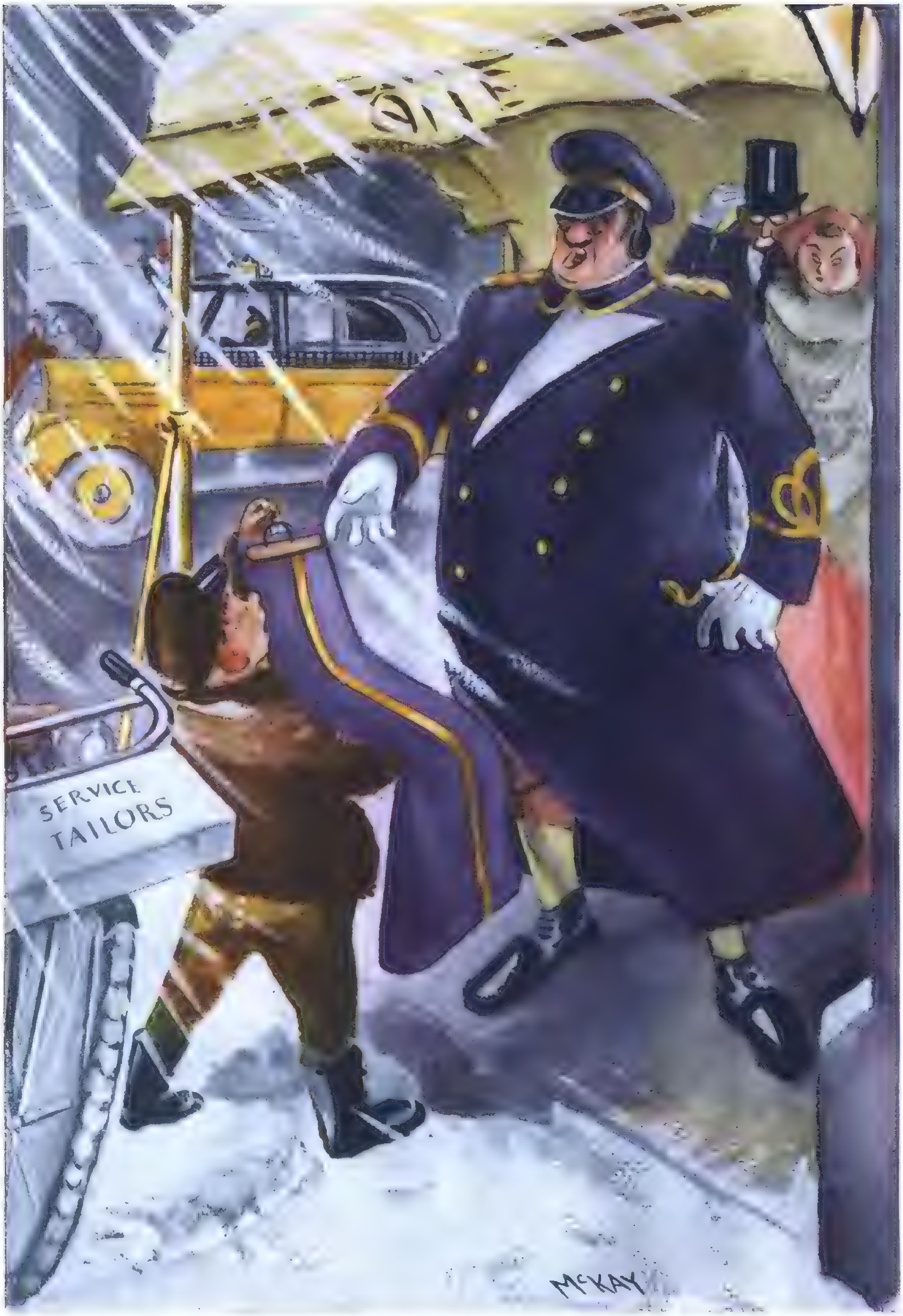


"Something's wrong, Charlie—those people are supposed to be below us"


SERVICE
TAILORS
McKAY

"It's about time!!—I'm freezing!"

Subject: Resignation

He kept saying it was nice to be free and alive—and you seldom see the moon from a prison cell

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

Bill Sully twisted another sheet of paper into his portable. It was his fifth effort to word his resignation in such a way as to appear unconnected with the Rauson business. He wrote:

"From: William S. Sully
To: Regional office, Department of Justice
Subject: Resignation
I wish to submit my resignation, to take effect immediately. After many years of pleasant association it is with regret that, for personal reasons, I find myself unable to continue my duties as a member of the department. Sincerely,
William S. Sully"

That would do, he thought. Then he put an official report blank in his typewriter and began to write, under the heading, Rauson—Final Disposition:

"On July 5 the department assigned me to the Rauson case. We had just received advices cabled from the Cuban authorities that the man we had sent out circulars on had been apprehended in Havana, but had consequently made good his escape. I proceeded on my assignment to Cuba by air, and after some investigation picked up his description from the mate of a tramp steamer returning from Port-au-Prince. I immediately procured passage, arriving in the republic July 9th."

Sully paused, read over the paragraph, his memory attempting to recall his impressions. Up from the wharves, in the treeless plaza, filthy black humans sprawled in the gutters, glazed eyes staring at nothing. Strips of discolored meat hung in the sun to dry, their juices sucked off by hordes of flies. Mango stones and plantain skins, fish skeletons and sugar canes lay strewn and rotting in the streets. Sully's whites seemed parochial and affected in this grimy and fetid atmosphere. The sweating market women in their stained and patched Mother Hubbards grinned up at him disdainfully.

"*Vous êtes le bienvenu, 'sieur.*"

"We poor people, 'sieur. De sugar is not do so good dees time. A few centimes, perhaps a gourde. De leedle ones must eat."

He tossed the beggars a few coins and hurried on through the stinking bazaars. The plaster city clung to the black hills that rose steeply from the sea and were lost in a fog of humid heat. Vessels with slimy waterlines lay uneasily, sweltering, in the blue harbor. A glittering sail bobbed, becalmed, in the great waterway of La Gonave. A stench of raucous smells hung heavily in the lifeless air. The sun was a burning ray, as though concentrated through a huge magnifying glass. Buzzards wheeled in the sapphire sky above the shimmering white rooftops.

Sully continued with his report. "I immediately repaired to the headquarters of the Haitian Constabulary, whose officers courteously promised me their fullest co-operation." Sully had been given to understand from the mate of the tramp steamer which had brought him to Haiti that since the occupation of the Marines, culminating in some playful mockery at the statue of Dessalines, co-operation would probably amount to courteous promises. They would not prevent extradition, of course. But he would have to do his apprehending single-handed if he did any at all.

"I then continued to the hotel, trying meanwhile to evolve some reasonable plan of search and inquiry."

It would amount to a tricky little piece of bloodhounding, he had told himself, wondering if mint juleps were procurable. A half naked black youngster jogged alongside him. "Misser, I show you find de 'otel for cheap. I be nice guide all ober place, Misser."

"I don't need a guide all over the place, sonny," Sully had laughed. "Run along."

He smiled now at the memory of the tattered native lad. He'd decided the best thing to do would be to hang around the hotel and keep his eyes open. Rauson would be an easy bird to spot, a two hundred pounder, complexion black as coal, long Roman nose. The department had supplied him with excellent photographs. Rauson wouldn't be fool enough to stop at the hotel, of course, but Sully believed that if he were still in Haiti a few judicious inquiries might give him a lead.

"I pretty first-class guide, show you night life, plenty hot stuff, speak Engleesh in dis way, very cheap, Misser, you can't go wrong. You like buy rum? Nice case rum, Misser Feller, Sarthe brand, get drunk prac'ly no time, hot stuff." The ragamuffin at his side had been a persistent little cuss. Sully laughed at the tattered, diminutive bandit.

"Beat it before I kick what's left of those pants off, kid. Here's a nickel."

He considered for another moment and then went on writing. "Judicious inquiries at the hotel led to nothing." The place had been full of sweating tourists and close-mouthed native employes from whom he had been able to elicit no information whatever.

Travelers were able to regale him, however, with precise information concerning the whereabouts, habits, and movements of those elusive wraiths called zombies—information no doubt culled directly from other travelers. Rauson seemed to be beating the zombies at their own game, for at the end of three weeks Sully was no nearer to discovering him than when he had landed. He might have slipped away, but Sully thought it unlikely. He had watched every vessel leaving port, gone over the lists with a fine-tooth comb.

"I checked every possible source of information in the following three weeks, but it was not until July 25th that I uncovered something definite to go on. A

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

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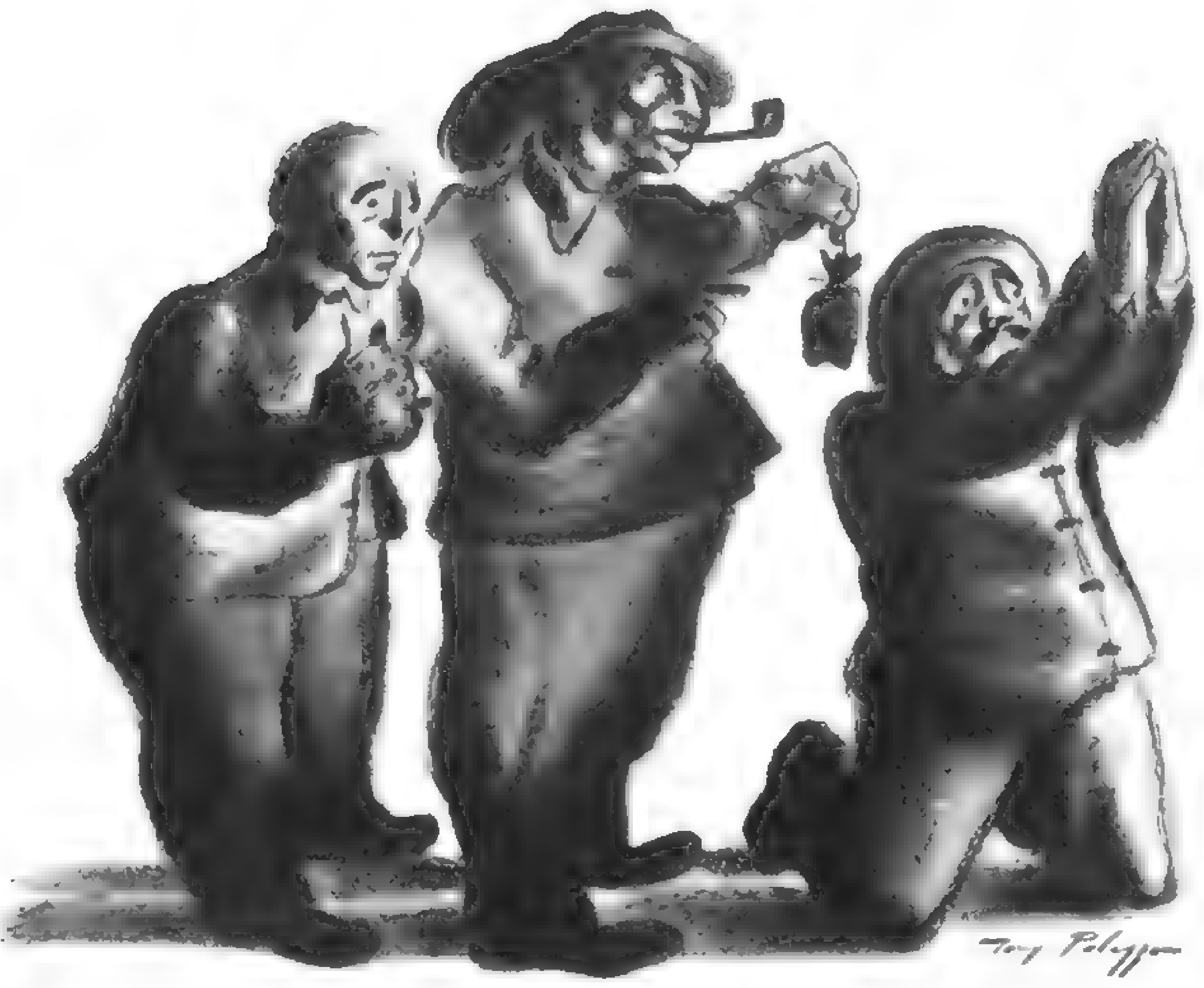
The Sea Witch of Gloucester

There was gear in the dunnage of Bowleg Bill that no God-fearing fisherman would ever take to sea

by JEREMIAH DIGGES

SATIRE



Tony Fayal he is my dorymate. But Tony he comes to me before we clear Gloucester for the Banks, and he says:

"Man'eel, I stay ashore this trip." And I say:

"Tony, why you stay ashore?" And he says:

"Man'eel, last night the door at my house swings open in a dead calm." And I say:

"Tony, you throw a knife to the floor behind that door. If the knife sticks, you are all right, you go fishing." And he says:

"Man'eel, last night the milk goes sour at my house."

"Tony," I say, "you see this?" And I hand him my *areliques*—my pocket charm. It is a leather pouch, this charm, with one ply of three-corner *alhos* inside—what you call, garlic. And this *areliques* with three-corner garlic will scare the divil himself out of a stove boat two fathom from hell. And I say, "Tony, this is very able *areliques*. You take this. You will be all right, you go fishing."

"Man'eel," he says, "last night I got a *sinal*—a dream—and I see myself rigged up with wings. I fly through the sky on the starboard tack, I fly through the sky on the port tack, I heave to on a soft cloud, and I bounce up and down and I am very happy. Then my wife wakes me up and asks me where the hell do I think I am. I tell her I dreamed I was up in heaven. Man'eel, I stay ashore this trip."

"Tony," I say, "give me back my *areliques*. I think you better stay ashore."

So, I ain't got no dorymate. And I can't go myself, shipmates, on a trawler to the Banks, without no dorymate. I go aboard to tell the skipper.

"I know all about it," the skipper says. "Man'eel, I got you a new dorymate." And he takes me for'ard to shake hands with him.

And the minute I see him I know he is a jonah. I feel in my pocket for my *areliques*.

His name is Bowleg Bill. He ain't Portuguese, he ain't Italian, he ain't Nova Scotian. And he ain't a furriner, so what the hell is he?

Well, he is eight foot high, this Bowleg Bill, and on his head is the God-damnedest sou'wester I ever seen a man wear—with a brim reaching six inches to any point of the compass and a crown that will easy hold ten gallon if you was to use it for a clam-dreaner. And I know he is a jonah because he is whistling a tune—whistling aboard the vessel while she is in port!

When he shakes hands, this Bowleg Bill, he says "howdy." And when he is through smashing the bones in my fingers, he shows his teeth and says to the skipper:

"I h'ain't never worked in double harness, boss, but I reckon we kin pull together over the bad passes. Eh, pardner?"

"Man'eel," the skipper says to me in Portuguese, "he may talk like there is a plank started somewhere, but the cut of his jib looks all right to me. Maybe you will get used to him."

I don't say nothing, but I notice this Bowleg Bill is wearing lady's heels to his shoes, and then I notice, by God, he has got wheels to his heels! And I notice he carries his dunnage rolled up in a suit of blankets, and there is gear sticking out of there which no God-fearing fisherman has ever took to sea! And I make up my mind I will get out of there when the skipper does.

"Carlos," I tell the skipper when we are on deck again, "I stay ashore this trip."

"Man'eel," he says, "why you stay ashore?"

"Carlos," I say, "this man is a jonah."

"Man'eel," he says, "the only jonah a man has got to be afraid of is a *faticeira.** And a *faticeira* is a woman. This feller ain't no Portuguese, he ain't no Italian, he ain't no Nova Scotian. But I will lay you ten to one he ain't no woman. No, Man'eel, you are all right, you go fishing this trip."

So, I go fishing.

But before we up-anchor, I pick the silver filling out of my jury-tooth and I hammer it into the mainmast-step, because the divil and all his crew is disabled with anything silver; I take the galley-cat ashore and I leave her there, in case she carries a gale in her tail; and I put a whistle in my pocket, so I can whistle for a wind in case we are becalmed. And on our course down to the east'ard, I remind all the boys to heave their pennies on the Lucky Rock, for a good fare of fish.

When we have heaved our pennies on the Lucky Rock, we set the watch and turn in. But in the morning, I am sitting on the edge of my bunk, 'thwart-ships from this Bowleg Bill, and I notice there is two people in his bunk. One of them is a woman.

I go aft to the skipper.

"Carlos," I say, "put back for Gloucester. I stay ashore this trip."

"Man'eel," he says, "why you stay ashore?"

So I tell him. And all the boys are coming aft now, and telling him to put back for Gloucester. So he takes one look below in the fo'c'sle, and he says:

"We put back for Gloucester. Boys, we all stay ashore this trip."

But the skipper is too late. Bowleg Bill's woman slips up on deck, and now I see her and I know she is a *faticeira*. I see her standing in the bow, with a bag of beach-pebbles. She tosses up a hand of pebbles, and it breezes up a capful of wind. And I yell down to the skipper:

"Carlos! She is a *faticeira!*"

I take out my *areliques* and I wave it at her, but she laughs in my face and tosses up another hand of pebbles, and it blows up a stiff breeze. And I see that this is one God-damned able *faticeira*.

"Carlos!" I call to the skipper. "We are all *enfeitissar!*"* I hurry towards her.

I try to get that bag of pebbles away from her but she runs aft. And now she is leaning against the mainmast, where I have hammered the silver filling to my jury-tooth in the step. But she only laughs at me again and heaves up more pebbles, and it blows up half a gale. The vessel starts to roll and pitch, and I see now, the silver

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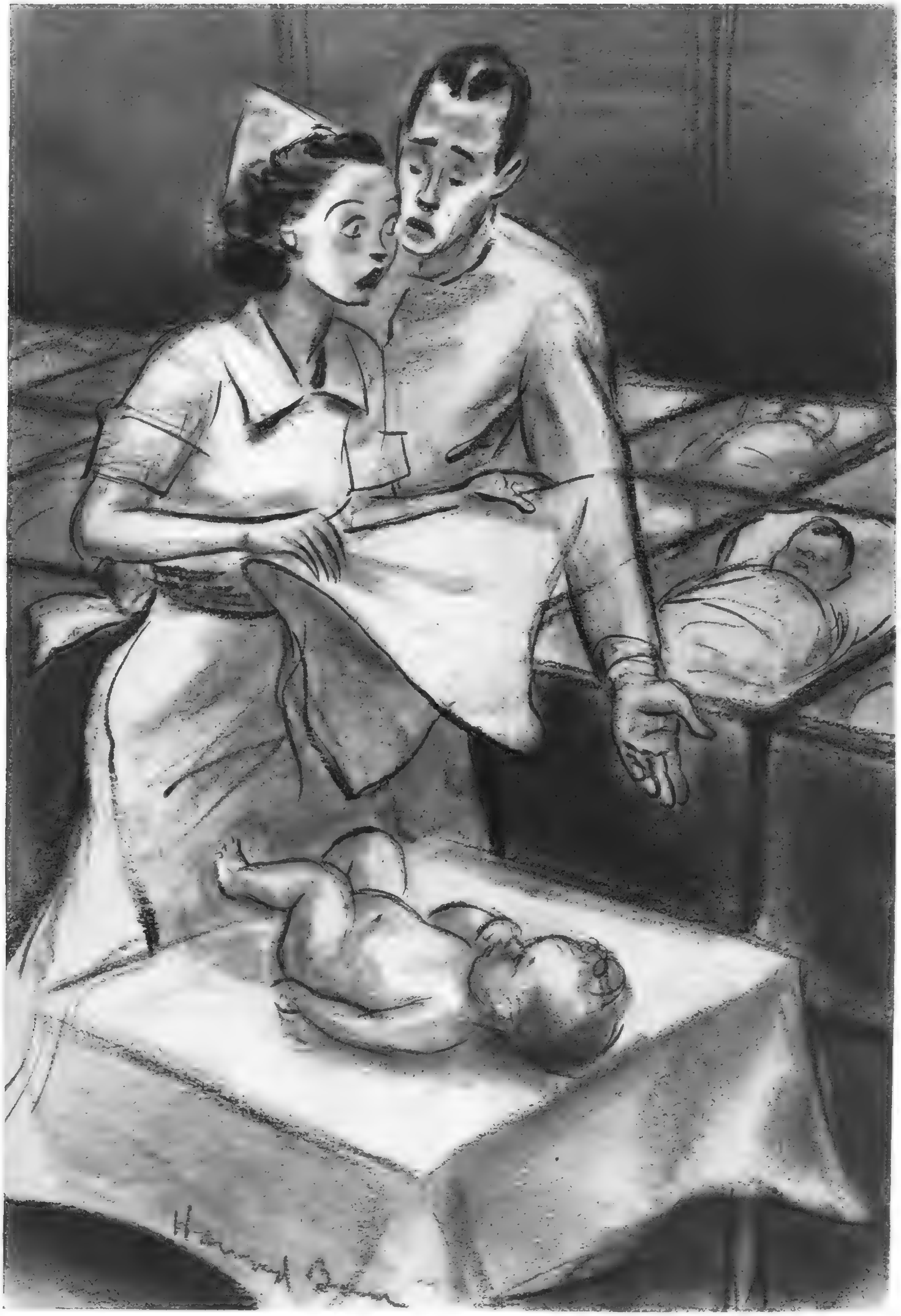
*Pronounced *fate-sade-ah*—Portuguese sea witch.

*Pronounced *en-fate-sahd*—under the spell of the *faticeira*.



"Marry me, darling, and I'll take you away from all this"

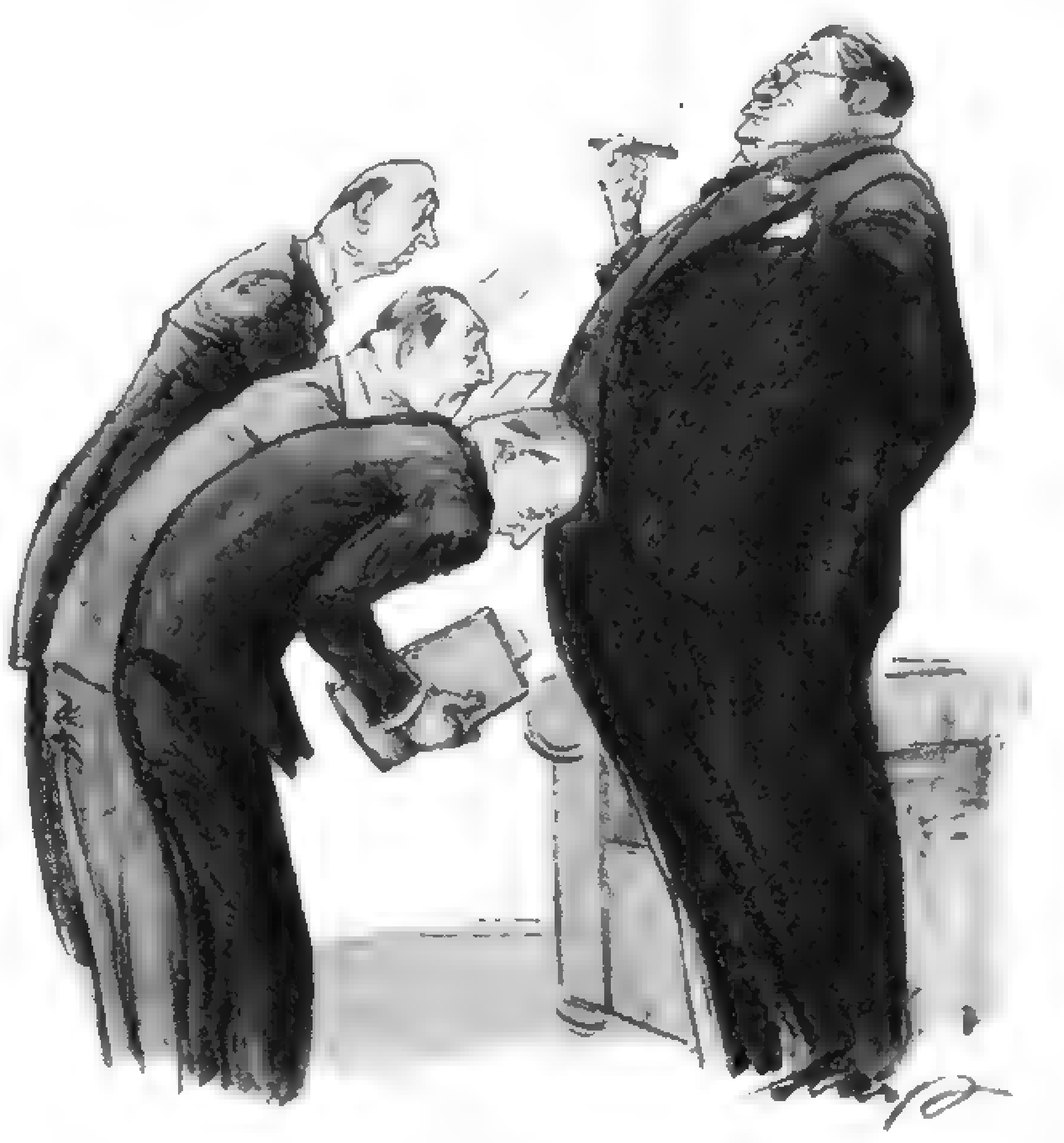
The President's Report

He thought it would be great sport to ferret out the gossip about his firm and grab another sop for his vanity

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

• FICTION •

The fifty-year-old man who was sitting in the tile bathtub, washing his back with the red rubber sponge, was a monster. Corpulent, brutal, paunchy. On his left calf there was a well-developed knot of varicose veins; on each of his feet two toes had grown together. This last deformity was the result of a youthful vanity which made him wear too tight-fitting shoes for years.



The barber was waiting beside the bathtub. When the man stepped out of the water, he politely held his terry cloth bathrobe for him. Lightly rubbing his body, he dried him; lathered his face; shaved him. Then, while he powdered his cheeks, he referred to "His Excellency's tough whiskers" in a eulogizing tone as if tough whiskers constituted some exceptional personal attribute, like beauty. Perhaps the barber's remark contributed to the delight he felt on examining his bullish face in the mirror while he sprayed his double chin and his chest with Yardley's lavender.

The valet came and dressed him. In his dark-gray suit—made by the best tailor in town—which completely concealed his paunch, the man no longer looked so monstrous. He seemed to radiate an attitude of limitless self-satisfaction. Such haughtiness that even the chambermaid did not dare raise her eyes while she announced:

"Her Excellency would like to have Your Excellency step into her room before you leave."

The man nodded and entered the semi-dark, mauve, feminine bedroom, which was full of stagnant warmth and sweetish sleeping-smell.

"Hello, Renée!" he said superciliously to the very pretty, twenty-five-year-old, white skinned, blonde woman who was lolling among her lacy pillows.

The woman smiled coquettishly:

"Come here, *mutzi*. Sit down on the side of my bed for a minute. Come closer to me . . . Oh, you smell so fresh! I heard you in your bath . . . The shower woke me . . . That awful splashing in the tub . . . You big baby . . ."

"Why did you call me?" the monster asked with dignity.

The woman whined, rolling her eyes:

"For nothing in particular . . . Only for my little good-morning kiss . . . You have been leaving home for the last three days as if you were living in a hotel."

The husband condescendingly kissed his young wife's nose and forehead. Then he left her with the puffed-up pride of a bashaw of the old school saying farewell to his rather tedious odalisque.

The chauffeur noiselessly opened the door of the limousine before him. All of the President's day had such a successful beginning. The world lay at his feet. The barber, the chambermaid, the valet, his wife, the chauffeur, the doorman in the building of his company. His secretary, his office manager, all the officers, and the typists were ready to fall prostrate as soon as they saw him.

"Well, my dear Mr. Fekete, what do you think the Bourse will be like today?" the President turned to one of the senior officers.

"That's a good one! My word, the General is asking me, when I would be willing to play my underwear on one of his tips!" the old man flattered him, and then discreetly disappeared.

Ella appeared with her stenographic notebook and five grade B Kohinoor pencils. She sat down beside the massive desk, very modestly and very coquettishly, her mouth poppy-colored with rouge.

The President fixed his bullish, nut-brown eyes upon her.

"You always look rather pretty, my child. You look as if you had stepped out of a bandbox."

The girl smiled with her plucked eyebrows and rouged lips.

"I must confess a secret, Mr. President. Before I come in here I always primp up outside the door . . ."

The President nodded haughtily, signaling that he understood the hint. He looked at the girl searchingly, as if trying to follow the line of her neck under the blouse. Momentarily he thought that, although it was against his principles to become involved with employees, still, perhaps . . . Once or twice only, if it goes smoothly . . . He began pondering whether the girl would be worth the diamond pin or the ivory manicure set that he would bestow upon her as an honorarium, once and forever. He dictated a few sentences and then let the girl go.

A client came whom he immediately lectured concerning certain phenomena of the business world. Generally speaking, the President enjoyed lecturing. When he played bridge he was reproaching Wisdom personified. When he conversed, he presided.

In the evening the President went to the theatre. He sat in the first row, naturally. He sensed a blue flash on his *plastron*. Nothing! Only the violet-eyed prima donna was sending him a special, intimate glance from the stage. A tedious wench. Knew her well offstage.

The first act was over; the curtain fell, and there was the polite applause customary at premières. The President, however, did not clap. The chalk-white author could see only that a corpulent, tuxedoed shape haughtily turned his back to the whole stage in his seat; then rose lazily and began plowing his way out with a face on which is written: "he is going to speak evil."

Which did happen. In the foyer, between two cigarettes, the President expounded to the gentlemen who gathered about him that the play was bad, and that the prima donna (the same who had honored him with a special glance) was past forty.

It was nearly half-past-eleven when the President could finally sit down to dinner. He was dining with his mistress in the Ritz. A dead place, but what could he do if there was nothing better in this wretched Budapest? He cast an annihilating glance at the little rubber-wheeled cart the waiter had pushed up beside him, laden with a colorful orgy of beautifully prepared *hors d'oeuvres.*

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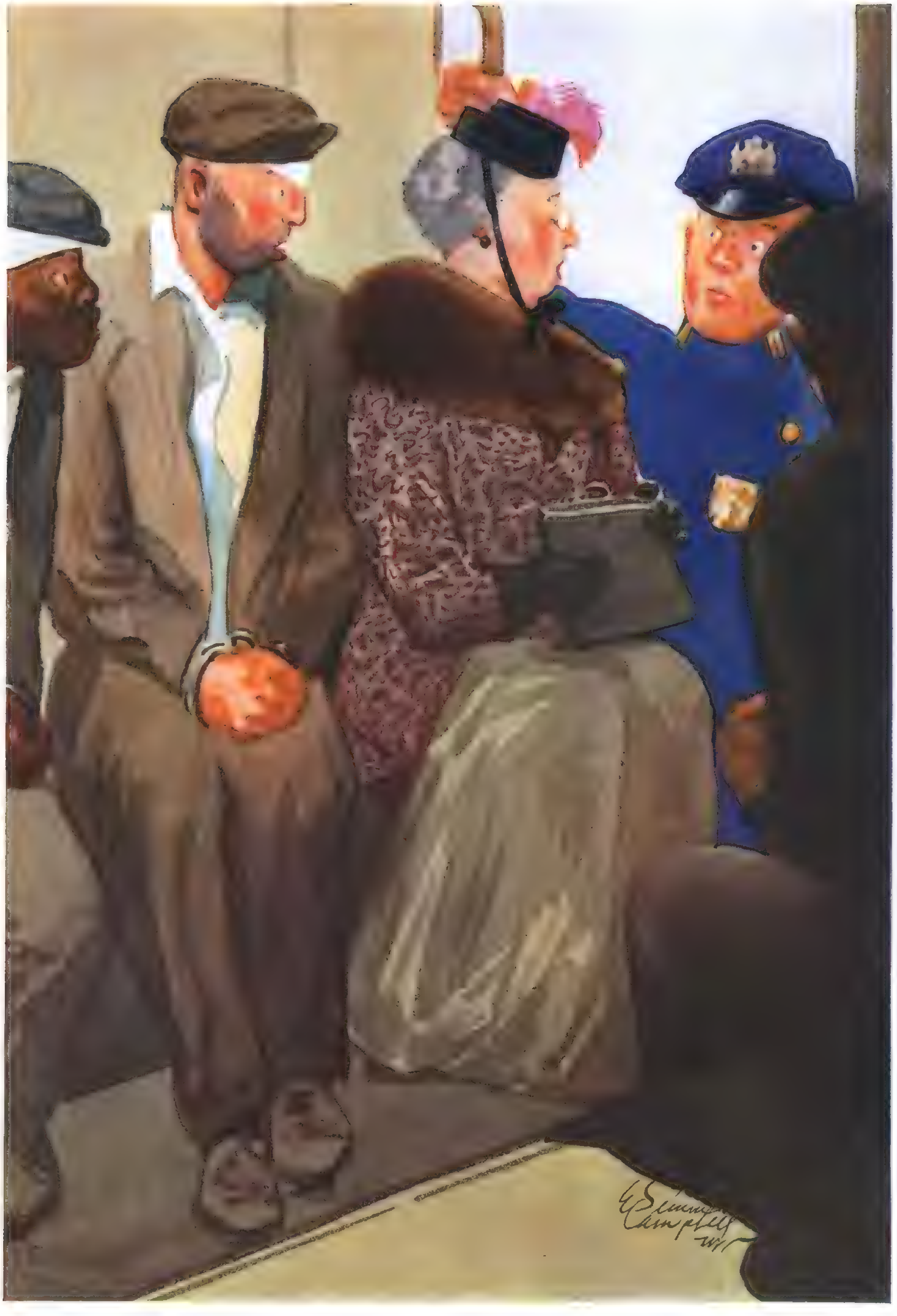
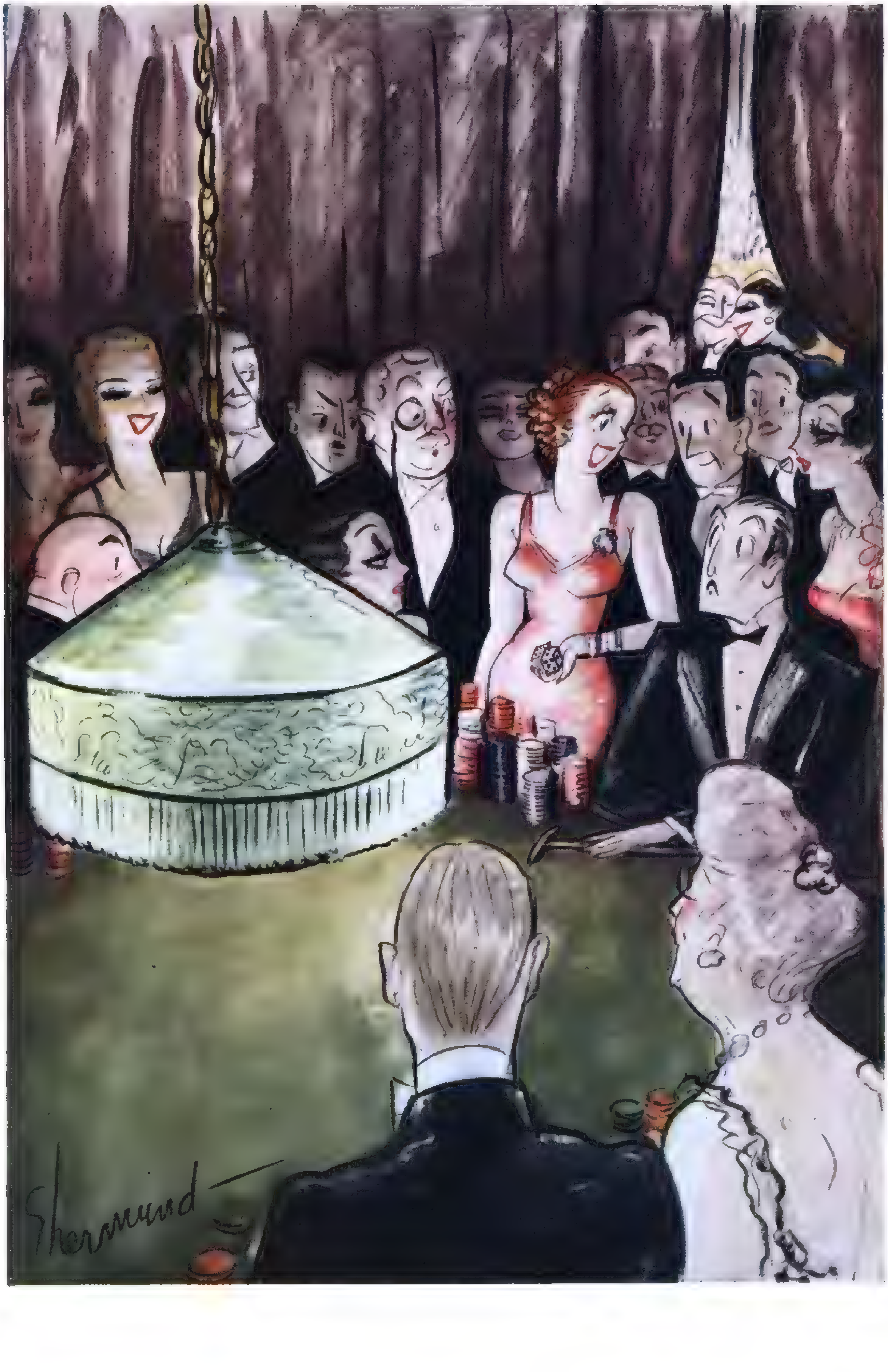


E. Simms Campbell

"Oh—then you're not a conductor—and this isn't the Fifth Avenue bus?"



"But it's not fair to you—I may keep on throwing sevens all night"

How Dim-Brained Can a Star Be?

If you aren't so hot on the golf links you can just tell the boys that you're hampered by an over-developed cerebrum

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

Less than a warranted amount of scientific follow-up has been granted to flippantly sincere confessions of great athletes who have admitted "athletes are dumb."

It was thought to be merely an entertaining, modest statement when Robert T. Jones, Jr., the historic golfer, was quoted as having opined that all good golfers may not be stupid but it would help them if they were. Joe Kirkwood, who knows so many ways to play good golf he never has won a major championship, put the Jones idea in stronger words. Joe, being a professional, simply said, "to be a great golfer you must be brainless." That remark was so blunt Joseph was scolded by his sensitive fellows.

Analysis of the Jones and Kirkwood statements by competent authorities explains much of the miserable golf shot by businessmen who are sound of body, limb, wind and thirst. These men rush to the first tee with their higher brain centers active, then attempt to tackle a game that is best played with the brain in a deep sleep. The conflict of the conscious brain and the sub-conscious nerve and muscle organization, completely ruins the physical functioning required for golf. Let that cheer you, friend. Your golf or other athletic performances may be bad because you are inclined to think about making a living, which is something that won't be held against you by the public.

However, it is not the declarations of The Great Men in a "tells all" mood that establishes a mental fog as a desirable athletic factor. The truth is that authorities of the medical, surgical and psychiatric field who know how athletes are fearfully and wonderfully made, confirm in fact the basic value of dumbness in an athlete.

To these experts the athlete is a laboratory specimen. To the sports reporter the athlete is a subject who must be made into a colorful public character if there is the slightest opportunity. Therefore, the public idea of athletes which is obtained from sports page yarns is based on fundamentally physical scores interpreted on a brilliantly imaginative basis by the reporter who must put mentality into making a picturesque story. Naturally, then, there's more mentality introduced into the report than was present in the actual athletic performance. Excellent fiction writers like Lardner, Runyon and Gallico don't graduate from sports by accident. They received splendid training in fiction by writing first-class interviews after sessions with athletes in which the athletes actually kept to a limited lexicon of two score words, the most frequently used being "yeah" and "naw" and "I dun know."

Dazed mentalities of athletes often are responsible for apparently spectacular triumphs of the performers' intellects. When a fellow takes a chance in football, baseball, or with a golf shot, and the result is unexpectedly successful, the athlete is given credit for deep and unique thought whereas the fact usually is that the decision to attempt the unique was made automatically and without genuine employment of the intellect. This discovery was made by psychiatrists and physiologists after extensive questioning of star athletes of various mental types; some of the athletes questioned being rather dull intellectually and the minority being gifted with the type of mentality that is susceptible to divorce from predominantly physical enterprises.

Occasionally the athlete will try to analyze himself and his performances and wind up in a tangle of contradictions. When the athlete thinks, he slumps as an athlete. Analysis, which demands thinking, is a function of the higher intellectual organization. Athletic performance is mainly automatic in response to thoughtless impulses. When the higher and the lower brain regions get into a jam, athletic performance is certain to suffer.

On what the doctors know about physiology the late Arthur Brisbane's crack about an ape being able to lick any two heavyweight pugilists was the soundest possible forecast of a fight result. On scientific knowledge the perennial argument about the comparative merits of Sullivan vs. Dempsey and Sullivan vs. Tunney could be settled conclusively—at least conclusively so far as the scientists are concerned. Sullivan in his prime could wham the blazing hell out of the two white modern stars of the heavyweight class when they were at their peaks, so the veteran physiological authorities reason. They base their answer on Sullivan's superior animality. Brains, they can prove by science, are no asset to the fighter unless functioning in an elementary way. It was when Sullivan misused his higher mentality in getting drunk that old John L. lost his advantage of animal characteristics in pugilism, which is the form of athletics that most highly glorifies the animal.

When it comes to comparing Sullivan against Joe Louis, the edge, according to the physiological authorities, would still be with Sullivan, but simply because Sullivan was a much larger, stronger animal. Louis, at his best, could have beaten Dempsey and Tunney, according to this reasoning, because Louis is more the animal type than Dempsey or Tunney and is less the victim of brain, the curse upon the athlete.

Louis getting "smart" got himself whipped. Failure to rely on fundamentally animal tactics calling upon the speedy, spontaneous reaction of the lower brain centers, and an awkward attempt at slower work with the thinking organization, caused Louis' defeat by Schmeling.

The comparatively recent presentation of a corps of Negro athletes as record-breakers is easily explained by the doctors and fits exactly into their theory that primarily, the more brainless the athlete, the better the athlete. The rise of the colored kids to stardom is the result of the colored youths now having more opportunity to compete in athletics. The colored kid can act more like an animal as he is less apt, because of environment and education, to deliberately think. The white boy is handicapped in athletic performance by having had more contact with what is conveniently called civilization.

The hunch that there might be some characteristic physical differences between the black and white athletes has been found baseless by investigators who have recorded measurements of numerous athletes of both colors. Pigmentation is the physical difference between the Caucasians and the Negroes.

Some alarm has been expressed by whites who have a vision of the colored boys taking command of the prize fighting arena. There is no need of being alarmed about a sure thing. Already signs of the inevitable are apparent in the gigantic Golden Gloves amateur boxing field.

The Golden Gloves amateur boxing event is the largest and most strenuously athletic of all sporting events in the country. It

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Gourmet's Guide to Mexico

Hints on the milder Mexican foods and how to put out the fire after you've had a bite of *mole poblano*

by FRANK C. HANIGHEN

• ARTICLE •

It's foolish to insist that you can't eat Mexican food. But you have to be cautious. To swallow rashly a mouthful of *mole poblano* will bring tears to your eyes, perspiration from unsuspected pores and send you back permanently to beefsteak and potatoes. The Mexican cuisine, at its best, is not too hot for a Nordic palate—if eaten wisely. I can guide you to, and through a dinner in Mexico City which will stimulate your taste glands and respect your membranes.

Come with me to the *Mitla*.

The Mitla restaurant is in another part of Mexico City, virtually another world from Sanborn's, that refuge of the tourist, where one can eat Yankee pot roast and noodles to the sound of Anglo-Saxon syllables. Quite different is the Mitla; no curio stores or postcard shops surround it. It stands in a narrow, typically Mexican street, where Indian peons from the country mingle with Spanish business men, where lottery vendors gabble and señoras with black mantillas promenade. The Mitla is the Larue's, the Laperouse, the Foyot's of the Mexican cuisine.

It's a bit arty, I admit. Too consciously has some artist labored to give an effect of Aztec lines and angles, tropical reds and purples. But, for the newcomer, it's a rather fitting prelude to the food.

Call the waitress, a sloe-eyed Indian wench and point to an item on the menu reading "guacamole." It consists of soft, juicy alligator pears, (far more succulent than in the States) beaten to a creamy paste with garlic, tomatoes and correndo leaves. It is cool and delicious. A bourgeois dish—the pockmarked Indian knows it not. Guacamole is the principal hors-d'oeuvre of Mexico.

The ingredients of guacamole differ according to the fancies of the cooks. In the classier restaurants, it is like a soft purée in which, perhaps, some Gallicized chef has dropped a bit of anisette. Hig' lif' (high-life) Mexico eats it with lettuce. Mexicans who insist on their ancestral customs grate the onions rather large and place the mixture on a toasted *tortilla*.

With the *tortilla*, we enter the dinner proper and Indian Mexico at the same time. Made of corn in central Mexico, of wheat in the north, of banana-flour in the south, it is the staff of life for 99 per cent of all Mexicans. These little cakes, flat as a pancake and round as a sombrero are at once knife, fork and plate for the descendants of Montezuma.

A peon, doubling it up, scoops beans in its folds as in a spoon. Or using it like a nippers, he will pick up a piece of meat. Middle-class Mexicans employ it, as the Frenchman does his bread, to soak up remnants of a precious sauce.

In the Mitla *tortillas* are served in a napkin to keep them warm. To a northern taste, they may seem rather leathery. Americans often like them toasted, *tostadas*, or better still, wrapped around a mélange of meat and vegetables, *enchiladas*. (Toasted *enchiladas* are called *tacos*.)

But we aren't going to have *enchiladas*, which is a main course in itself. For today is *mole de guajalote* day at the Mitla. In Mexico City, or fifty miles away in the little village of Tepostlan, where folk live now much as they did before the Conquest, a peon will tell you, "Today's fiesta; two turkeys died." This extraordinary bird, first beheld by Cortez a century before the Pilgrims landed, is the dish de luxe for a wedding, birthday or saint's festival. *Guajalotes* are driven through the streets of the city in herds (train your camera on a fleet of these) purchased by the *cocineros*, killed for grand occasions and served with the most sublime sauce in the Mexican cookbook.

Write it down, *mole poblano*. Eat it, and weep, literally. For, if you are a novice, I fear that this sauce is far too torrid for your transborder taste. Accordingly, I suggest a compromise.

There are two kinds of *mole: mole poblano* ("*mole* of the people"), very rich and hot; and *mole verde* (green *mole*), often less torrid and certainly a lighter concoction. The latter is often served in a side dish. Therefore, order *guajalote* plain, with a saucer of *verde* and season your turkey, according to your *mole* tolerance, just as Americans in the East Indies experiment cautiously with little vials of curry on their *reistaffel*.

Later when you become as Mexican as Stuart Chase or Carleton Beals, you can progress to *poblano*. More than a dozen ingredients go into it: at least three kinds of peppers, almonds, chocolate, bits of tortilla, tomatoes, peanuts, piñon nuts, squash seeds, garlic, cinnamon, ginger, anis, marjoram, etc. Plastered, a thick brown, over the regal white of the *guajalote*, it is an exquisite sauce for those who are acclimated.

I counsel all Americans, who are adventurous enough to disregard my instructions on *mole*, to provide themselves with a cold bottle of beer for the first mouthful; or better still, some *chia*, a cool green sage-water; or some other refresco, such as *horchata*, a cinnamon-flavored barley water or *jamaica*, a pink beverage most soothing to an outraged whistle. A fermented pineapple juice called *tepache* can assist mastication.

Mole is the best and the worst of it—so far as sauces are concerned. You'll encounter others redder in color, but no more torrid or insidious than *mole*. And you'll find them at other restaurants less consciously Mexican than the Mitla.

I have in mind the *Antojitos Mexicanos*, a small unpretentious place in the Calle San Juan de Letran. There's no Aztec art on the walls, but plenty is lavished on the food. *Mole* is good here, and the *enchiladas* contain real chicken—no pork, a very suspect and unhygienic meat in Mexico. In few other places will you taste such *tamales*.

A word of warning about *tamales*. In the first place, unless you have a voracious appetite order a *tamal* (singular). In many places in Mexico, they are of heroic size. Also they are doughier, hotter and taste more strongly of the corn-husk in which they are wrapped than the kind you buy in the States. I can't feel enthusiasm for them, although they have a high, an almost sacerdotal prestige in the land of the Eagle and Serpent. Aztec priests, after performing those interesting operations on the bodies of sacrificial victims were wont to refresh themselves with the *tamal*.

It may be a trick of memory, but it seems to me that the humble *frijol* is most tastefully served at *Los Monotes*, a little hole in the wall where you can dine well (in the Mexican manner) before going to the nearby Lirico Theatre. (Look at the original Orozco and

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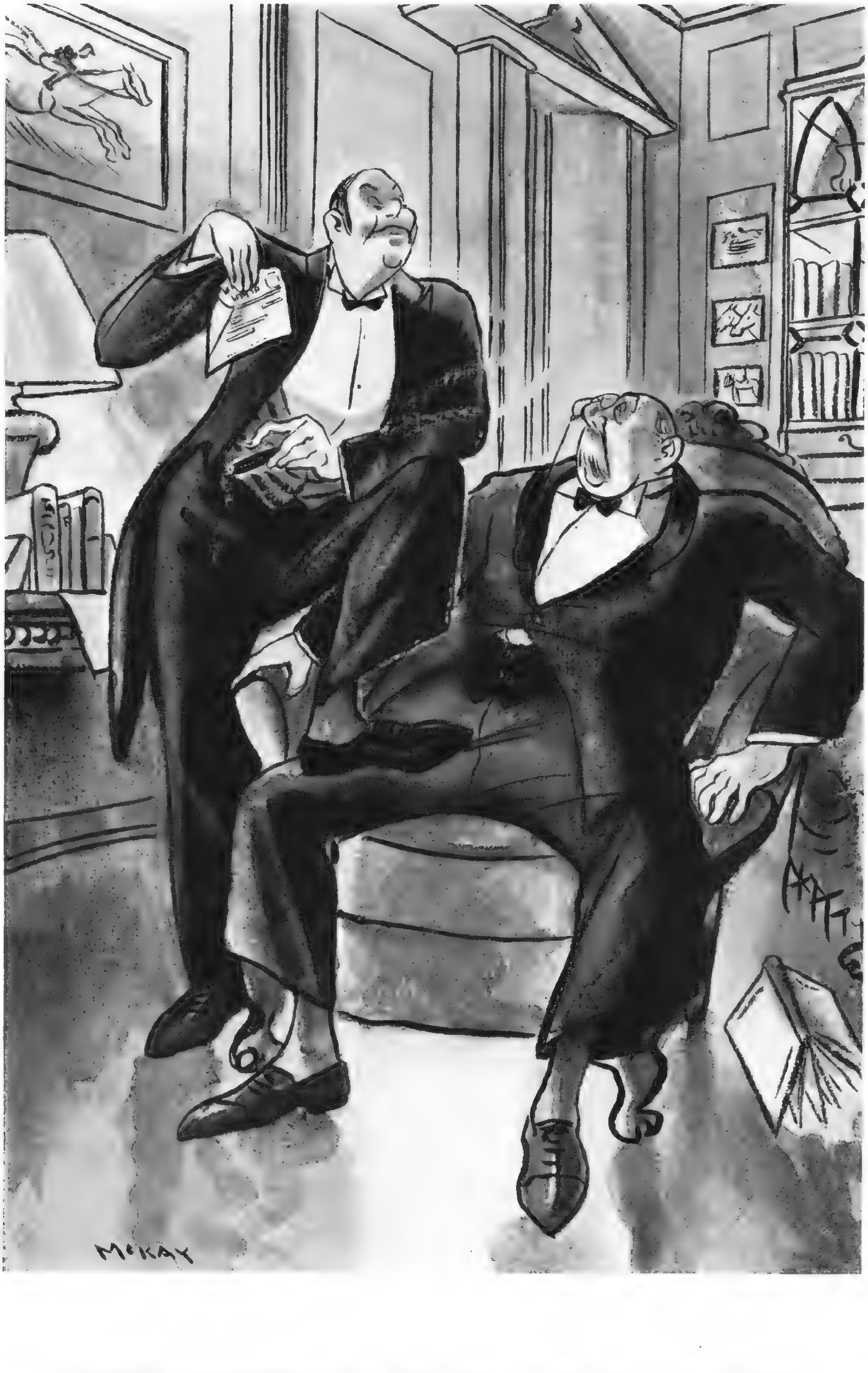
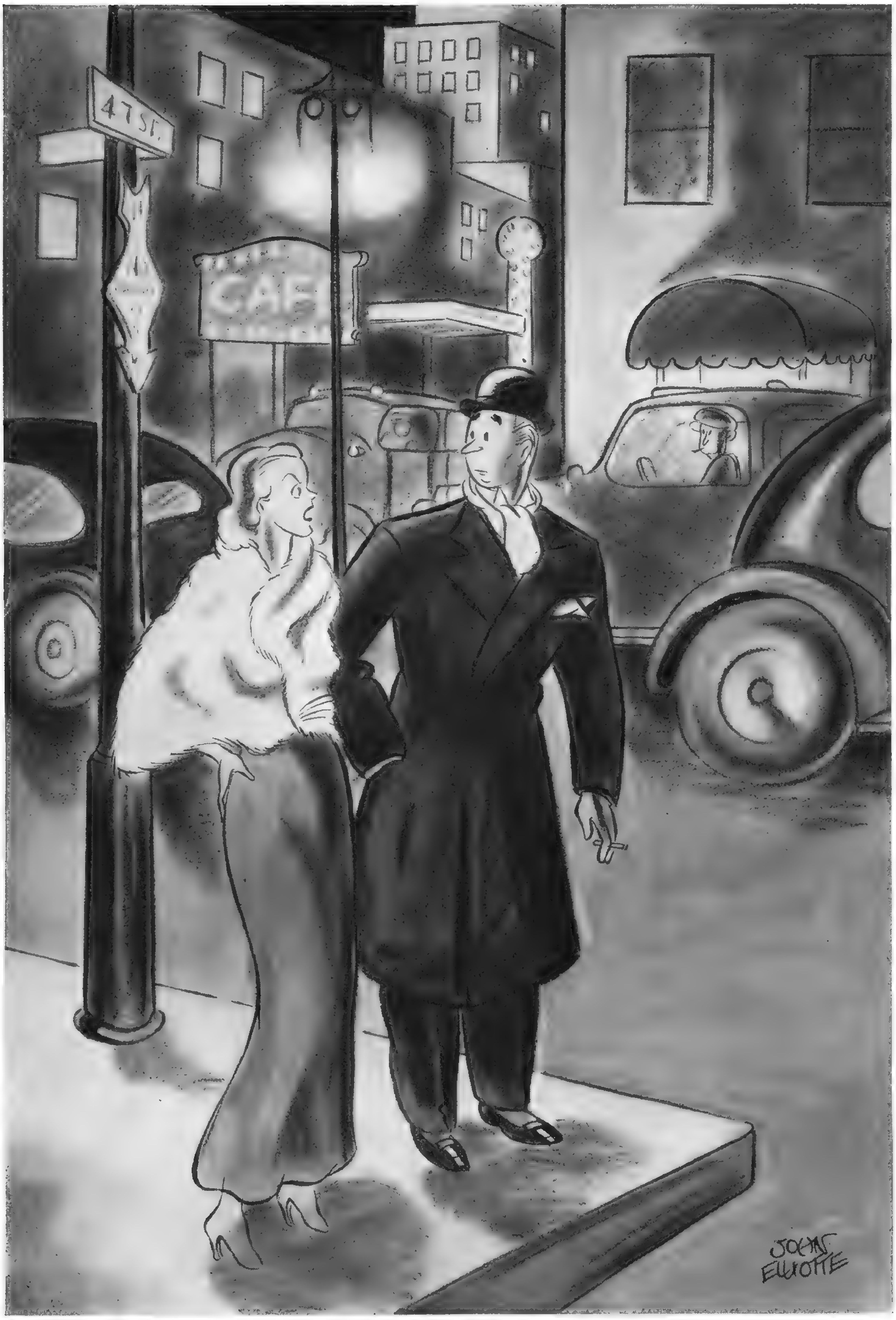


"I said I just heard that I won First Prize in the Sweepstakes, Sir!"


47 ST.
CAFE
JOHN ELLIOTTE

"Stop telling me how proud you are to be seen on the street with me and call a cab!"

Rudy, Radio and Rapture

How Rudy Vallee, after crooning his way into fame as a glamor boy from Yale, made an honest man of himself

by ROBERT J. LANDRY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Radio, back in 1929, was as homefolksy as grandpa's red flannel drawers. There was good stirring brass band music and fine, stimulating, chin-up poetry. Broadcasters were just beginning to practice medicine over the air and were showing a marked solicitude—destined to become a furious insistence—concerning the intimate insides of the entire family.

Radio was successful in peddling a certain amount and kind of molasses for the masses but it did not then enjoy sex-cess until a wave of crooning, Rudy Vallee on its crest, rolled in. That was the beginning of glamor on the previously neuter gender kilocycles.

Crooning wasn't new but radio was and there was general joy in sponsorland when sex finally raised its always-interesting head. The homefolksy stuff was running thin and besides radio was missing all the sinners, said to be a large group.

At this time the mammy-singers were at their shrillingest pitch of sheer frenzy for Dixie, peace and fried chicken. In the midst of their yowling for a back-to-the-land movement their collectively large oral aperture was abruptly closed by the crooners' back-to-the-boudoir drive. The mammy-singers were intellectuals; the crooners were fundamentalists.

Radio, filtering into the homes and catching the ladies literally with their hair down, was uniquely a medium for soft whispered *chansons d'amour*. Crooning pioneered the wholesale trade in romantic innuendo. Presently hundreds of tenors all over the country were vibrating with a quiet but lush leer as if the microphone itself wore silk stockings.

Radio has ever since specialized and experimented in infinite variations of the crooning technique. The basic principle remains the same. A guy with an aphrodisiac quality in his voice is projected over the airwaves, sight unseen, as the dream-man of whom hubby is an uninspiring facsimile. The ladies love to sketch mentally the body to go with the voice.

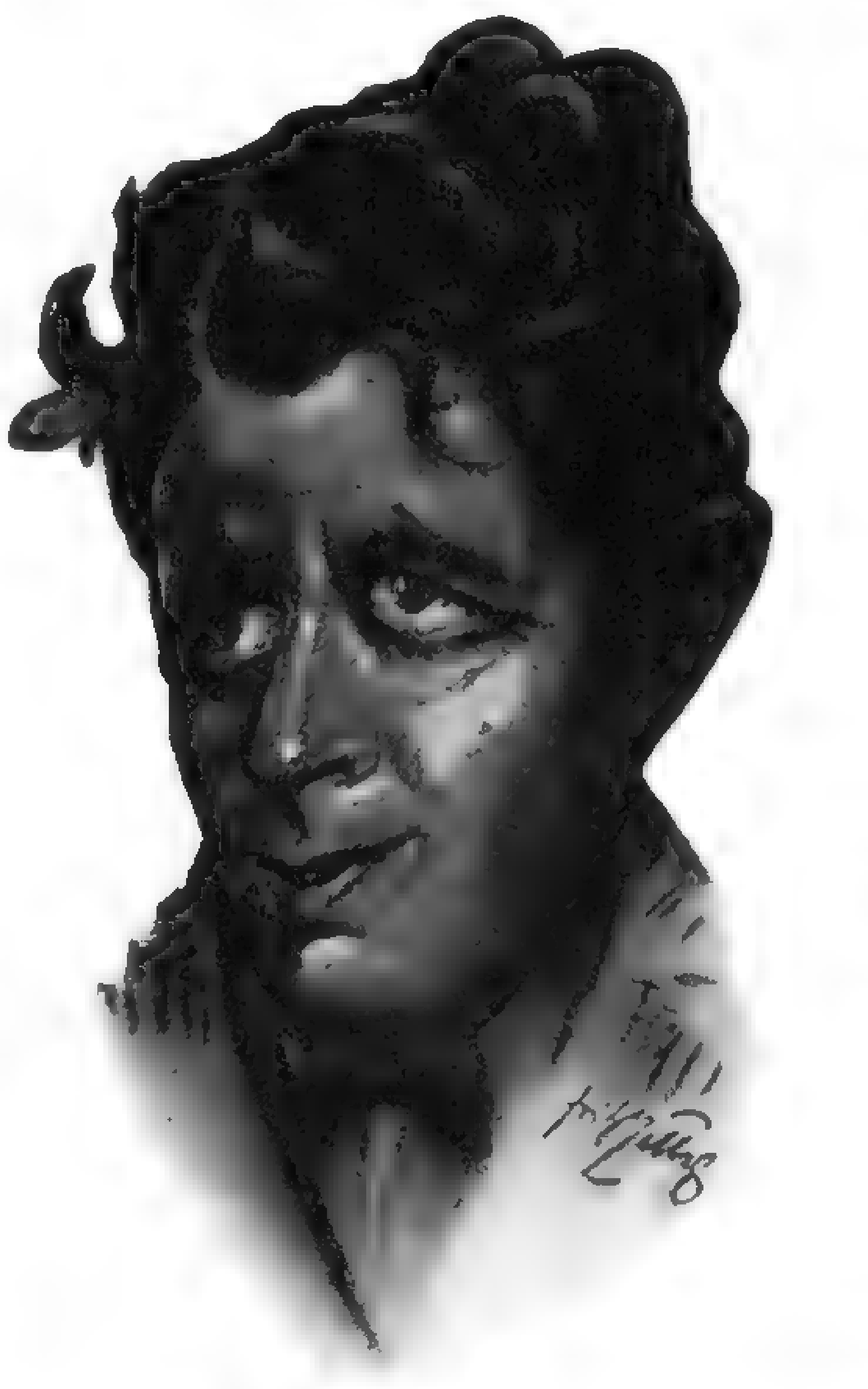
Crooning, and what followed crooning, emphasized as regards radio a great difference between the male ear and the female ear.

Upon the male, considered as a piece of scenery, the human ear amounts to nothing. It is useful, necessary, sometimes punch-scarred, sometimes prone to flap in the breeze. Essentially it's just a fleshy adornment abutting from the cranium, rugged but formless, practical but phlegmatic. The behavior of the male ear, from the radio standpoint, is like its appearance—sluggish, unromantic, workaday.

In contrast the female ear is pink, tender, fragrant and the lobe, if playfully bitten, is said to be responsive. It is half-hidden in hair, is trained to pick up half-hidden meanings and is, in short, alert, anticipatory, coy, acquiescent and erogenous.

In the female ear the radio industry definitely has something.

Carried to its extreme, crooning became the art of radiotelephonic vicarious seduction. One result was a program called *Your Lover* in which a male with the right kind of voice directed every word right at the ladies, each of whom was encouraged to close her eyes, put her soul in her ears, and imagine that this was her ideal hot daddy talking cold turkey.



There were radio programs in which the musical tempo was intended to be sensuous and sly with the voice of the announcer, a non-singing crooner, selected to match. The market demand was for the voice with a directional antenna for women only.

A mere man thought of the radio receiver as a piece of furniture in the parlor but to some of the gals it seemed to belong in the bedroom. Men in general do not savez glamor over the radio. They want the baseball scores. When they close their eyes while listening they do not dream, they snooze.

Those five-a-week radio serials in which women listeners identify themselves with Sadie-about-to-be-raped-Glutz have no parallel in radio for the men. Radio can get across messages of mate-love from male broadcasters to female listeners but not vice versa.

Dorothy Lamour (who subsequently did nicely in Paramount Pictures) was one of the most consciously exploited cases of radio trying desperately and expensively to put over a passion flower with the boys. They spread it on thick for Mademoiselle Lamour. She was, they wanted the boys to believe, the ideal girl, the big torch thrill in drab male lives. The drugstore cowboys in particular were expected to go ga-ga. Carefully the continuity pictured her as the ideal dream sweetheart of every boy, nature's nicest Nell, the armful of the century. The build-up went blooey. It didn't catch on. Miss Lamour needed visualization to get across her message to the lads. Radio had to chalk up its campaign to create synthetically "a female Russ Columbo" as a colossal fizzle.

In general radio's experience with women has been the same. The girls have been popular as singers, such as Jessica Dragonette; as sweet souls and humanitarians, such as Kate Smith; or as comediennes, such as Gracie Allen, Fannie Brice and Beatrice Lillie. But not as stimulants to masculine day dreams; simply for entertainment.

Radio now resorts largely to the posed publicity photograph to give the sex appeal build-up to its ingenues, sopranos and feminine personalities. Artwork invariably has the radio girl clad in slinky satin, crossing her legs up to the ship photographers' mark and barely restrained from leaping out at the chest line.

The glamor men of radio, in contrast, seldom pose in their bath towels. Rudy Vallee poses in the uniforms of his various honorary ranks, he poses with Governors (several have been on his program) with mayors, dignitaries, stars and music publishers—but not in his bathing suit. It isn't necessary. Not with those feminine imaginations.

Out of the crooning of Vallee, the glamor man, has finally evolved Vallee the Showman and the Rudy Vallee Hour, now generally regarded by show business as the most resilient of the radio springboards to fame. But before that evolution took place Vallee as the best known of the crooners was the principal target for the jibes and sneers of the male population that did not like—no siree—the crooning—swooning rash that was breaking out in the American parlors. Vallee was dreamy-eyed, wavy-haired, the complete antithesis to the old sweaty, show-stopping mammy-singers. He was soft, muted, unhurried, genteel. So the boys around the country called him a butterball, wisecracked about cerise undies, snorted at his syllable-exact diction, relished vicious burlesques of his mannerisms, rated him definitely lace pillow.

He has seen most of this masculine antagonism disappear gradually and a new respect grow. For the moral of Rudy Vallee's career is that he had something more than long eyelashes and a quiver in his larynx. Glamor men have an indifferent average of longevity largely because they are just that and nothing more. They tend to mildew around the edges of their own fragile charm. They won't work and they can't plan. Vallee

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When I Was a General

Small boys, even as great nations, learn there's superior strength in alliance, and wisdom in compromise

by MICHAEL CROWLEY

• FICTION •

It was Saturday and I got on my bicycle to go riding. At first I thought I would go down to Harold Masse's house, and get him. But as I started out of our driveway, I saw Ernest Graham on his tricycle in his driveway. He is a little kid only about half as old as I am and lives two houses away. I got off of my bike, and sneaked across to his house, and hid by the front porch. When Ernest came past again, I jumped out and yelled "Boo!" He yelled and got scared. He is very nervous. I have fun jumping out at him, as even if he knows where I am hiding he is scared just the same, and will sometimes cry and scream and have a tantrum.

Ernest wanted me to go up in his toy room and play with his soldiers, but I said "No." I got on my bicycle, and rode off. I decided not to go to Harold's, but down to Jack Smart's. Jack lives just down at the end of the block. He is my age, but thin and weak looking. He has a brother, Chico, who is two years younger than he, and looks like a Mexican.

I called Jack, and Chico and Jack came out. We hung around a while, deciding what to do.

I said: "Let's get up an army."

Jack said he would, but Chico didn't want to, and went into the house.

"I will be general," I said. "And you can be a corporal."

Jack said he wanted to be a lieutenant because his father is a lieutenant in the army.

I said: "No. You will have to work up."

Then we talked about who else we would get, and Jack asked if we ought to get Ernest.

I said: "No. Ernest is too little and cowardly and nervous."

"How about Tom?" Jack asked.

Tom is my age, but a little bigger. He lives halfway between Ernest and Jack. He and I play together most of the time. Tom is not tough, but he used to live in a tough neighborhood. He is not afraid of anybody no matter how tough they are, or how big. Jack got his bicycle, and we went to Tom's.

He wouldn't say if he would join the army or not. Jack and I decided to ride over to Ward's.

As we were riding along, George Gell came along. He is about Ernest's age, but is not nervous or cowardly. We told him he could be a private. He said he wanted to be flag carrier. So we said all right.

Ward wasn't home, so we rode down to Harry Martin's house, and there were a bunch of boys in the yard. There were Harry and his little brother, Ned, Bob and Virgil Carter, Harold Masse and Billy Thomas.

We asked them if they wanted to join, and they all did, except Billy, Billy said: "I don't see why the heck you're general."

"Because I know more about it," I said.

"You don't know any more about it than I do," Billy said.

I said I did.

"I suppose you want to be general," I said to Billy.

Billy said he didn't, but I knew he really did. He said Jack ought to be general because his father is in the army.

I said "No." I said Jack would have to work up. Then Billy asked if he joined could he be a captain. I said he would have to be a private. He got mad and went home.

I made Virgil Carter a corporal, and all the others privates.

"Where are our headquarters?" asked Harold Masse. "Down at the cave?"

I said: "No." I said our headquarters would be in Jack's barn. Harold asked who we were going to fight, and I said: "Nobody. We're just going to drill."

George Gell, who always talks a lot, said: "We can lick anybody in the world."

Harold said:

"Mebbe Carl White and his gang will fight us."

Carl lives about eight blocks from me, and is about my age, but not as big. He is tough, and knows a lot of big kids. Some that wear long trousers. He and William Gar and Freddy Larson have a cave over in the other hollow from where ours is. When we are digging on the cave, they sometimes sneak over, with some big kids, and capture us, and make us dig their cave. Or else they come over and throw clods at us.

George said:

"We can lick them easy."

I said we were just going to drill. We went over to Jack's barn, and got a big drygoods box for a desk, and a little box for a chair. I sat at the desk, and gave orders. I said we would call the army the 16th Infantry. I got paper and pencil, and made a list:

1. General Redding
2. Corp. Smart
3. Priv. Gell . . . Flag Carrier
4. Priv. Masse
5. Priv. Carter 2nd
6. Corp. Carter 1st
7. Priv. Martin 1st
8. Priv. Martin 2nd

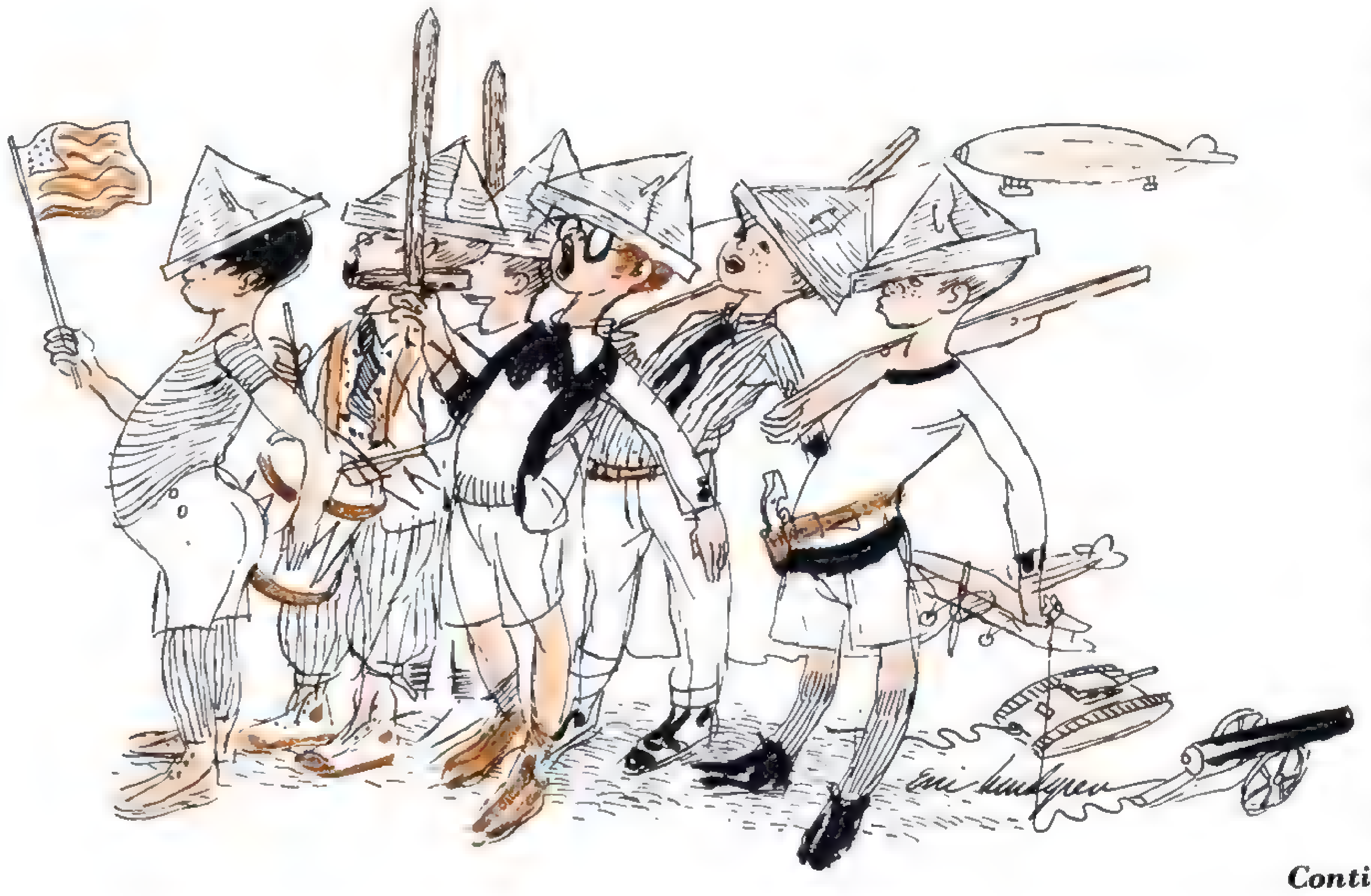
Ernest came over, and hung around. He wanted to join, but I said:

"No. You're a coward."

He begged and begged. I sat there. Then I ordered Private Martin 1st and Private Carter to put him out. He went home crying.

Harold asked what we would do for guns. I said we would have to use pieces of wood till we had made some. I made Private Carter swordmaker, and I made myself gunmaker. We drilled a while, then we all went to Tom's house. We asked him to join, and he still wouldn't say if he would.

The rest of the week we met every night after school and drilled. I made



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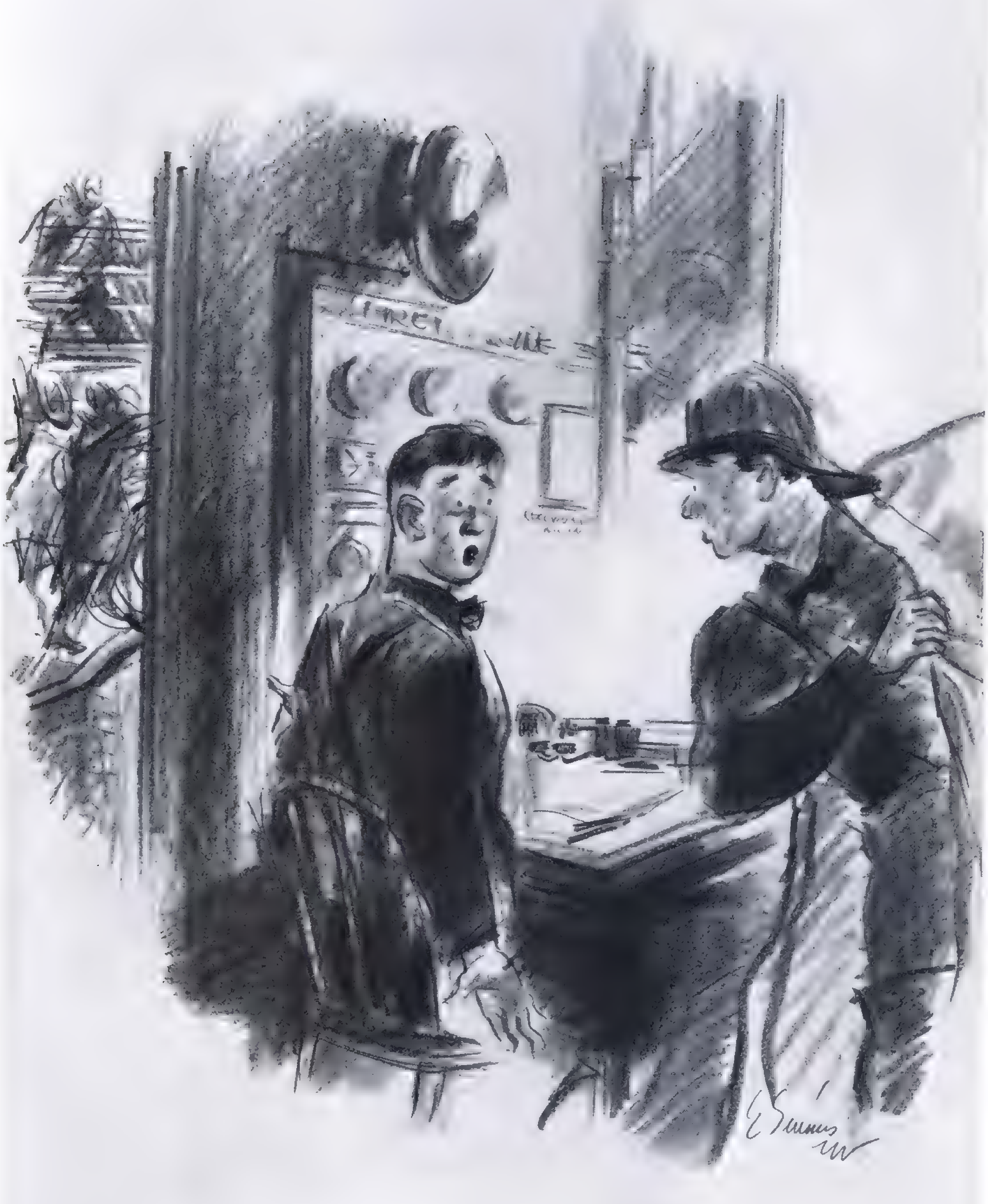
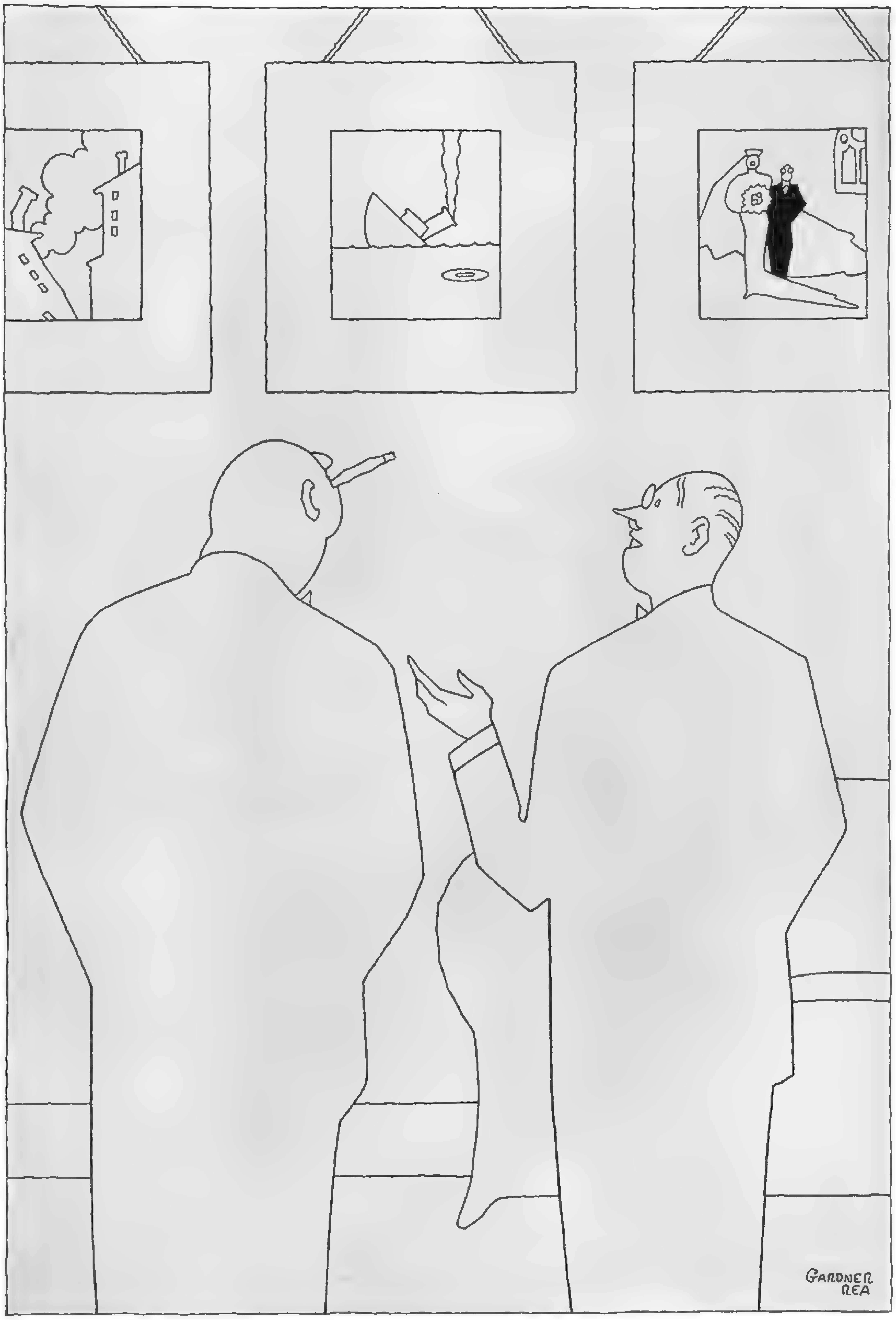


"It's the Sea Crest Bachelors Apartments . . . Eight women are trapped on the roof"


GARDNER REA

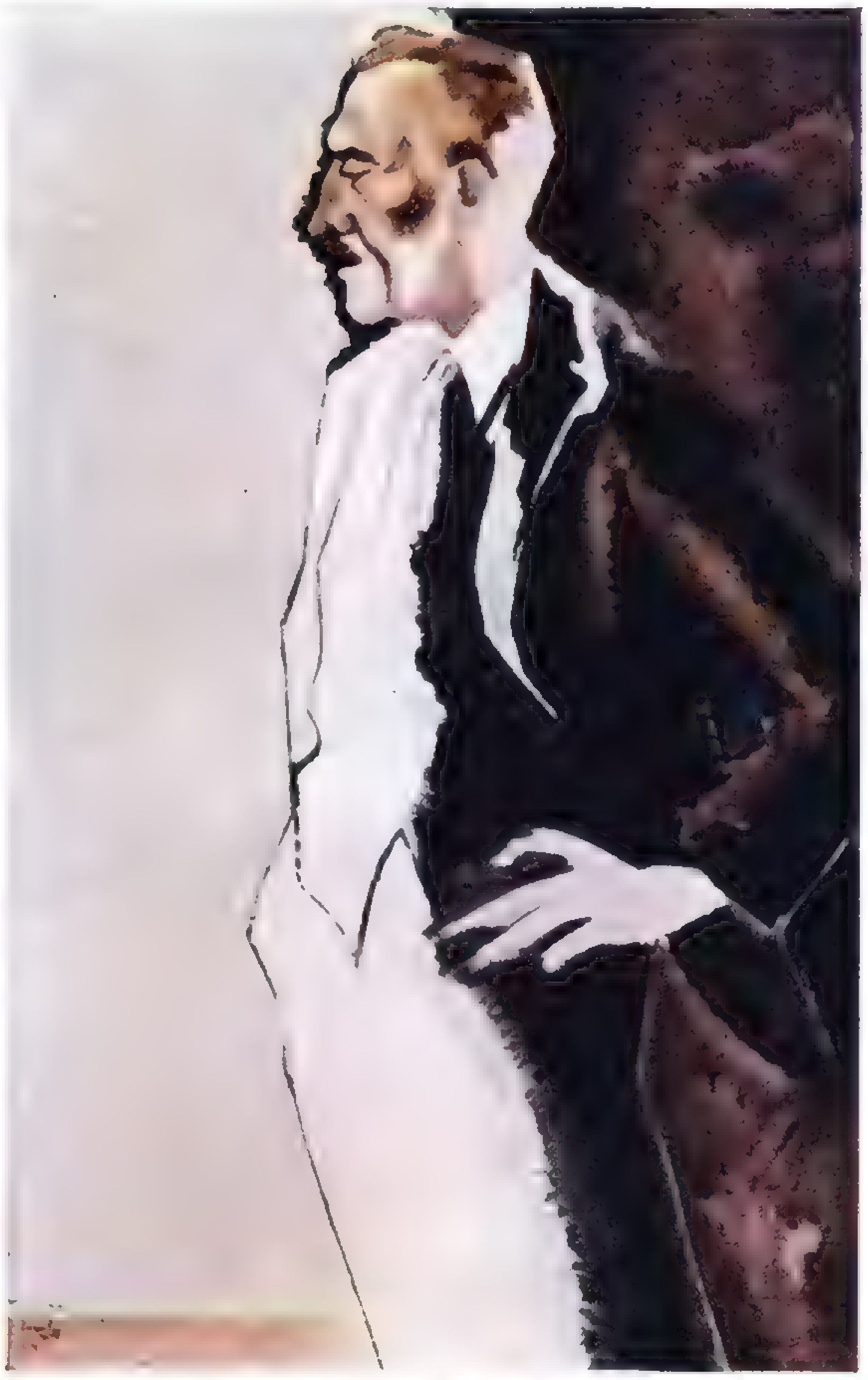
"The Chicago fire, the sinking of the Titanic, and my marriage"

Ambassador to Art

Saga of Chester Dale, who's spent six million dollars on pictures in ten years—because he likes them

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

•ARTICLE•



PORTRAIT OF CHESTER DALE by JEAN LURCAT

The artist who had known the subject only as he skipped from gallery to bar and from bar to gallery in Paris, was more than confused when he tried to paint the man as he stood in his office riding out the tornado of twenty-eight to twenty-nine. It must have been two other fellows, Lurcat opined. And at day's end, outside the office, Dale was still something else. So Lurcat gave up and tried a compromise, combining the best features of each. (With the aid of a fair stooge: see text.)

If you had chanced to be walking on Madison Avenue, New York, in the Sixties, on a starry night about one o'clock, you might have seen a giant of a policeman walking along holding the arm of a dapper gentleman, coat collar turned up, dancing pumps on his feet and perhaps a high hat slanted to the east. If you had followed them, thinking that a tipsy gentleman, too much in his cups, was being led home by the benevolent guardian of our morals, you would be mistaken. For the two do not turn off at the street where the station house is, but continue up Madison to Seventy-ninth street and turn west a couple of doors toward Fifth Avenue. For although the cop has the arm of the shorter man, and although the shorter man is gesticulating and speaking excitedly, this is no arrest. At least not an ordinary one.

The two stop in front of an impressive door to one of those double front houses inhabited only by the very rich. The shorter man rings the bell and the two are admitted by a guard wearing a revolver at his belt.

"Gus," says the shorter man, "turn on the lights and open up the joint. Mike says he wants to see the pictures."

They enter what was once the grand ballroom, a room of forty by eighteen feet. Four oil paintings suffice to cover this area. The excited man watches the blue eyes of Mike grow wider and as the cop shakes his head slowly in search of an adequate word of description, the other supplies it for him: "Hot stuff, eh, Mike."

And then the tour proceeds, floor by floor, past six million dollars worth of art, to the breathtaking study atop the house where are crowded enough fine paintings to start a museum for a city of the first class. And there, in easy chairs before an open fire with a decanter of excellent rye whiskey, Chester Dale and Mike talk about art and its peculiar property of hitting you in the stomach when you are least expecting it. It's along about four before Mike remembers that the little woman will be worrying and that he has to go on duty again in twelve hours.

The scene is not fiction. It has been repeated a hundred times in the past five years, with variations. Sometimes a guest group is picked up at a hockey game in Madison Square Garden, sometimes members of the staid Metropolitan Club, or the politicians who run the city (in non-fusion years) from the Manhattan Club, or their friends, the judges of the courts. Sometimes it is a writer, lawyer, doctor or, better yet, a fireman. For of all the world Chester Dale loves most a fireman. The only sesame to the experience is that you honestly like pictures. And that you chance on Dale when he is talking art.

The notable private art collections in the world could probably be listed on the fingers of two hands. Most of these are collections by inheritance. The French, especially, have a way of buying paintings as an investment and holding them for a rise in value. But as an artist seldom reaches his full recognition (and hence commercial value) until after his death, many a small collection goes into the hands of a succeeding generation; and a generation often that has no interest in the art except as to its value. Such collections too, are usually founded on a buyer's interest in one or two painters or sculptors, and while the collection may be rich in one school, it often lacks the balance of a collection assembled under a plan, such as the Chester Dale group.

The idea back of the Dale collection is one hundred and fifty years of French art. While this takes it back before the time of Impressionism, the richer part of the collection centers around those men who first broke away from the romanticism of Delacroix and brought so many new ways of painting into the world. Here and there the group boasts of a small Tintoretto or El Greco, but these examples are merely mileposts to show the sources of the present-day heritage of art. And these guideposts, with the transitional painters who bridged the succeeding schools of painting, are adroitly hung with the other pictures, giving the observer a sense of the continuity of various values and sources of painting through the last century and a half.

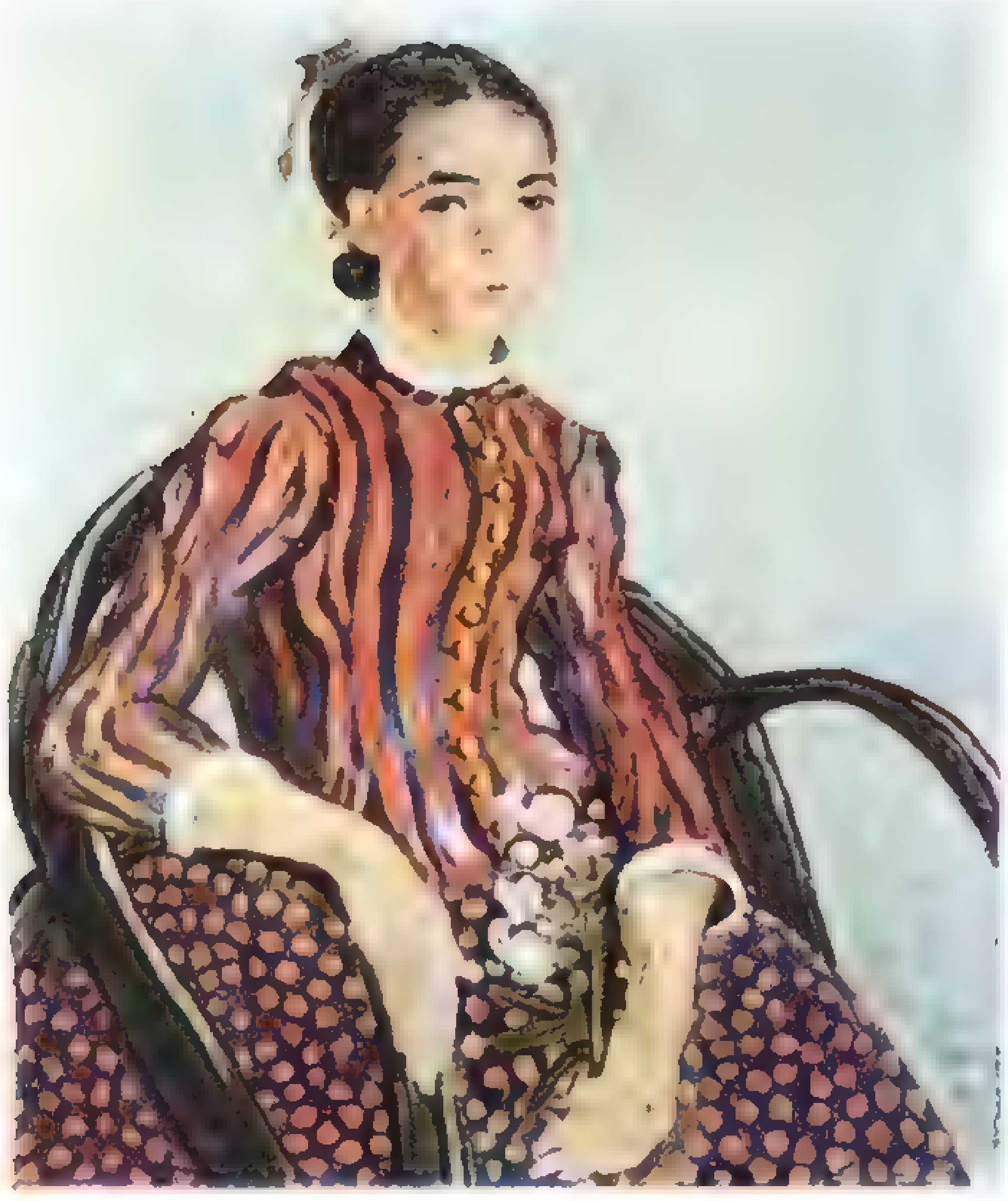
Another notable thing about the Chester Dale collection is that it has been assembled in ten years. And about the maddest ten years of American history. The saga of the gathering of these pictures, sixty or seventy at a time, how they piled up on the Dales, chasing them from one apartment to another, until there was scarcely room to shake a cocktail or rest a weary head, is as cockeyed a tale as the cockeyed decade can produce. In 1926, Chester Dale was merely an investment banker (partner with William C. Langley) occupied with forming consolidations of electrical and power companies. He was a director of more companies than he could remember. He went to work every morning at 8:30 and usually was the last one to put out the light when the cleaning women moved into offices of the Wall Street sector. He had a seat on the stock exchange but he never used it.

Then in the Spring of 1926, his wife, Maud Dale, took a show of American Stage Design to Paris. The show was presented in one of the rooms of an art gallery and when Dale called for his wife every day he had to pass through the main room hung with paintings. There were a lot of things to be done in Paris and one of them was not sitting around an art gallery filled with a lot of ugly pictures. Some Lautrec paintings were being shown at the time. The subjects were Lautrec's favorite girls of the brothels and music halls. Dale thought he'd never seen uglier people. He asked the price of one of the canvases. He was astonished at the figure, a good

Continued in center of page 181

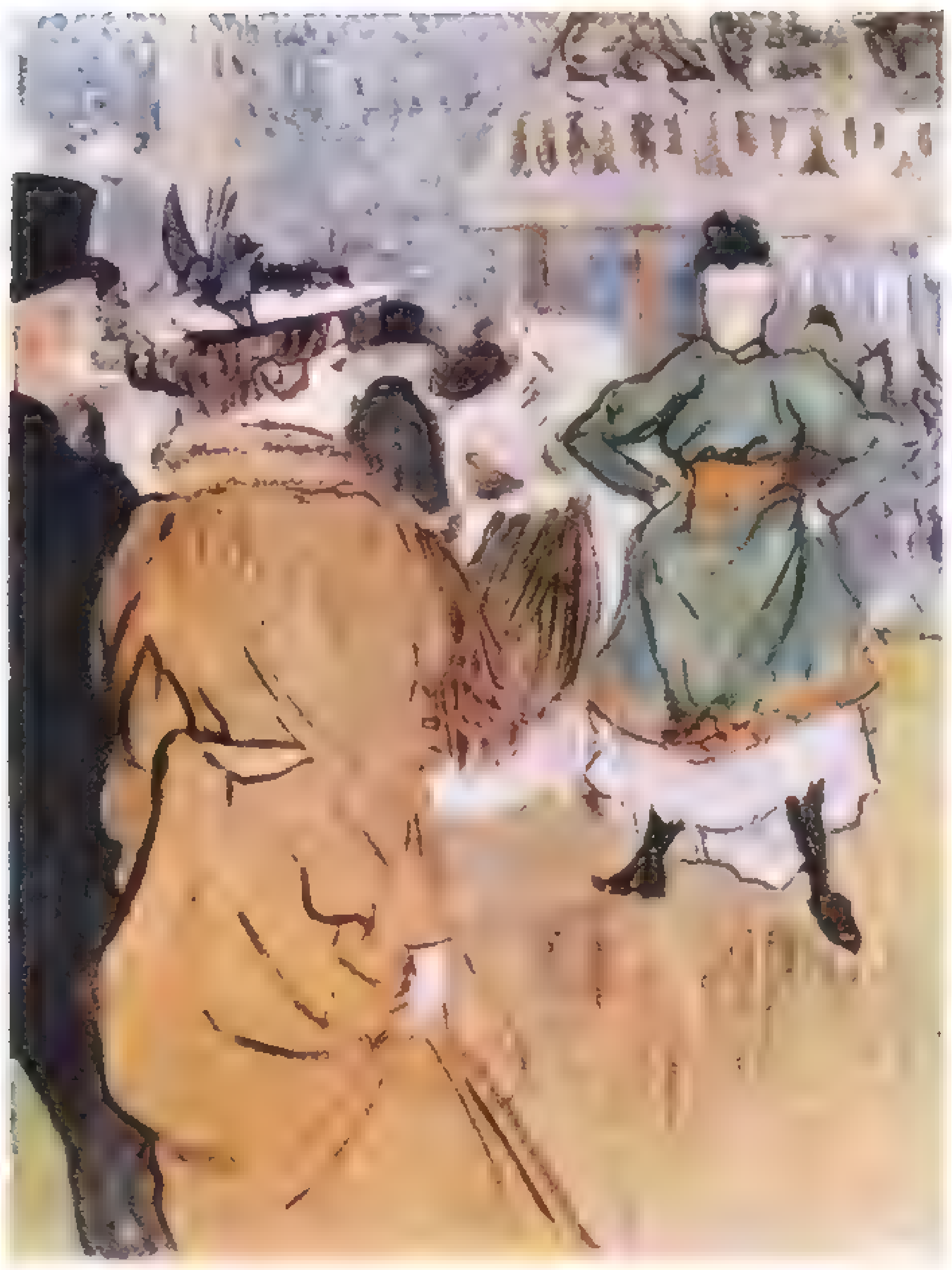
A Selection of Paintings
from the CHESTER DALE Collection

Color photographs by Whiting-Fellows direct from the original paintings



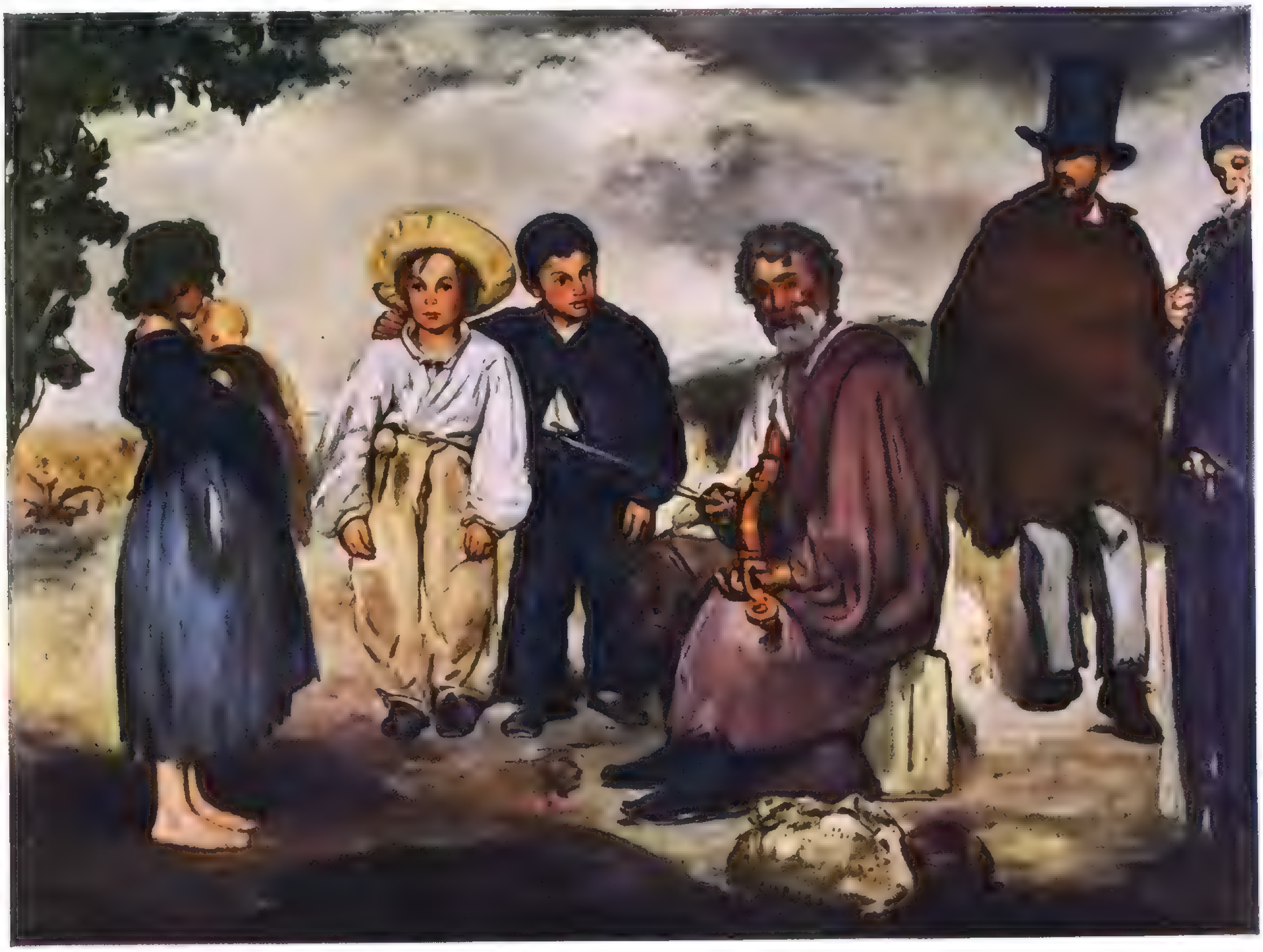
LA MOUSME *by* VINCENT VAN GOGH

When Bignou and Dale first knew each other, Dale said he wanted an important Van Gogh. Bignou, not knowing his man, replied that he had a fine one but that it was too expensive for Dale. (Or was that French bait?) Dale asked to see it. The picture was in London; Bignou had only a press photograph. Dale looked at the photo, asked the price and said if the color held up, he would take it. Bignou phoned to London, a plane was chartered, the picture flown over in a few hours. Dale took one look and said "the deal stands."



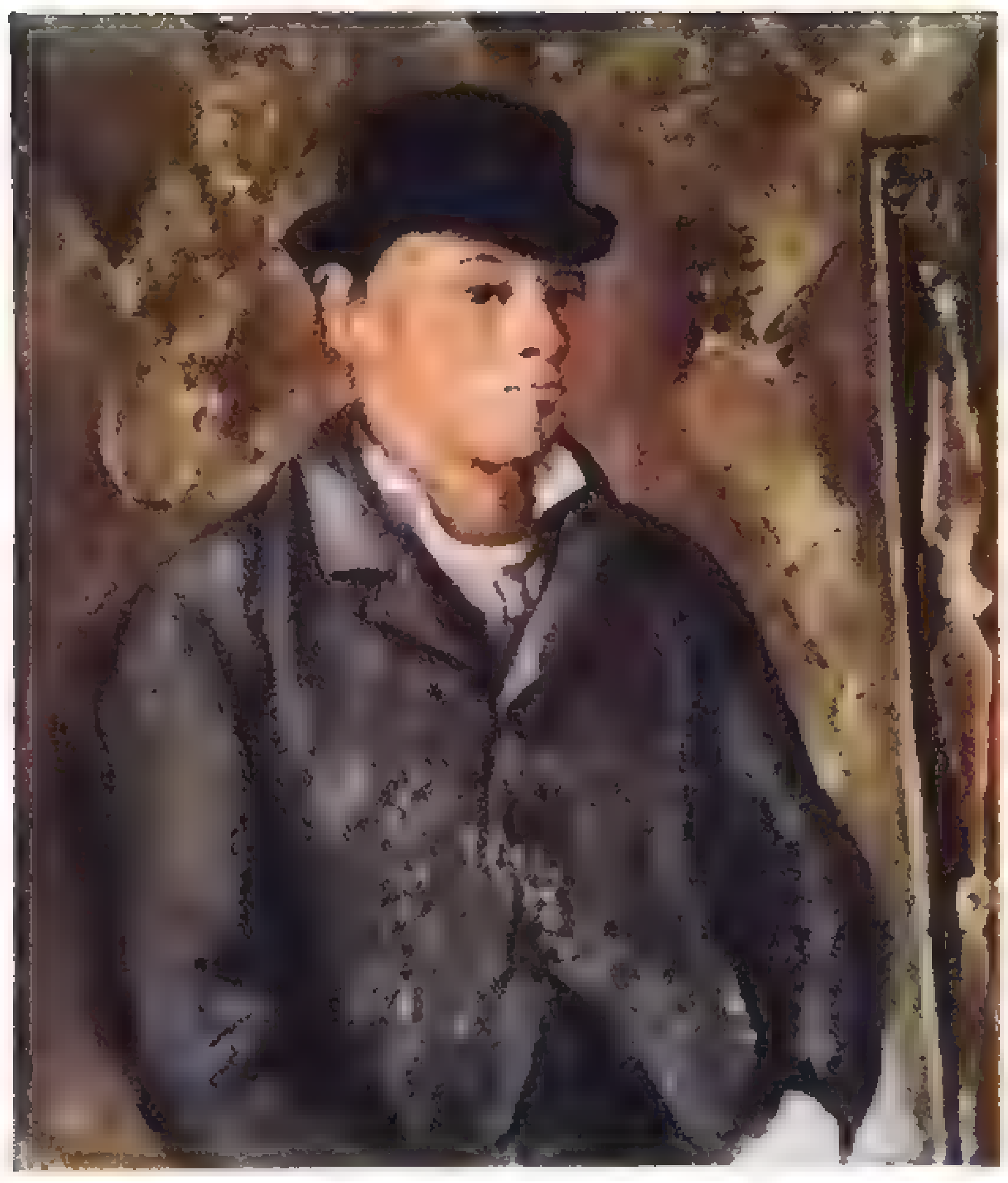
QUADRILLE AU MOULIN ROUGE *by* HENRI DE TOULOUSE LAUTREC

Oddly enough this picture was acquired in New York. The late Josef Stransky raved about it every time Dale stuck his head in the door. He asked too much, Dale thought, but he bought it so that Stransky could talk about something else. It has since trebled in value. The figures are the famous ones of Lautrec's time, Gabrielle the dancer and Lucie and Valentin, on the left.



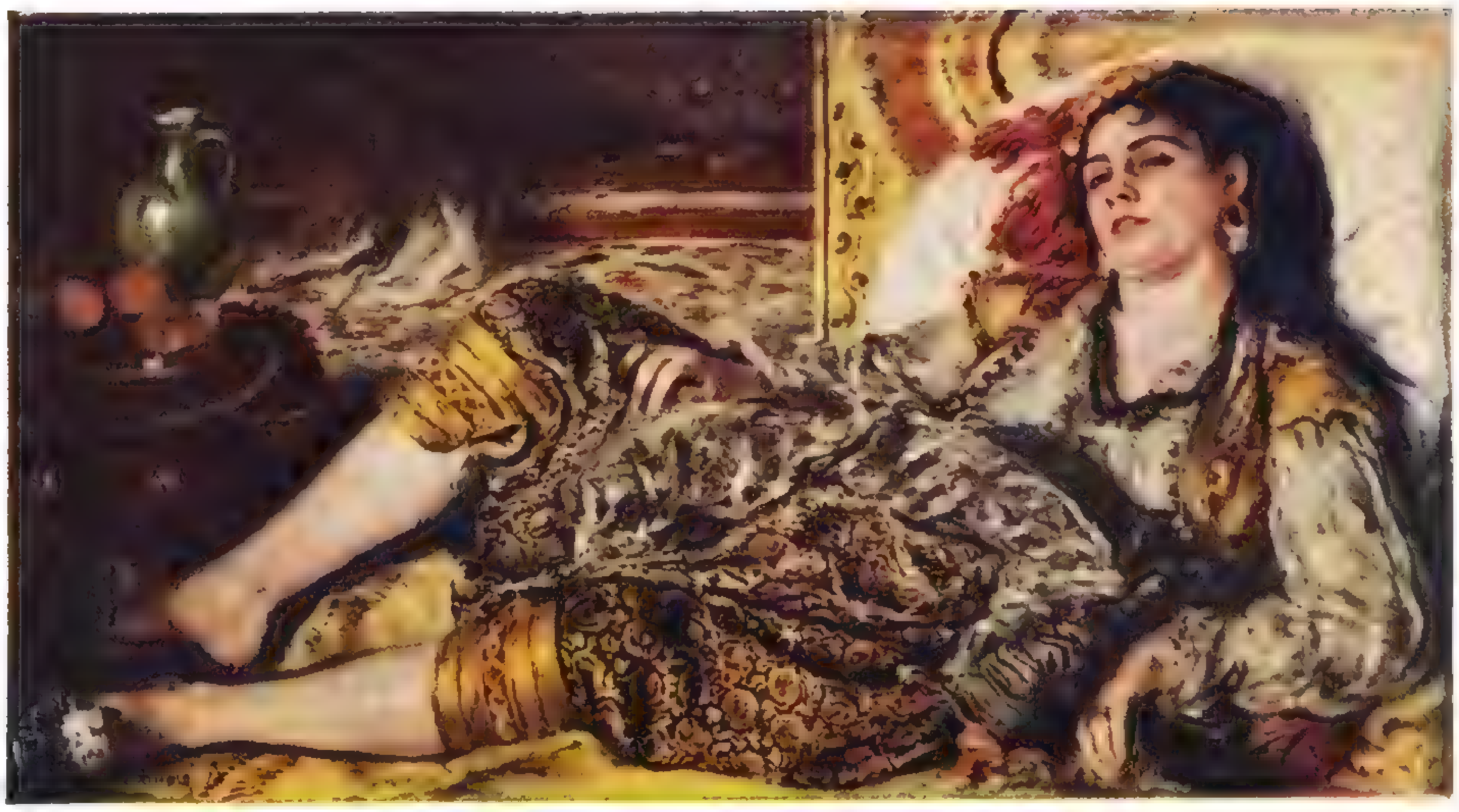
THE OLD MUSICIAN *by* EDOUARD MANET

After Manet's death this canvas went into the famous Prince de Wagram collection and at the breaking up of that group was hung in the Imperial Museum of Austria, in Vienna. Following the War, a syndicate of three dealers persuaded the Museum to exchange one Manet (it was rich in Manets) for several canvases of other artists. Dale purchased it from the syndicate and having no wall space in the hotel, lent it to the Metropolitan Museum. It hung there four years until Dale took over the new house.



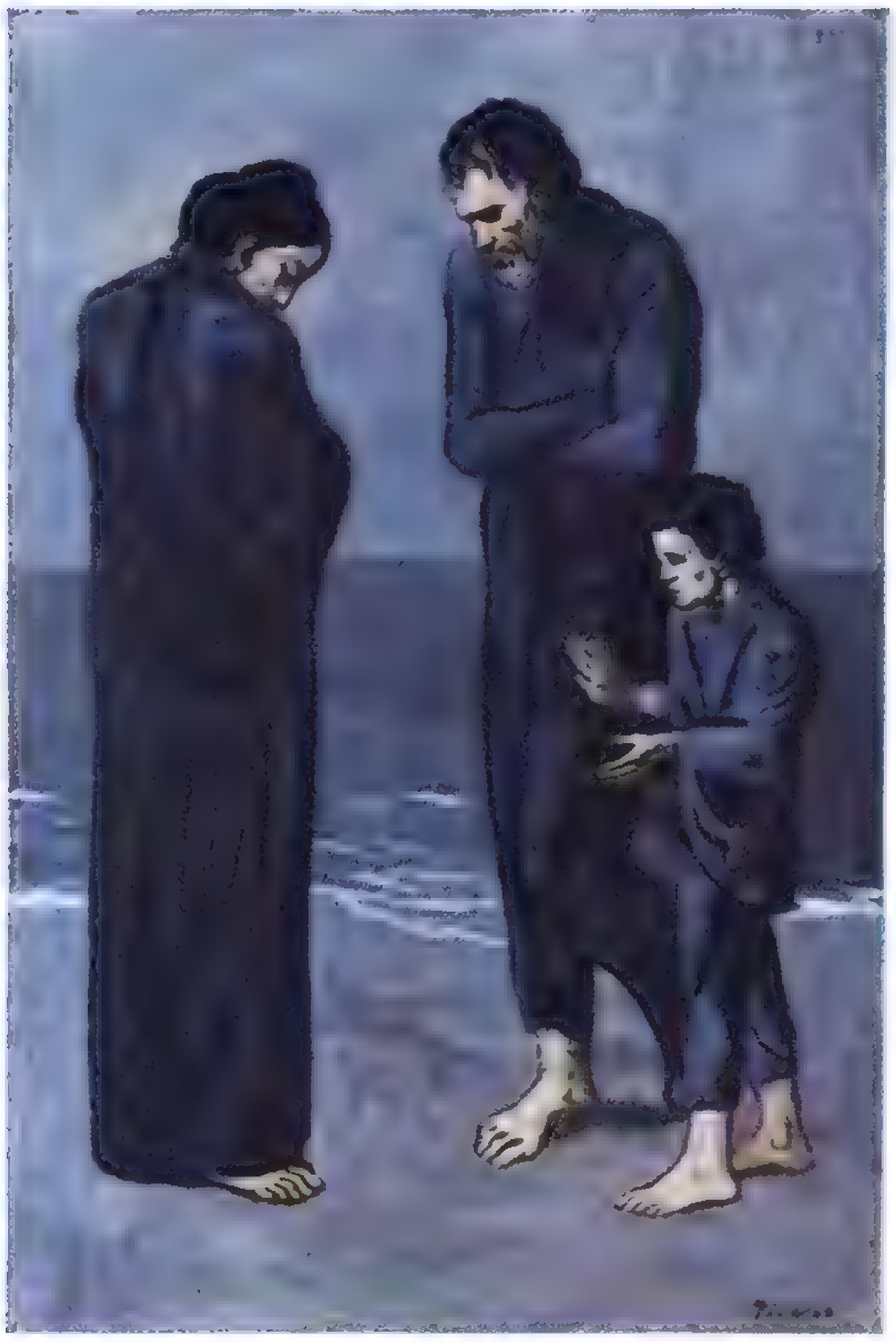
PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S SON
or *Le Jeune Homme au petit chapeau*
***by* PAUL CÉZANNE**

Chester Dale was in New York when he heard that this painting was to come up at the Hotel Druot in the Dr. Soubies sale. An absent bidder, in such a set-up, has about as much chance as a Roman at the last supper. If you make a set bid, a few dollars can overbid you. So Dale secured a cleared wire to Paris and as the auctioneer stepped on the stand, he cabled: "bid in picture at the market." The upshot of it was that Dale got the picture at a fair price, since the syndicate did not want to top his bid and offend such a good customer.



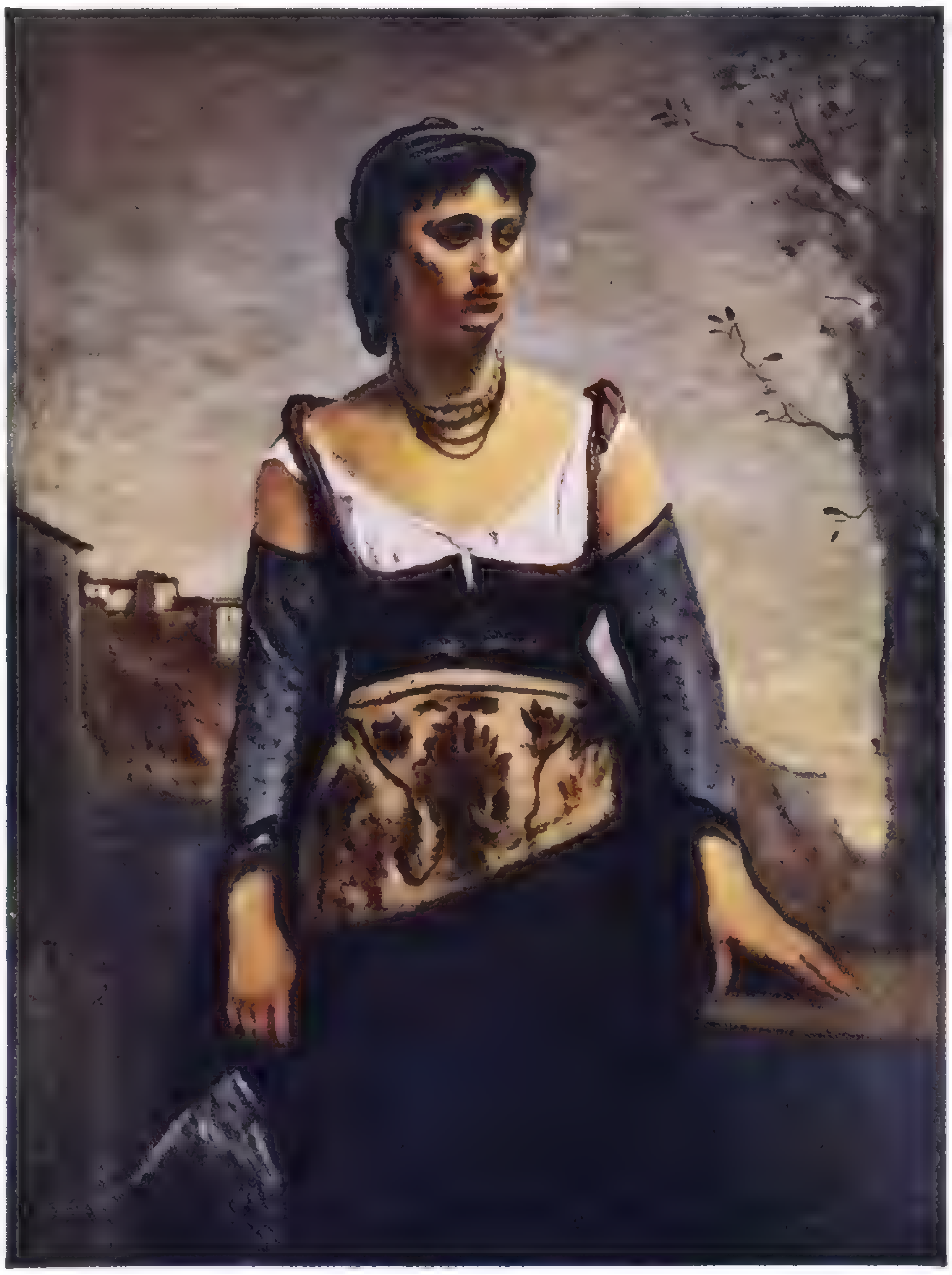
ODALISQUE *by* AUGUSTE RENOIR

"It may not be the greatest Renoir," says Mr. Dale, "but somehow the men always linger beneath the picture." This painting also came from Rosenberg, in Paris. Dale saw it once, and didn't think much of it but Maud Dale did. They didn't even inquire the price. A year later they walked into the gallery and found the same picture. There was something about the way Maud Dale said, "Oh my, he still has the Odalisque," that made Chester Dale pause. He bought it in the next ten minutes.



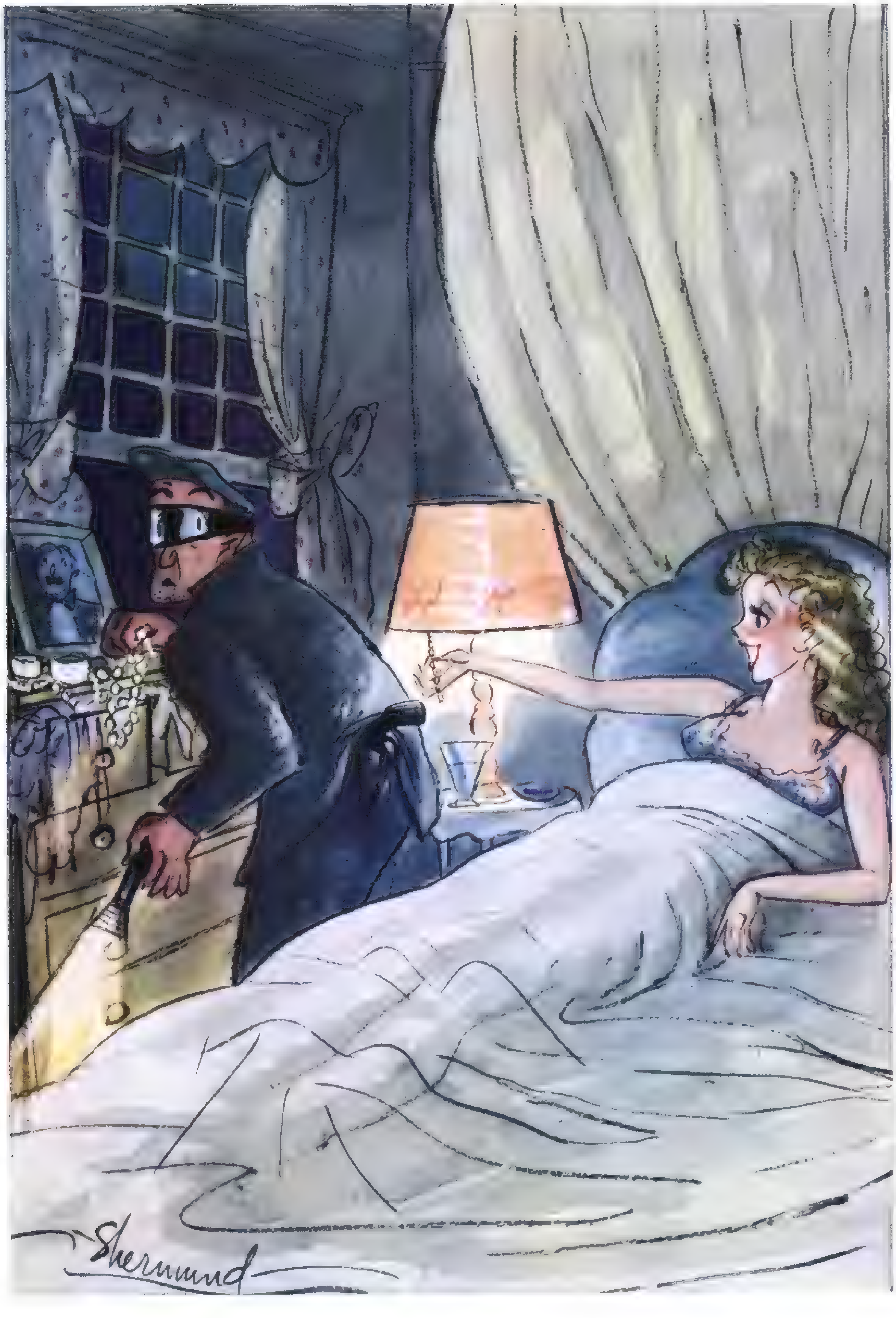
LE TRAGEDIE *by* PABLO PICASSO

One of the writer's fondest memories is of the day that he was with Dale, drinking the famous Martinis in Bignou's cellar bar and stopping "only a minute" on the way home to see what Rosy had. It seemed that Rosenberg was having a show of Picasso and as we walked around Dale said in his casual fashion, "I'll take that and that and that," one of them being the famous painting of the blue period shown above. Since that day the painting has come up in rating, both in the Dale home and in the world of art. It is a supreme picture of tragedy.



AGOSTINA *by* JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

She might be called the Saint of all charities as her portrait has been lent to more fêtes for charity than any we know of. Painted in 1866 it was owned at times by four famous collectors, finally coming to rest in the galleries of Bernheim-Jeune. There Dale saw it, admired it passionately and purchased it next day. To the layman it is a surprise as Corot to him has been one of the 150 versions of willow trees or the 500 copies that once hung in speakeasies.



"Oh well—I practically got them the same way"

After the Robbery

It ain't good sense for the police to hang around the scene of a crime when like as not, the guys won't come back

POLICE!
POLICE
HELP!

by JOHN McCARTEN

• SATIRE •

When I telephoned police headquarters to tell them that our apartment had been looted, the man I talked to was very solicitous.

"That's too bad," he said, "too bad. I guess your place is all tore up, eh?"

I said it was.

"Everything throwed on the floor?"

"That's right," I said.

"It's always that way," he said. "They always throw everything on the floor." He made clucking noises. I guess he wanted to show me that he felt bad about the robbery. I didn't say anything. I was wondering if the burglars were still there, hiding in a closet, waiting for a chance to sneak up and hit me.

After a few moments, the man at headquarters stopped clucking.

"When did it happen?" he inquired, briskly.

"Sometime over the week end," I said. "We were out in the country. We just got back this morning."

"How'd she take it?" he asked.

"How did who take it?" I was a little bewildered.

"Your wife," he said. "Did she faint or anything?"

"She wasn't with me," I pointed out. "She went right to her office without coming home."

"That's a good thing," he said. "They usually faint." He became businesslike again. "What's your name and address?"

I told him.

"That's in the Village, ain't it?"

"In the Village," I agreed.

"One of them little streets?"

"Yes," I said.

"You know,"—his voice was confidential—"it's a funny thing. I been down there off-duty about fifty times, and I never get used to them little streets. I know how to get from one place to another, all right, but I never know the names of the streets."

"It's near Sixth Avenue and Eighth Street," I said.

"Sixth and Eighth, Sixth and Eighth—you know, I must have passed that street plenty of times but I can't think exactly where it is."

"Listen," I said, pretty harshly, "I'd like to have a man sent here immediately."

"We don't send men from here," he said. "You got to call your local precinct. You wait a minute now and I'll give you the number."

After he gave me the number, he added soothingly, "Everything's going to be all right, Mr. McCracken."

"My name's McCarten," I said.

"McCarthy," he said. "Well, everything's going to be all right."

I was beginning to wonder.

When I called the number the man at headquarters had given me, a desk sergeant answered. I told him who I was and what I wanted.

"Robbed," he said. "Ain't that a shame. Did they get away with much?"

"I don't know," I said. "I haven't checked up on everything yet. But I wish you'd send a man around to look the place over."

"Well, I tell you what you'll have to do," he said. "There's a precinct nearer to you than this one. You'll have to call that. I'll give you the number."

I was in an ugly mood when I finally got my local precinct, but the man I talked to didn't waste any time. He said a detective would be over right away.

I was phoning my wife to tell her about the robbery when the detective arrived. He was a powerful looking man, with a deeply furrowed brow, who seemed to be thinking hard all the time. After we exchanged introductions, he went into the bedroom and started to run his hand over the door frame. Then suddenly he paused.

"You know what I seen coming over here?" he said.

I waited.

"I seen a dog looked just like a sheep," he said. "In fact it looked so much like a sheep that I ast the man who had it what it was. You know what it was?"

I didn't know.

"It was some kind of a terrier. It even had curly hair like a sheep." He ran his hand over the door frame again, slowly this time.

"Ever lock this door?" he asked.

"Never," I said. "Does it make a difference?"

The detective glanced at me shrewdly.

"Then the only door they jimmied was the front door." He seemed quite triumphant.

We went into the foyer. The detective looked at the front door for a while, very thoughtfully.

"Professional job," he announced. "Tell by the way they used the jimmy."

After that he walked all through the apartment, nodding his head knowingly. Eventually he returned to the foyer.

"Professional job," he repeated. "Any clues?"

"Do *I* have to furnish the clues?" I asked, bitterly.

"With a professional job," he said, "you got to have clues. If it was just a gang of kids, then the clues ain't so important. Usually you can find somebody who seen them hanging around."

"I thought you were supposed to find your own clues." I was feeling very irritable.

"In some cases," he explained impatiently, "we get our own clues—like a hair or a piece of string. But that's in big cases like a killing. In a case like this, the only clues is stuff that can be identified when they try to pass it in a hock shop. If they got a fence and don't need to go to a hock shop, then there just ain't any clues."

The only things I definitely missed were an electric razor and a ten dollar bill that I had left in the drawer of my desk. When I told him the detective scowled.

"No jewels?"

"We haven't any jewels," I said.

"Any suits?"

"I had all but one suit at the tailor's," I said, "and they didn't take that one. But if you'll give me a chance to look around maybe I'll find something else missing that could be identified."

The detective shook his head.

"It don't look like there's any clues to me," he said gloomily. "I'll go back to the precinct. If you get any clues, let me know. You got nothing to worry about now. They never come back. There was a robbery up on Park Avenue where they got away with a lot of jewels, but not all the jewels the lady had, and we waited around a couple of weeks and they never came back."

As he started out the door, the detective paused.

"Maybe we won't catch them on this job," he remarked, philosophically. "Maybe we

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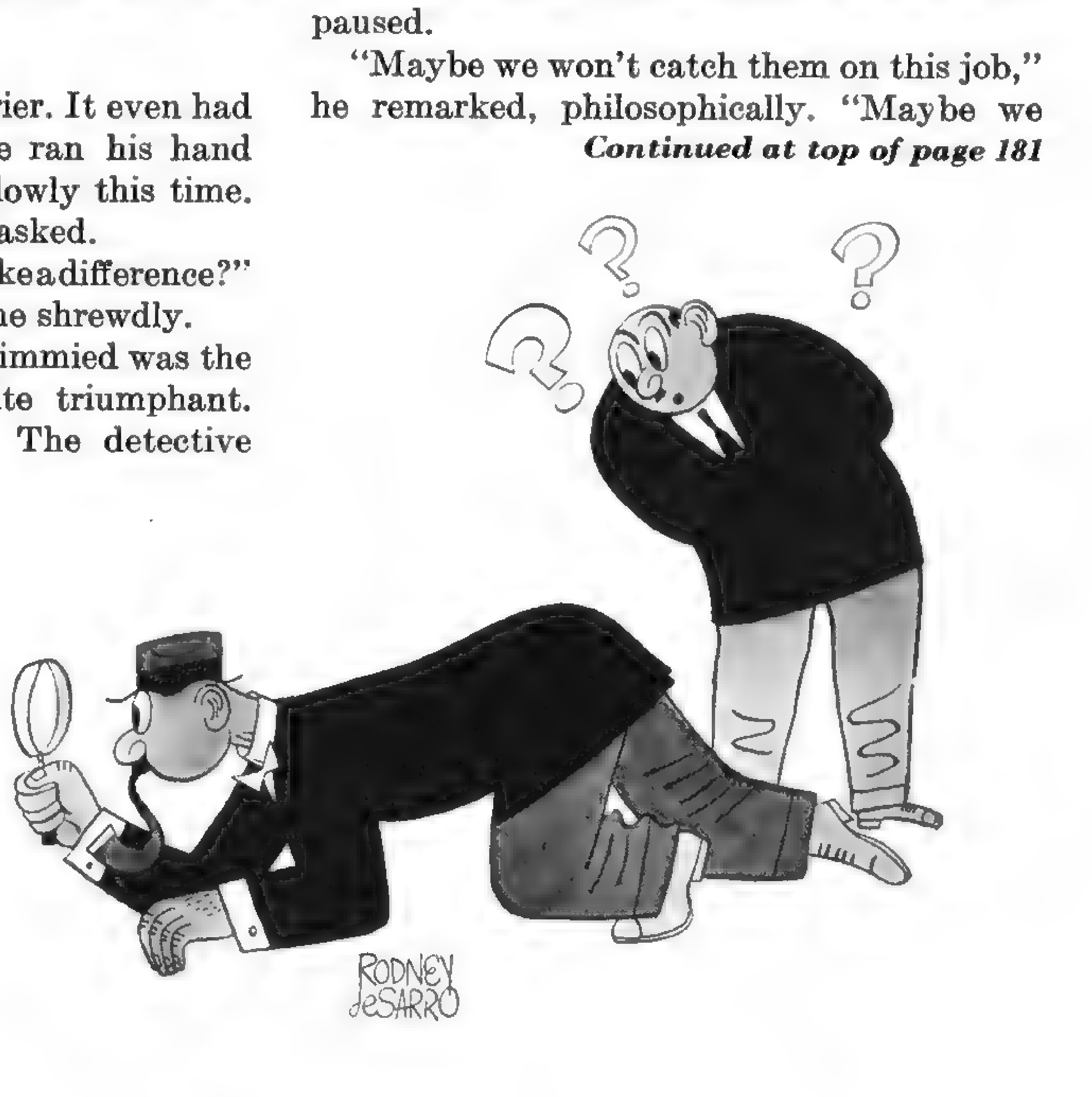
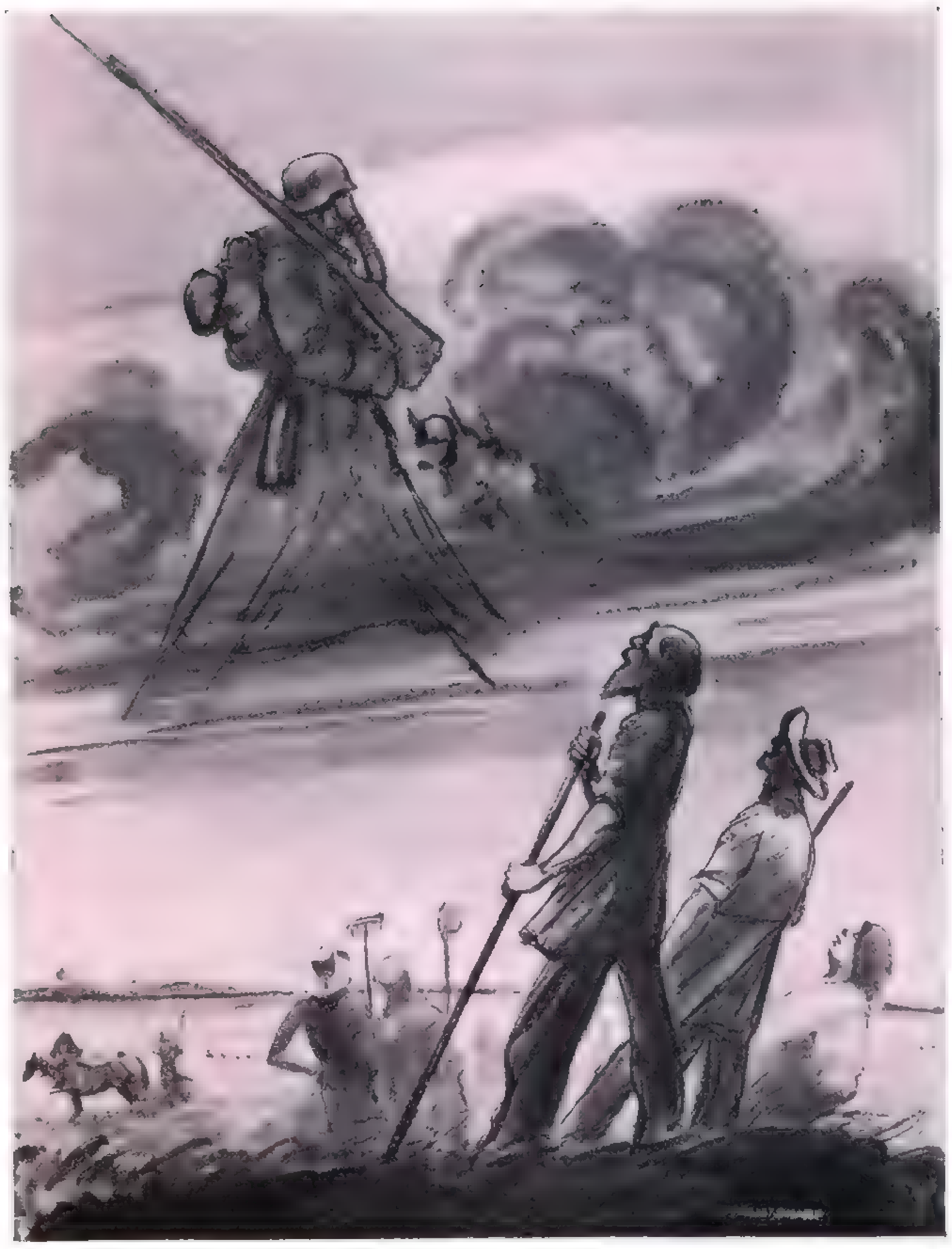


Drum Beat in Harvest Time

It was the emperor's war, but all male peasants between the ages of eighteen and forty were invited

by PETER NEAGOE

• FICTION •



THE peasants were as active as bees in high summer. The village itself was like a hive full with honey. It was redolent with ripe straw, it glowed golden, for the wheat and rye had been harvested. The hay lofts were full with good hay.

The threshing machine hummed, chaff flew, ripe grain streamed steadily into sacks, men and women hustled about, fowls cackled contentedly in the yards and in the streets where they found here some grain, there some spears fallen from the wagons.

The children made play of useful work, such as gleaning in the fields, helping their mothers at sundry work, raking up the straw in the yards or sweeping up the dung from the street and carting it in wheelbarrows to the manure heap.

From the smithy an endless tinkle poured out, the four wheels at the water mill turned and turned, the miller and his son never stopped singing, and the miller's wife had to shout in order to be heard by them.

The priest himself worked with the peasants, was one of them, distinguishable only by his long beard and cotton shirt, whiter than the peasants' hempen shirts. And also, the priest mopped his face with a large, flowered bandanna, while the peasants used their wide shirt sleeves for the same purpose.

When the sun marked midday, all activity stopped. There was a lull. Only the four water wheels at the mill turned and turned. Sitting in shady places on the ground, the peasants ate cold string bean soup and corn mush. They scooped the soup with wooden spoons, three, four, or even six of them from the same bowl, depending on the size of the bowl.

A little talk, a few words from one, a few from another, man or woman, laughter too. Then the conclusion of the meal with all crossing themselves and thanking God for the daily bread. Rest for half an hour and to work again.

The sun had traveled many hours, was nearing the horizon, seemed a little sleepy and tired too, falling more perceptibly towards its bed. The peasants say: "The sun is lying down," not "The sun is setting."

"Tomorrow we shall finish threshing," the priest was saying. At that very moment the village drummer appeared at the open gate and started beating his drum. The peasants straightened up to listen. The threshing machine hummed loudly. "Stop it, Avram," shouted the priest. The whirring of the drum sounded angry now. Then it stopped suddenly. The drummer, at the top of his voice: "Good people, listen and hear. Order from the Emperor to everybody to hear and obey. All males of the age eighteen to forty be present at the mayory tomorrow at the hour of nine in the forenoon. You have heard, you must obey." The whirring of the drum for a short time and the man is gone.

"What can it mean?" ask the men, looking at each other, then all of them questioningly at the priest.

The priest stands there, as one dazed, crossing himself. Anxiety comes upon the peasants. Several of them make the sign of the cross and bow their heads.

"What might this order mean, your reverence, come so, out of the clear sky?" asks old Pavel who is nearest to the priest.

"We shall know tomorrow, Pavel. God is good. Now, let us go on with the work, it will soon be dark," the priest says. His words came haltingly. The men noticed. And now, as he was plying his wooden pitchfork, pulling the straw away as it came out of the machine, he worked faster but clumsily. Twice he dropped the fork out of his hands as if it had been wrenched from him.

The men also have lost their coordinate movements. Old Pavel, who was feeding the machine, dropped his hat into it, narrowly saving his fingers as he reached to rescue it. The others seemed to get in each other's way at every move.

After what seemed to them a long time, the sun set. The priest's wife came out to say supper was ready.

The men took water in their mouths, let it trickle into their cupped hands and so made their ablution. They sat down to the long table, the priest said the Lord's Prayer, aloud, bent over the table, the men murmured after him, concluding with "Amen," in one voice.

"What is the order the drummer announced?" asked the priest's wife.

"We shall know tomorrow," answered the priest curtly. Then he began talking about the crops. Thank God they had been abundant this year. The vineyards promised well too, he said. The plum trees were loaded with fruit. "We can look old winter straight in the face," he concluded, trying to put cheer in his voice.

"God grant it," said old Pavel.

"We shall know tomorrow," Avram started to say, but the priest glanced at him, saying: "God is good. Let us thank Him for His blessing," and he said the customary after-meal prayer. Amen! The peasants crossed themselves, rose, picked up their hats from under the bench and went to their homes.

Late that evening the peasants knew the import of the order. Gavrila, the notary's servant, returned from the city with his mistress whom he always drove wherever she went without her husband. "We are called to war," he told the first group of young men who were gathered in front of old Pavel's house, next to the notary's.

"War?" cried the lads, and from some distance, Gavrila echoed the word. He was running to Rafila, Widow Dominica's daughter, his sweetheart. She lived at the other end of the village, in a small house, plastered with mud and cow dung, white washed inside and outside, white as snow. The two rooms smelt of marjoram and sweet mint and were as clean as the priest's guest room. Even the smoke blackened rafters in Rafila's kitchen spread a more pleasant odor—Gavrila was certain—than any other old, smoke-drenched rafters.

"Rafila, we are going to war," he said, panting for breath. "I heard it in the city."

In the small room next to the kitchen they heard the straw mattress crackle, and soon Dominica appeared, tying on her aprons.

"What war?" she asked, opening big eyes.

"The Emperor's war, against the Serbians," Gavrila said. Dominica, as in cases where all the village was concerned, ran into the street, the two young people at her heels.

Already other people had come into the street. Some were standing in groups, talking in subdued voices, others walked about, saying a word here, asking a question there. Footsteps could not be heard because of the thick dust, but the murmur of voices persisted.

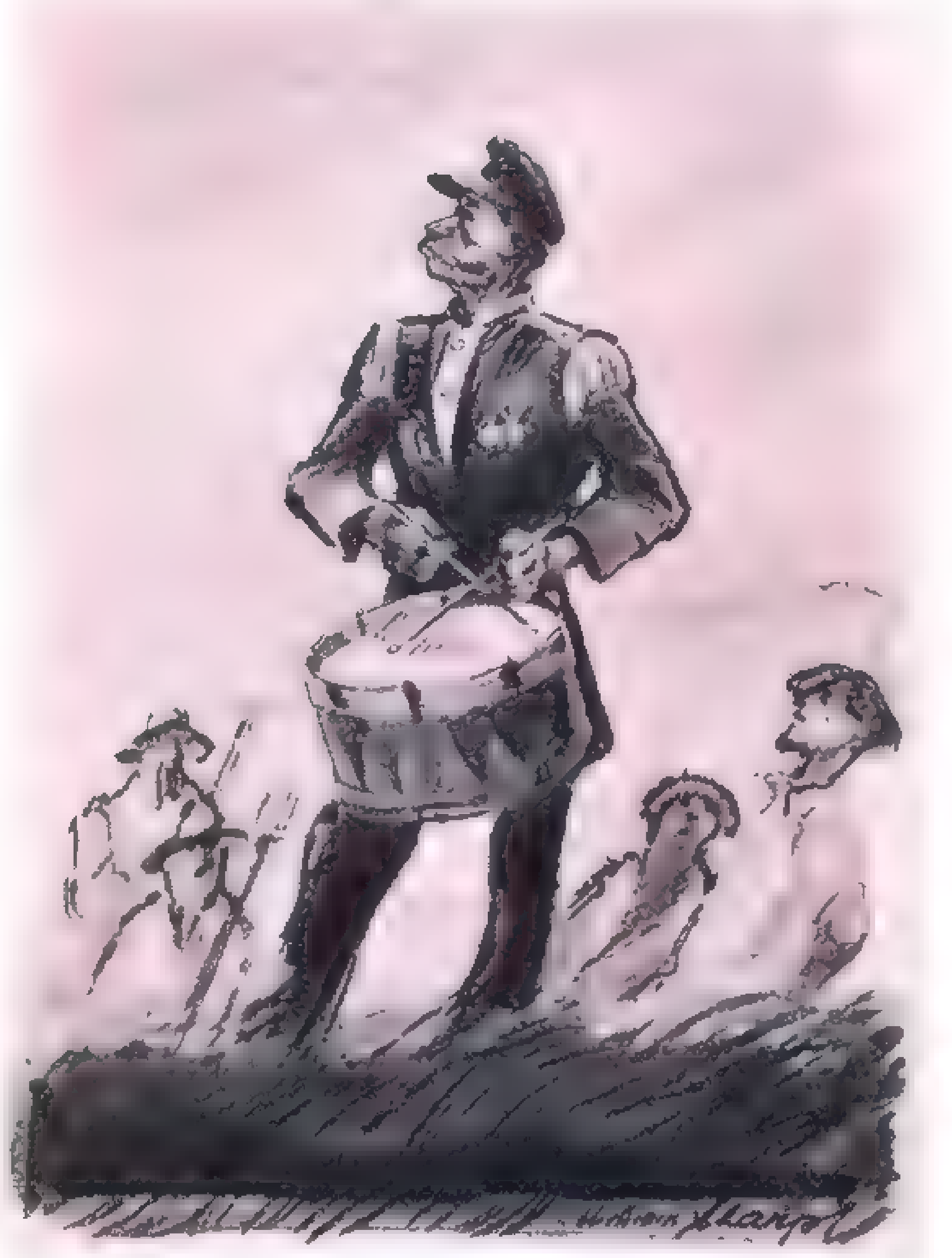
The creaking of a gate, the barking of a dog were relief from the ceaseless hum of voices. Even the ominous word war was not uttered above bated breath. Yet that word recurred insistently, like an ever repeating, whispered echo.

The priest had gone to bed, feigned sleep, but he was listening to the purling of voices, knowing that his wife was listening also. They know, he was thinking, and could not but wonder how the people knew. Deep in his unrecalled remembrance was the knowledge that the peasants always got to know danger sooner than he believed it possible. "If only someone would shout," he was wishing to himself, "there would be a burst of uproar, then silence, but this will last all night."

He dared not move to stop up his ears with his fingers because then his wife, seeing he was not asleep, would talk to him. He could not bear being spoken to by her at this moment. No! For he could not endure the effort of answering. And the eerie fascination of the low sound had possessed him already.

Sweethearts had found each other. In gardens, in discreet shelters, pairs of young lads and girls embraced, kissed and spoke in hushed voices. Children who had not gone to sleep were let by their parents gather where they wished, because they, too, spoke quietly as their elders.

Morning came, the relief of daylight. Now old Pavel could see the eyes of Avram, as they stood talking at the gate of the mayory. Rafila and Gavrila could look at each other in daylight, reading in each other's eyes feelings for which they had no words. In her eyes, now anxiety, now a flicker of pride, because her Gavrila, a mere servant at the notary's, would be on equal footing with the best lads in the village, not excepting Michael, the Mayor's son, that peacock of vanity. In Gavrila's blue eyes she saw his love for her, eager, urgent, and then a masculine, protective firmness, courage even, as he said: "And when we have done with the Serbs I'll come back and marry you. It will only be a while."



Yes, the blessed light of day was good. Sun rising in a clear sky, birds twittering, cattle humble as ever, the smoke rising in feathery puffs and the voices of women, melodious and bright.

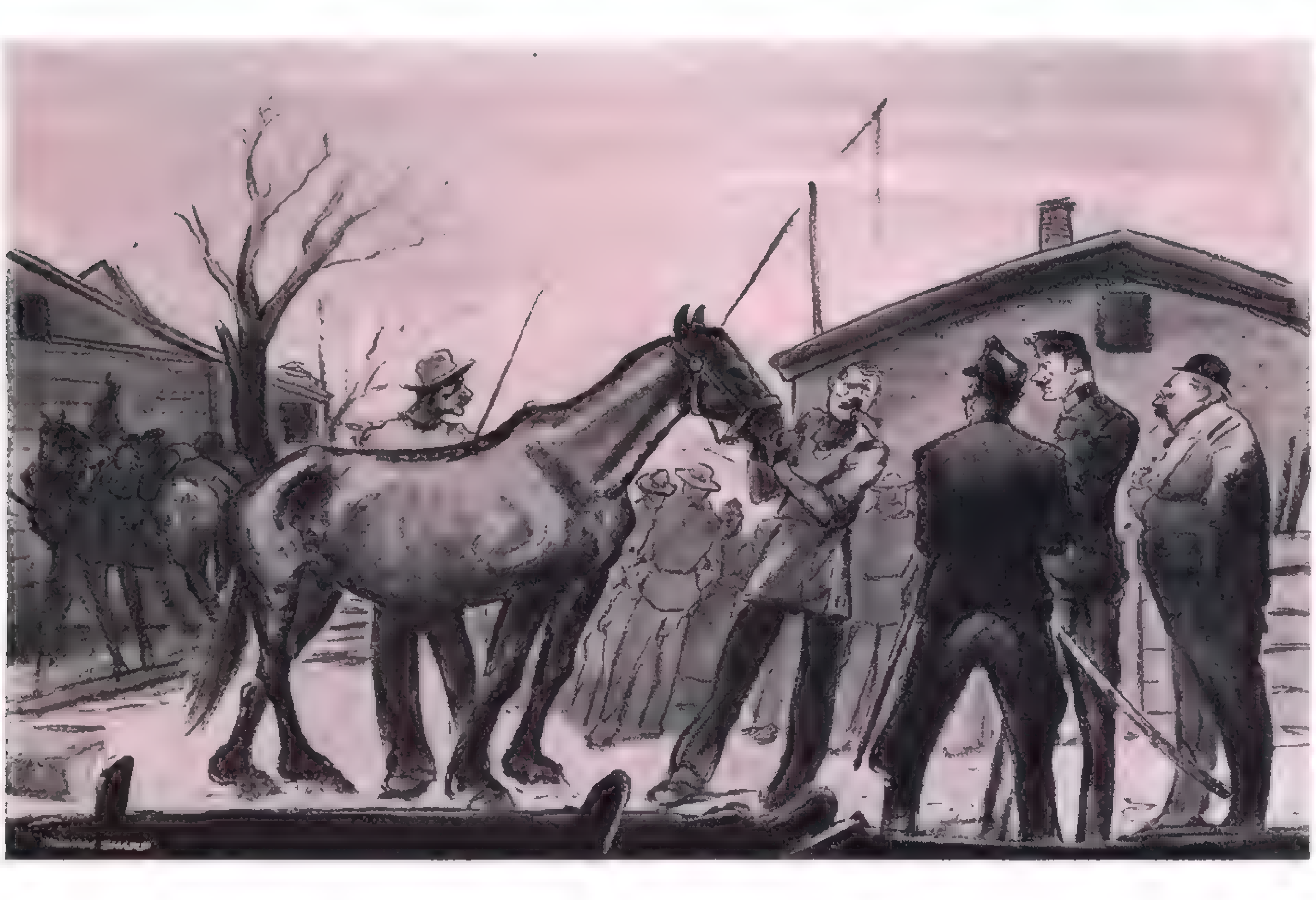
Yet, this was not a day as other days. The women folk hurried about as on the morning of a holiday, when they must finish their work in time for them to go to church. And as always for such days, the men had finished early their morning chores and gone out into the street, dressed in clean shirts and clean trousers. And again, just as on significant holy days, little differences between people had melted away. Each spoke to each, like members of one family, living in perfect harmony.

Gavrila, it is true, could not help feeling his importance. Was it not he who gave the village the correct import of the Emperor's order?

Who knows—he might even rise to the rank of Corporal and be Michael's superior. If only he should be taken into the cavalry. It would take Michael two terms in the army before he would know horses, in every respect, as Gavrila knew them. Was he not praised by the veterinary even for his first aid to a sick horse?

Truly, he could not help walking with his chest out, with Rafila at his side, a large bouquet of flowers in his hat band—which, of course—Rafila had stuck there. But nobody resented Gavrila's airs. In fact, nobody seemed to notice them at all.

At the hour of nine, the large courtyard at the mayory was as crowded as the church. The two soldiers at the gate let everybody pass. When children came, huddled together like little chicks, the soldiers looked over their heads, into nowhere. The children pushed closer and closer to the gate, glancing up at the soldiers' faces, but there was no sign of prevention there, so they stormed in. Behind them, the two soldiers laughed silently. They were peasant lads, and not far from their childhood, either.



Gavrila had one wish come true that very morning. He was mustered into the cavalry. In the afternoon an officer and several soldiers under his command arrived to requisition horses.

That was a plague. "What will we do without horses?" complained the peasants. Fortunately, their animals did not prove eligible for military service. At any rate, not many peasants had to give up their horses. Old Pavel, the mayor, the notary, the miller and the priest—only they had the honor of furnishing some of these animals. Pavel had his black mare, a six-year-old creature, taken. The mayor gave up two, the notary two, the priest one and the miller—well, the miller gave up "my pride and friend," he said. Tears trickled down his flour-powdered face.

It was a beautiful animal, the miller's horse. The color of copper, his hide as smooth and shiny as a scoured copper kettle, long tail, long mane, and a tuft falling over his forehead giving him a martial air. Slender, sinewy legs, narrow, high hoofs, long, graceful body, a true charger was the miller's horse.

When the young officer saw him he started blinking, clucked with his tongue and pushed his visored cap off his forehead.

"Saddle him," he commanded his orderly.

"This horse does not gallop, sir, but he outruns three. He canters, sir, fast as flying," the miller said, rubbing the horse's nose. The horse moved his head up and down under his master's hand. Then he stretched his lips and kissed the miller on his cheek and neck.

The miller's wife wiped her eyes; Savu, his fourteen-year-old son, sulked, pressing his clenched fists into his ribs.

"I will try him," said the young officer. Gracefully he swung himself into the saddle. Instantly the horse was off. Several women who were present hid their faces in their sleeves and laughed. The miller scowled at them. The women went away at once, looking up the street. Above the cloud of dust they could see the officer's cap, rising and sinking gently. Then it remained still, suddenly.

What happened? The miller's horse had stopped suddenly in front of the inn. The peasants who were there snickered. No, there was no use trying to set the horse going. The officer could only make him snort and rear up on his hind legs, but move further the animal would not.

"Call Gheorghe, sir," said an elderly peasant to the officer.

"Who is Gheorghe?" asked the officer sternly.

"The inkeeper, sir."

No need calling Gheorghe. As soon as he saw the miller's horse, only his head, to be

Continued at top of page 100

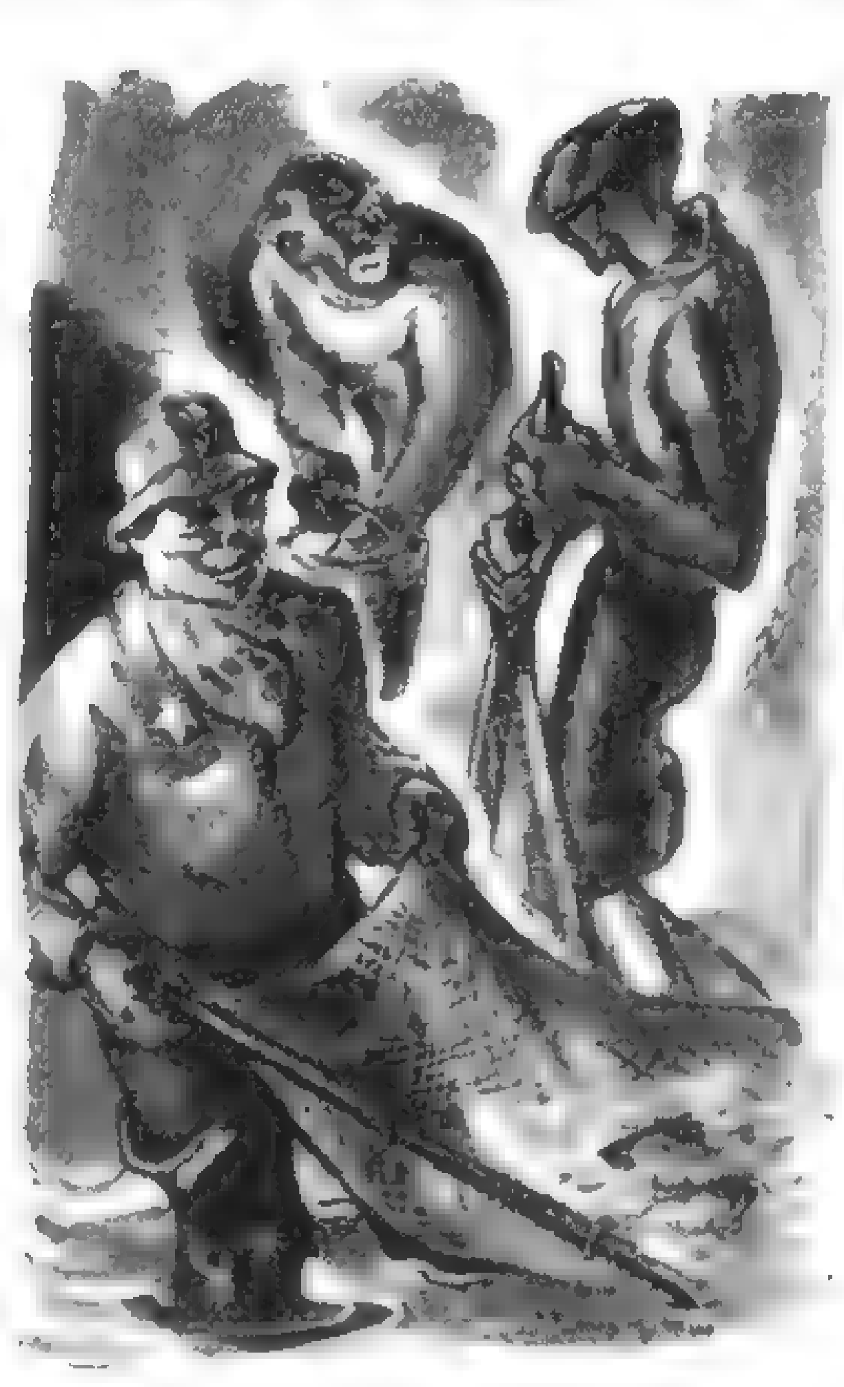
Carolina Fish-Fry

The farmer leaves his cattle, and the bridegroom leaves his bride, when it's rumored there's a fish-fry on the river

by JAY FRANKLIN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

WAY down south in Dixie, where men are men and women aren't much worried about it, there is one peculiar institution entirely unprofaned by the female of the species. Or, as one sturdy Carolinian put it, "it hain't been ruint by the women." This is the famous fish-fry of the Carolinas, a social diversion as proudly masculine as heavyweight wrestling. What the country club is to the commuter, what the week end is to the Social Registerite, what "club-night" is to the average small town dweller—that and more is the fish-fry to the men folk of the Old South.



When a man goes to a fish-fry his wife expects him back when she sees him and not until then. In a land largely denuded of telephones and with good distances, that means that not only is the husband out for a night with the boys but that the most wifely of worriers cannot reach him, even if the house catches fire or the baby develops colic. It's simply magnificent.

The magic words—"Fish-fry tonight!"—stir a Southern county-seat the way an inside report that General Motors is good for a forty-point rise stirs Wall Street. For fish-fries are as democratic as the stock-ticker and far less dangerous. At this point, it should be sternly noted that this is not a business of catching fish. The purpose is to eat fish. The closer you get to the tropics the less interested are people in the non-edible beauties of nature. Like many other forms of work south of the Potomac, the necessary preliminary business of catching the fish is turned over to the Negroes, who get their reward later, since fried fish is to the darky of the Deep South what catnip is to a cat.

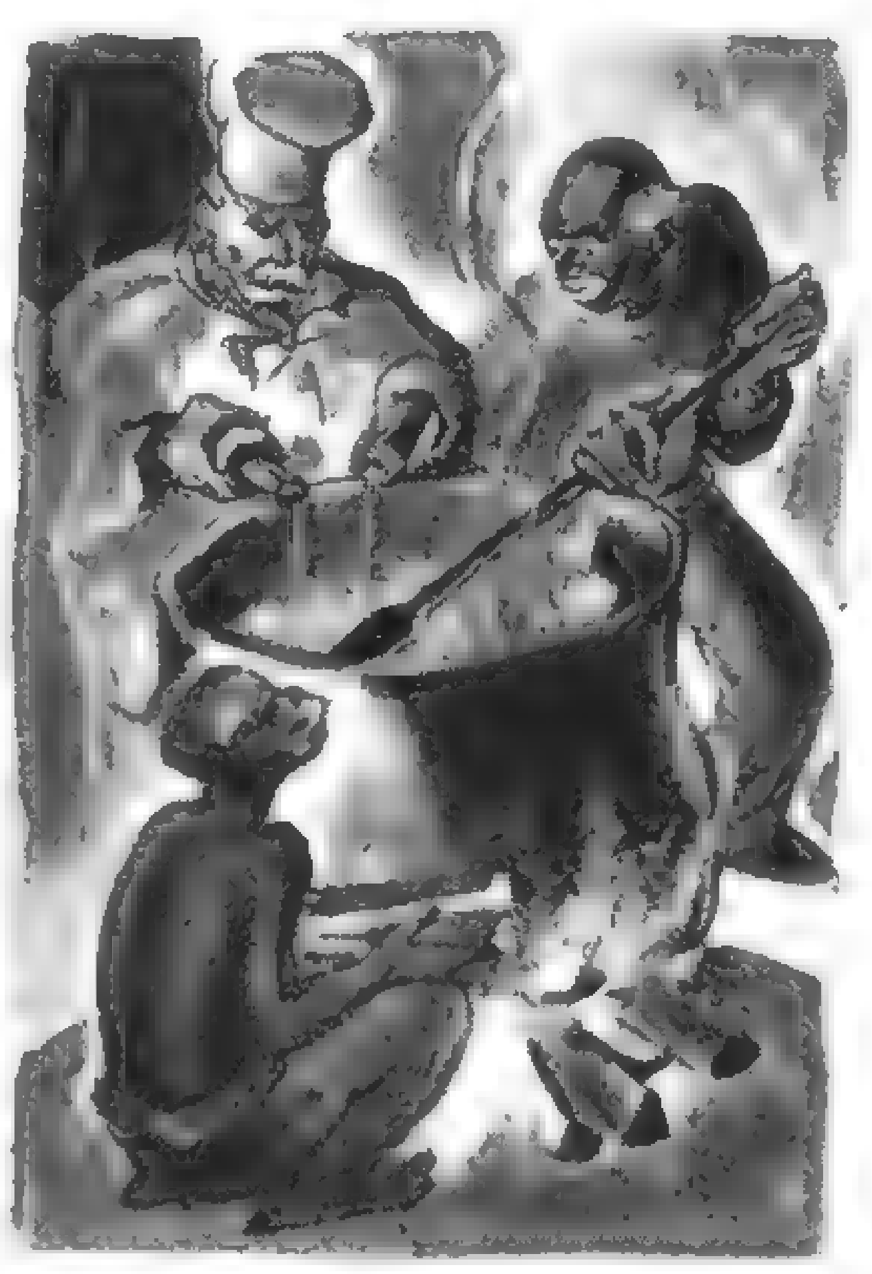
So the eager colored people fish the streams with nets, seining the slow, deep rivers which wander through the rich lowlands of the coastal plain. In the spring, when the shad are running, is a favorite time for the fries, but later on there are perch and red-breasts—the latter a sort of bream with flaky meat which is distinctly worth-while—and always catfish. Now catfish are considered pretty bad eating in some places—tough, muddy and sluggish—but what they can do to a catfish in the South is enough to confirm one's belief in perfectibility. But we shall come to the catfish in due time. Along the coast, where the tide works in the inlets and among the islands, fishing has been simplified. The natives simply stretch a net across the mouth of an inlet at high tide and come back to pick up what fish they want at low tide. Since no better way of exterminating fish—not even dynamite—has been discovered, this practice is frowned on by the game laws and sportsmen.

Therefore the local sheriff (who has the right to set aside the game laws or at least to overlook minor infractions) is *ex officio* a member of the party. He generally knows the best river and he and his deputies have no trouble in spreading the word and rounding up the help required. As a matter of fact, after a fry has been suggested a pretty tense situation develops, for unless the boys can catch enough fish the fry is automatically canceled. The sheriff keeps getting reports from the front and when word arrives at last that the Edisto or the Cooper River has done its duty in the matter of providing provender, there is a distinct air of jubilation. And when word finally is received that the fish are most done, the speed with which the men-folk drift in the proper direction is almost scandalous. The farmer leaves his cattle, the bridegroom his bride, juries are left locked up with undelivered verdicts, work is abandoned, and those who have been notified to attend light out for their mysterious destination with an urgency which suggests some secret jungle ceremony.

It looks rather like that when you get there. The fish-fry grounds sit high on the bank of the river: a little clearing in the dark woods, with the grey cobwebs of the Spanish moss draping the live-oaks along the stately curve of the river The place has been picked with an eye to good drinking water, plenty of fat wood for the fire, nearness to a good road and, of course, to the supply of fish. It is what they call "a right pretty sight," surpassing for most men in its appeal the better-advertised glories of the Magnolia Gardens on the Ashley River and the other show-places of the Tidewater South. With a full moon rising over the cypress-swamps, in the cool spring before the mosquitoes have started their summer's activity, there is something inexpressibly stirring in the sight of four or five great iron pots hissing over as many red fires, with the black boys keeping the wood replenished, the white cooks busy at their mysteries, and a comfortable aroma of wood-smoke, food and corn-licker to add digestive luster to the esthetics of the situation.

The fish-fry group is as democratic as a public school, a court room or a coon-hunt. No women! but everybody else—the Judge, the Sheriff and his deputies, State Senators and local politicians, brakemen, the town veterinary, store-keepers, ordinary small farmers, filling-station attendants, garage mechanics and the non-classifiable men who hang around the Court House steps and argue about the weather, religion and the price of cotton during the slow Southern afternoons.

For the test of a fish-fry is the catfish stew. Every community in the fish-fry belt boasts at least one man who claims to know more about the proper preparation of this dish than anyone else in the whole dang world. Like skill on the fiddle and the gift of second sight, this talent strikes without regard to social position, wealth or profession, and the jealousy between catfish stew specialists is such as to make rival metropolitan chefs look like Siamese twins.



Catfish stew is a sort of happy hybrid between Mediterranean bouillabaisse and New England fish-chowder. The catfish must first be cleaned and painfully skinned, with the aid of tweezers. Then they are stewed slowly, until the flesh drops off the bones. Any other sort of fish that is handy also goes into the stew-pot on general principles. Then it is all cooked deliberately together with milk, eggs, hunks of bacon, onions, catsup, pepper, salt, Worcester sauce and anything else the particular cook fancies. When done it comes as thick and lumpy as porridge and recalls the famous fish-melser of Old Nantucket. When the operation is successfully completed, the cook accepts congratulations and frequently gets tight out of sheer artistic relief.

The stew is served with Carolina rice, cooked in the old way: a large amount of dry

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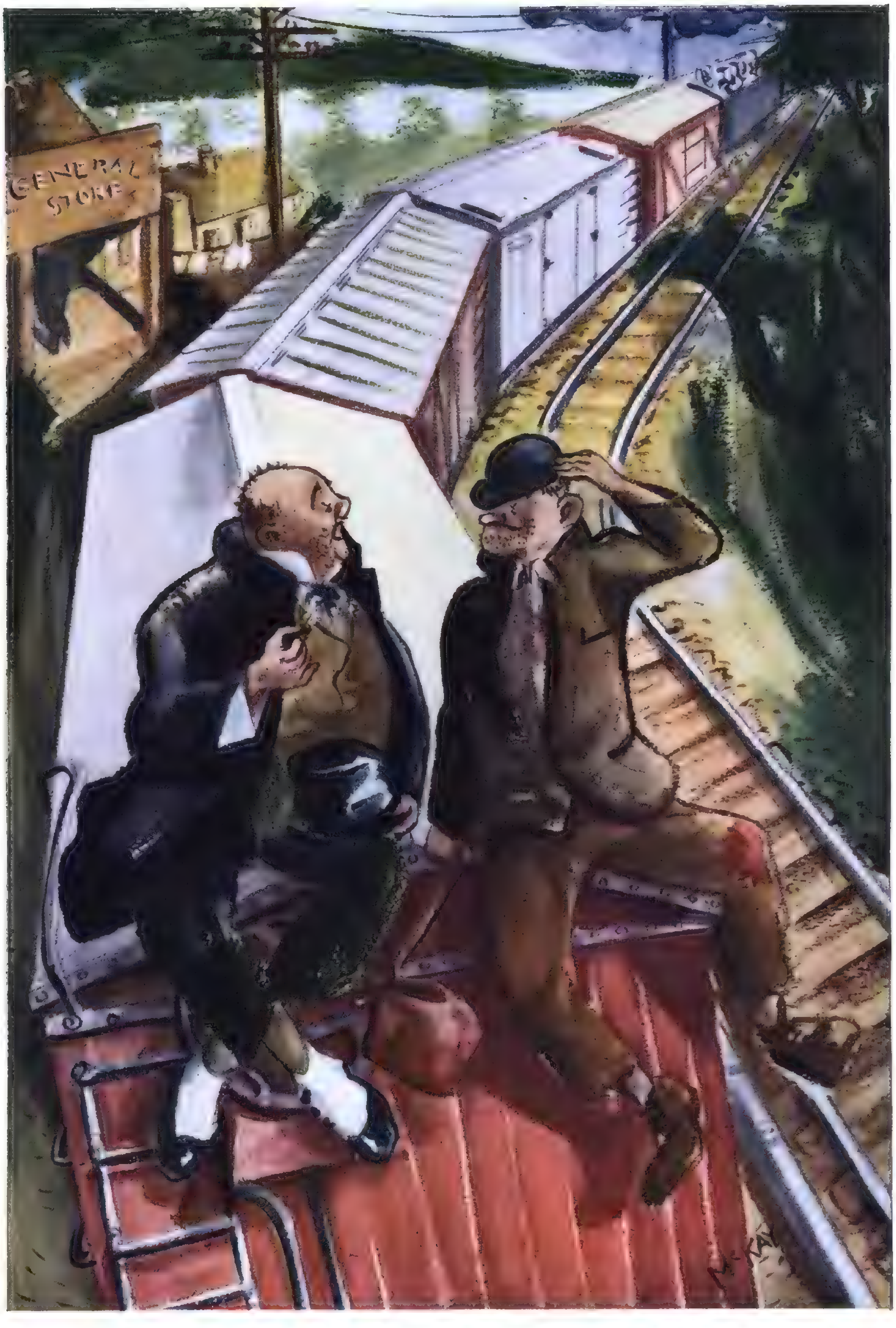
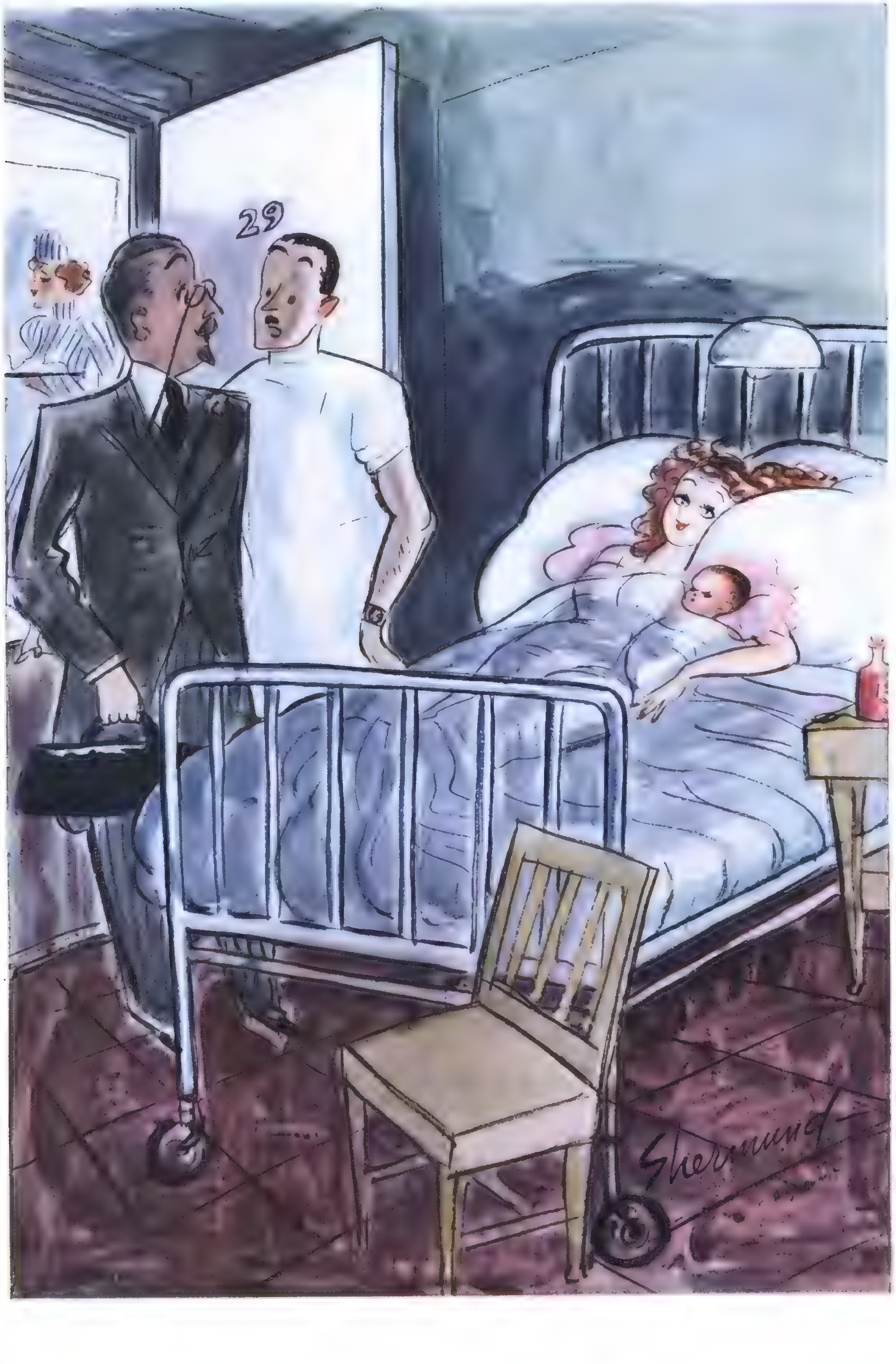

GENERAL
STORE
McKAY

"Whatever possessed you to answer my ad for a traveling companion?"



"Amnesia victim—she can't remember anything!"

Don't Tread On Me!

They can play havoc with some things, but when it comes to amusement, they had better damn well leave us alone

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

I WOULDN'T be too dogmatic about it, but I think that baseball and indifferently comic radio comedians and Class B pictures will make tougher going for any would-be dictator in America than all the good defenders of our liberties put together. I think that we'll fight harder for even second-rate entertainment than we will for first-rate principles. Since I don't give a damn *why* we reject tyranny, so long as we do reject it, I am inclined at the moment to give a rousing cheer for Hollywood and radio, not only for their prime efforts, but for their shabby ones, and for beauty contests and phony wrestling matches and all the amusements which, in normal times, would make you wonder whether the human race is worth troubling about at all. And that isn't all. I begin to wonder whether the great pictures and the excellent programs oughtn't to be spaced out even more than they are; because if ever entertainment becomes really satisfactory, people may lose interest in it, and refuse to fight for their God-given right to be amused by all that's vulgar and trivial.

I note that ten minutes after they have seized the railway station, the storm-troopers always sweep down on the radio control room; and the next day the movie studios are taken over by the new government. Thereafter the entertainment of the people becomes an official function; and people who haven't been accustomed to getting what they want on the air or on the screen, take the change lying down.

But we are a stiff-necked people when it come to an easy laugh. In one way or another we are willing to pay a lot of money to be diverted. And if the diversion ends, we'll get sore. A sore people isn't what the dictator ordered.

Now give a thought to the uplifters of the popular arts. (Suppose I have been one, or have been accused of being one, myself. I can have deep thoughts about civic duty as well as the next man, can't I?) The improvers have always moaned over the circumstance that so much of our entertainment distracts the mind of the average citizen from the really serious problems which he ought to face and solve. They have deplored the low intellectual content of broadcasts and feature films. They have been saddened by the spectacle of hundreds of thousands of Americans watching baseball games or fixed wrestling matches, not only because these games are low and unaesthetic, but because the spectators get no physical benefit from sitting in the grandstands. They have pointed the finger of comparison at us, just sitting, and the healthy and sturdy Europeans at their drills. And now I seriously suspect that if we throw ourselves violently into improving our amusements and making our sports into great participating events—then we'll be playing right into the hands of the next hard-bitten bastard who wants to be our Leader and our Chief. I don't think it's likely to happen so long as movie producers want to make money and sponsors want to sell soup or motor cars or cigarettes; I don't think our most popular arts will become as rarely beautiful as the works of Walter Pater, or as recondite as the poetry of T. S. Eliot. But I think the complainers ought to recognize the simple fact that the triviality of our amusements makes them a solid wall against which regimentation is going to break its tough head.

The poetic William Blake had something derogatory to say about the horses of instruction as compared to the tigers of wrath. The horses of instruction don't come off well even in comparison with the puppies of entertainment. It's a shame and a pity and you can cry your eyes out over it, but it's still true that you could shut down all the universities and the research laboratories in the country and hardly anyone would give a damn; but if you shut down the ball-and-pin games you get nasty looks and if you shut down all the movie houses and transmitting stations you would get rioting in the streets. The German art-critic, Dr. Erwin Panofsky, currently in America, has predicted bloody revolution if the movie-studios shut down. It suggests a new function for Hollywood, and I hope Hollywood will appreciate the compliment.

A crafty dictator in America would let the feature picture alone and play dirty tricks on the newsreel; he would let the radio comedians carry on and monkey with the news flashes and the commentators. But he would be dragged into control over popular entertainment; he would begin to make athletics obligatory; he would presently be compelled to interfere with our knob-twiddling and our movie-going because he would know that for our own good we needed direction and control. And while we might stand it in the factories, while we might grumble and bear it at the grocery store, buying only what Our Hero and Leader thought was good for us, we wouldn't take it when we went out for fun. There we insist on shopping around. Even the most successful radio programs, when they become a mania, don't hold on to half of the listening public; there are plenty of people who sniff at our most popular movie stars; there isn't a magazine which reaches one-sixth of the families in the United States. We pays our money and we insist upon taking our choice.

It isn't so easy for me to put up an argument for lousy pictures and tedious radio programs and as for watching baseball games, I can't do it, I don't have to do it, and I don't do it. Like most people who care for the movies, I suffer more from them than the superior characters who simply don't go to see the pictures; I see bad ones far too often for comfort. Because I like a fair share of what the radio offers, I am particularly sensitive to its less rewarding efforts. But I am suspicious even of myself when I get into a reforming mood. I think the popularity of an entertainment is more important, at the moment, than its excellence. Once in a blue moon the two things coincide and a brilliant prospect opens out: as it did when *The Life of Emile Zola* made a resounding success. There ought to be dozens of pictures as good as this one; I think there will be. But I wouldn't sacrifice the popularity of pictures, just now, to goodness. There has been a lot of magnificent music on the air in the past few months and people have enjoyed it. But if I had to make a choice, quickly, I'd carry on with certain abnormally popular programs, which I can't abide, just to keep people interested in a free radio.

For a long time, as the editor of this magazine once pointed out, I wrote pieces about the quality of Keystone comedies, popular songs, comic strips, and a few related forms of entertainment. Without, I trust, pressing the matter too far, I was being an aesthetic critic. I thought—and once or twice I was

Continued in center of page 126

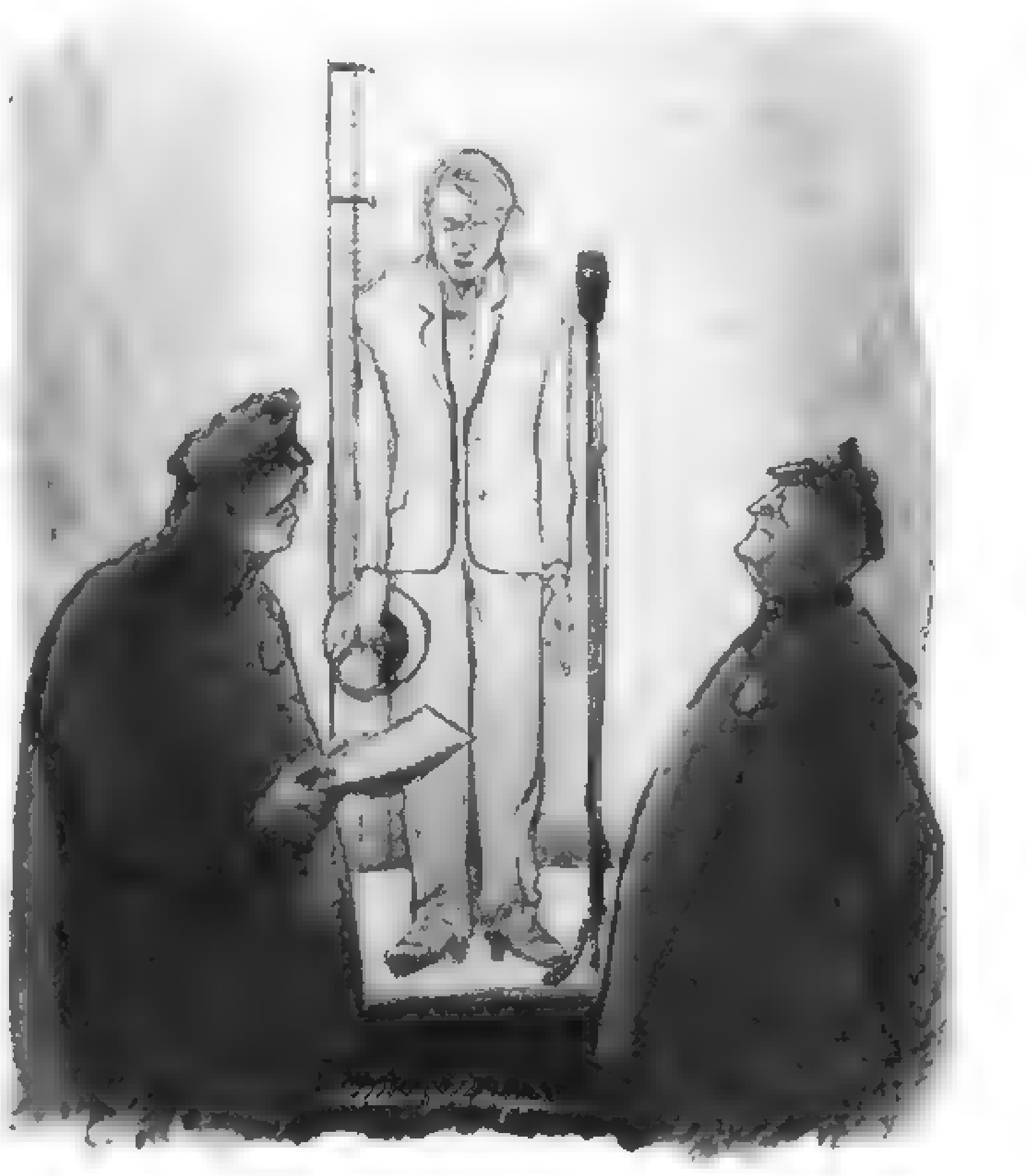
He Thought Twice

The people in the town where Biggins lived agreed that he was not so very bright, but he would not hurt anyone

by GENE JONQUET

• FICTION •

When I read in the papers about Biggins being in the Cook County Jail I went to see him several times, as soon as they would let me, just out of curiosity. Biggins was not a kid you couldn't talk to if you took your time and tried to understand him, and especially if you did not wear a coat. About all Biggins would say to anyone else, except when they put the pressure on him pretty strong, was, "Aw, go t' hell." But from what I got out of him, and what I knew about him down in Pinkney before I moved up here, I got it all figured out. I am telling about it, and got a fellow to help me write it right, because it made me do some thinking, which is something Biggins never learned to do very well in his whole life.



"Biggins" is not a nickname. His mother had him named that because he was so big when he was born. Biggins was not very bright, but he would not hurt anybody. That is what they said when he was thirteen and his second grade teacher thought he should be sent to the State School. But the principal said no, Biggins was not bright, but he wouldn't hurt anybody. Biggins had got so he liked the second grade real well, but they made him stop coming to school after that.

It was true, what they said, though. Biggins was always a big, heavy-hipped boy for his age, but after the kids figured him out it was they who picked on him and bullied him, because they knew he would not hurt anybody. That was why, by the time he was fourteen, Biggins drifted away from trying to play with the kids and started hanging around O'Connery's Pool Hall. He did not learn any bad tricks at the pool room, as you might imagine he would. He liked to loaf around because the men laughed a lot and said things that were funny. They let him stay because he was so quiet they hardly noticed him, and besides, he would do anything they told him, like sweeping the floor or cleaning the spittoons.

The main thing about O'Connery's for Biggins, though, was that the men did not wear coats. Biggins was afraid of men with coats on. Once when Biggins was quite small he had seen his mother beaten up by a man with a coat on. She was running a bawdy house then, and this man with a coat on and a cigar in his mouth beat her up. Biggins did not know why anybody would want to hit his mother, and after that he was afraid of men with coats on. At O'Connery's, even in the winter, the men took their coats off as soon as they came in.

Biggins' mother was always good to him, but she did not really pay much attention to him. She made him wash his hands and face now and then, and gave him a dollar every time she thought of it which wasn't very often.

O'Connery sold beer at his place, and Biggins noticed that each of the men standing around or shooting pool had a glass of beer. So he started buying a glass of beer every night. He did not like beer, so he would just hold the glass in his hand all evening until it got blood-warm. One night he asked for a glass of milk instead, because he liked milk. Biggins talked very slowly, as if every syllable were a separate word and hard to say. Everybody laughed so hard that it was fun. After that every night he would ask for milk and they would give him a glass and send him next door to the confectionery for his milk. It was fun for Biggins even after the men no longer laughed about it.

Biggins liked to stand and guzzle his milk and watch the men shoot pool. Up over the pool table was a wire with two rows of buttons on it. He would look up and see which row of buttons was longer, and then he would not look up for a while. Then when he did look up maybe the same one would be longer or maybe it would be the other one. He never could tell till he looked. That was fun too.

Sometimes when something was going on the men did not want Biggins around. One night they gave him a dime and told him to go to the picture show across the street. Biggins had been to shows before, but he did not understand them very well and there were often big fellows in them who wore coats and seemed to look right at him. This was a serial picture called *The Mystery Man*. There was a man in it that you could see was a nice fellow. Biggins liked him. He did not wear a coat. He wore a black shirt.

Every once in a while you would see this man take a gun from behind a sliding panel in his room. It would be night. He would go out and wait in an alley until he saw a man coming down the street and there was no one else around. He would go up to the man and say, "Good evening, sir. Will you kindly put up your hands and turn around?" Then he would take the man's pocketbook from his pocket, take the money from it, put it back in the man's pocket, and tell the man to run. Then he would walk away to his room and hide the revolver again and count the money he had taken.

Biggins did not understand the rest of the picture very well, but he sat through it just to see this man he liked.

One night Biggins had no money to go down and buy a glass of milk and stand in the pool room. He knew where his mother had a revolver hid in a box in the attic, so he got the gun and went out and held up a man. He did everything just like the man in the serial picture. Then he took the gun home and hid it and went on down to O'Connery's.

The next morning the police picked Biggins up and took him to the station. Biggins was afraid of all the policemen with the big, blue coats on. The man he had held up said, "Sure. I've knew Biggins since he was knee high. Even if I didn't see him, I could tell him from the goofy way he talks."

Biggins did not know what it was all about. They took the money away from him and asked him where he put the gun. He could not remember where he had hid the gun, and the police figured he did not have a gun at all, but only a monkey wrench or something like that. They said, "You won't never do it again, will you, Biggins?" and he said "Aw, I won't never do it again." He was a big boy with bright, good-natured eyes, and people liked him. They let him go without even booking him. The police said, "Biggins ain't bright, but he wouldn't hurt nobody."

His mother was careful to give him money

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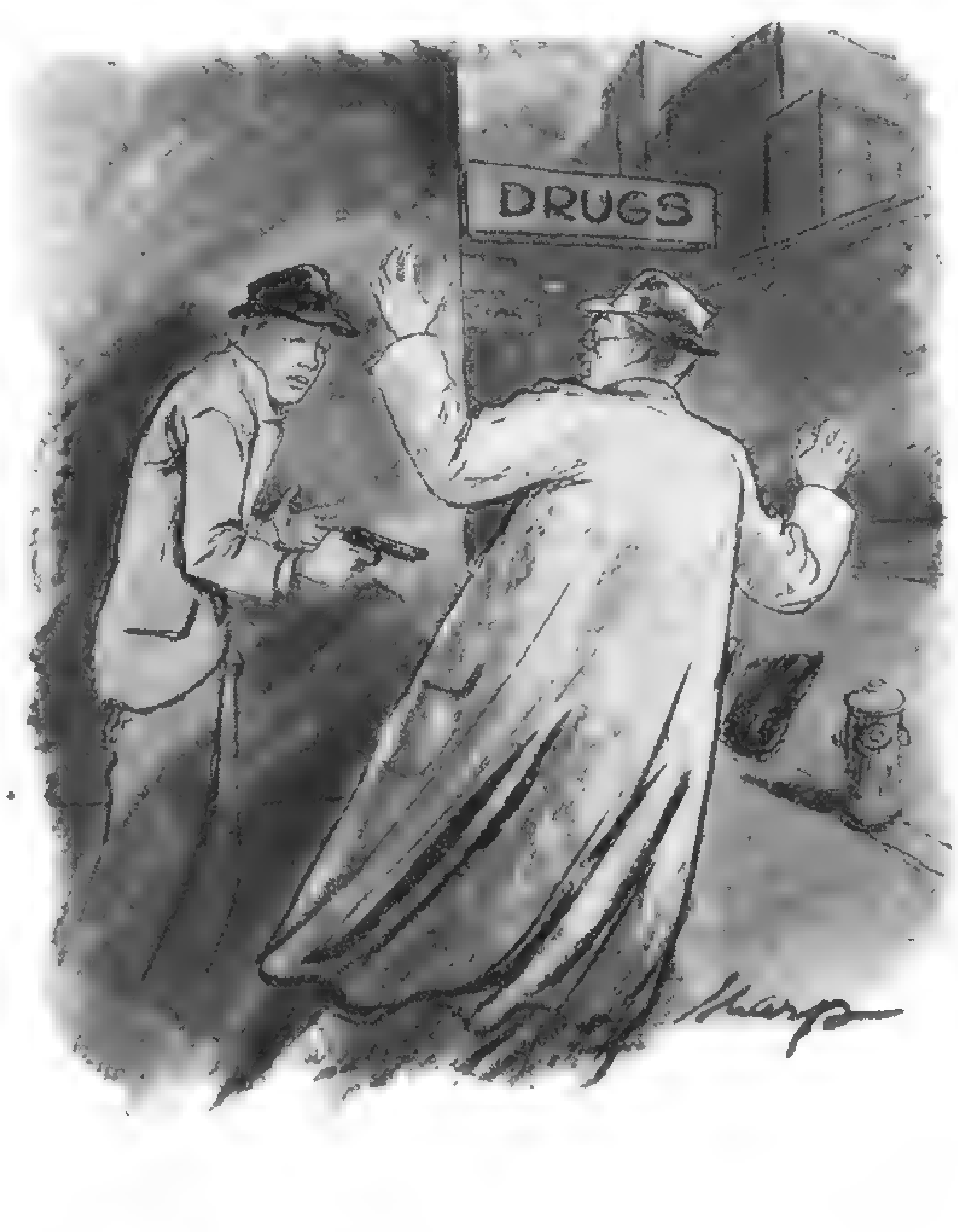
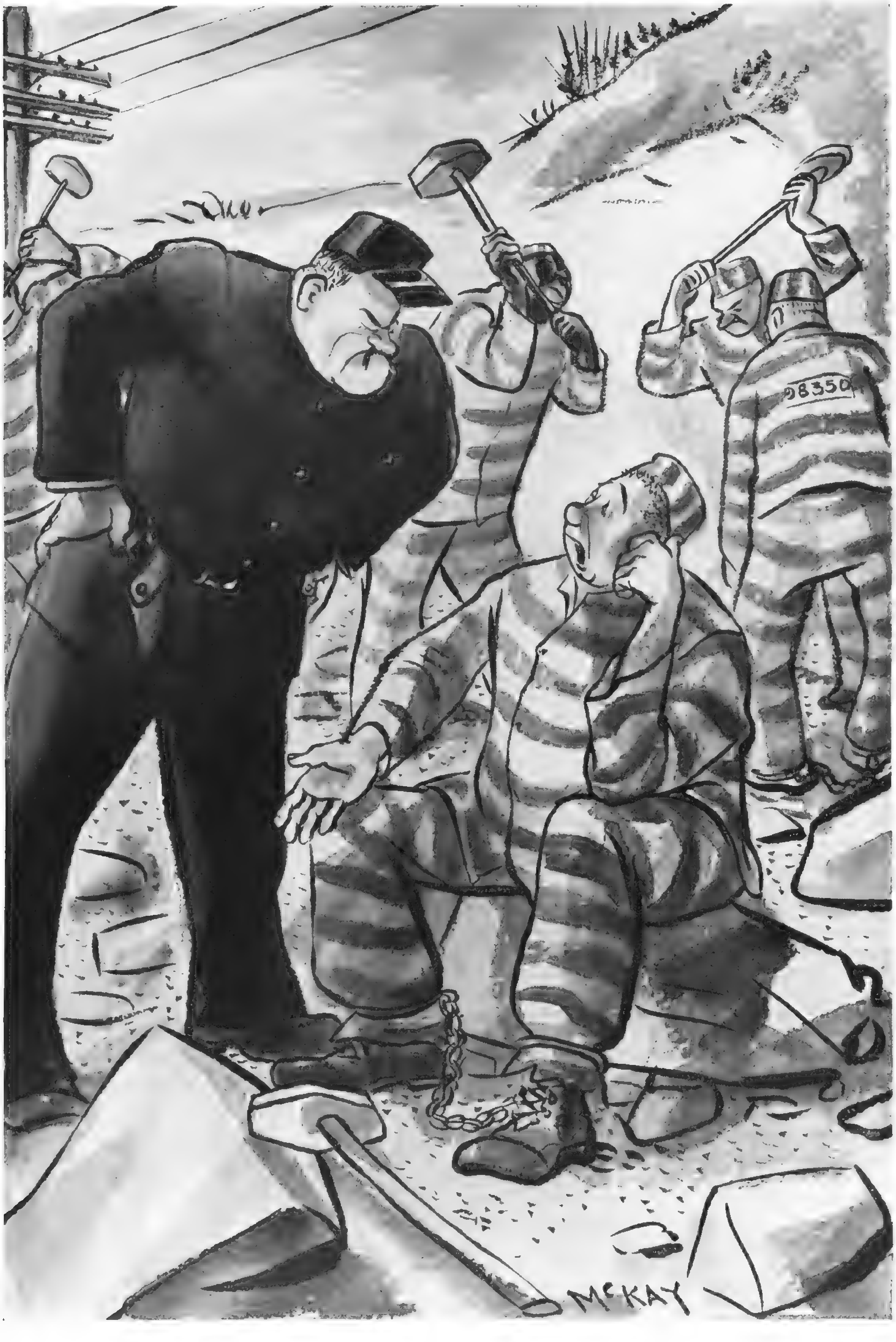



98350
McKAY

"Hasn't anyone spoken to the Warden about a rock crusher?"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

After the Guild has messed around with Left Wing drama and Hollywood melodrama the Alfred Lunts make it honest again

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

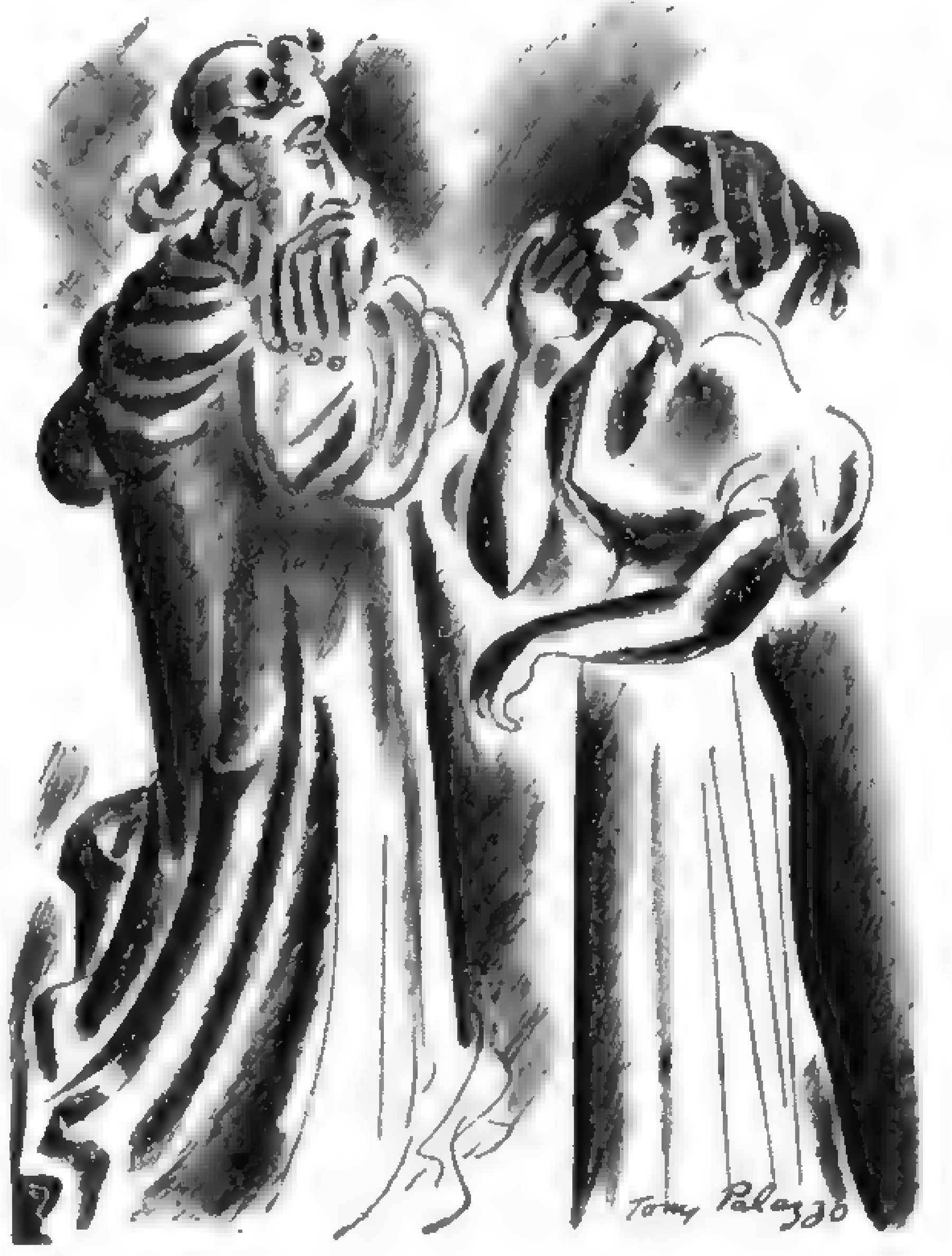
▪ THEATRE ▪

It was a lucky day for the Theatre Guild when Eugene O'Neill first communicated to its board of directors the news of the advent in the southmost reaches of Georgia of Prof. Orville P. Mosedinck. This Prof. Mosedinck, O'Neill discovered, was a hypnotist extraordinaire; nothing like him, said O'Neill, had ever been seen anywhere; his powers were magic itself. "Get into touch with him at once," O'Neill urged. "He may, if he sufficiently exerts himself, be able to hypnotize a few good actors into the Guild service. He may, indeed, if you give him enough rope, even succeed in hypnotizing a good play into your hands."

The rest, of course, is history. Although the Prof.'s hypnotic virtuosity does not seem to have worked so well in the case of plays, his great feat in persuading the Lunts, while under the influence, to ally themselves with the Guild is commonly appreciated. (There is no truth in the scandalous rumor that, in order to persuade the Lunts, the Guild directorate had to supplement the illustrious Prof.'s efforts with several gallons of vodka and a variety of hypodermic needles.) The credit is entirely, wholly and completely Prof. Orville P. Mosedinck's. If it had not been for him, the Guild would still be going around with holes in its socks. For it is a well-known fact that, after it annually puts on its customary play by a Hollywood movie scenario writer, its customary feeble little gesture to Left Wing drama, its dramatization of some rococo novel, and its proud revelation of the first work of some Grade-G genius, it is the Lunts who have to come to its rescue and make up enough of the deficit at least to pay for the postage stamps on the press department's bulletins telling how good the Guild used to be.

The two life-savers, Alf and wife, are again doing their duty this season, having been peremptorily rushed into the breach directly after Ben Hecht, this year's Guild movie scenario writer, once more gloomily betrayed to the theatregoing public the habit that Hollywood seems to have of doing something to any literatus who for any length of time becomes one of its gigolos. Like a mute who for many years had been restricted to the sign language and who had suddenly recovered his speech, this Hecht in *To Quito and Back* permitted himself two and one-half hours of uninterrupted gabble on everything under the sun from love to fascism, from literature to metaphysics and from sex to communism, all the while saying next to nothing, with the result that when his play was only half through his listeners would have enthusiastically welcomed the entrance of Tom Mix on his horse or, even more enthusiastically, Laurel and Hardy on foot. With the re-emergence of the Lunts, the Guild subscribers were cajoled into overlooking the nick they had suffered in Hecht's dramatization of Sam Goldwyn playing Hamlet, and the Guild directors themselves were again able to eat without a guilty conscience.

Amphitryon 38, skillfully adapted by S. N. Behrman (Guild meal ticket No. 2) from the Giraudoux original, is the vehicle currently serving the rescuing twain and they make a good show of it. As the Jupiter who is sufficiently Latin to appreciate the Italian proverb that angels may be all right in their place but not in bed and who craves for a change in the person of the mortal Alkmena, Lunt employs that oddly cajoling voice of his, which always suggests a throat lozenge mocking a tenor, to admirable dry comedy effect. And as the married morsel whom he covets, Miss Fontanne stooges it handsomely for him throughout the evening. The play itself is slight stuff but it provides a sufficient share of agreeable and witty boulevard entertainment, all the more welcome in a season that seemed to promise so much and that, at least in its earlier phases, for the most part haplessly resolved itself into a series of such denicotinized dramatic cheroots as the hitherto applaudable Maxwell Anderson's three-decker combination of ham, cheese and boloney that with infinitely more relevance might have been called *The Dog-Wagon*, Rachel Crothers' fossilized fable of the separated married couple reunited by their child and attemptedly given a touch of modernity by making the wife guilty of Buchmanism instead of adultery, and Bernie Angus' pre-war murder mystery stew, *Angel Island*, with—as God is our judge!—its comedy relief provided by a slavey after the May Vokes pattern, with a wind machine howling ominously outside the house, with the jewels finally discovered to be paste, and with a small organ in the pit grinding out enter-the-villain quiver-music.



Into such a scene *Amphitryon 38* came as comparative manna. Liberally and wisely deleted of its verbose philosophical disquisitions and converted by Behrman into livelier theatrical material through a shrewd suppression of its original bookish flavor, its retelling of the familiar legend in terms of Sacha Guitry crossed with a little Shaw may be recommended to all such theatregoers as were beginning to become discouraged over the thought that the season would be devoted largely to proving that wit and humor were lost attributes of the drama and to substituting in place of them the species of dead-pan greasepaint literature which distils the emotions of the witless and humorless with flashbacks showing gray-wigged and dejected old folk in their happy, picnicking youth and with close-ups and long-shots of disconsolate intellectuals searching for their souls and for the meaning of life in the bodies of cuties.

I'd Rather Be Right, the combined work of George S. Kaufman, Richard Rodgers and the two Hart boys, Moss and Lorenz, adds further to the season's better news. It is a gay and goosing, though generally warm and genial, show that takes almost everyone connected with the present Federal government over the jumps and that attests once again to the fact that when it comes to topical exhibits of this kind the American stage has no rival, unless it be now and then in the person of the French writer, Rip, whose satirical performances have for years been the great delight of the Paris revue stage.

In such shows as this, and *Of Thee I Sing*, *Face The Music*, *As Thousands Cheer* and even the less successful *Let 'Em Eat Cake*, we get a sniff of the real vitality, the real humor and the real critical gifts of our native theatre. It has most often been that way in the local stage history. The so-called lighter entertainments, whether musical comedy, revue or farce, have pretty generally been more critically important in reflecting American life, the American attitude and the American idiosyncrasy than the run of so-called more serious plays. Charley Hoyt's farces are an infinitely more accurate and more illuminating picture of the America of their time than three-fourths of all the sober plays written during the same period. George Ade's roughhouse comedies, farces and musical comedies told and still tell us more about the America of the time, its habits, predilections, humors, prejudices and comportment, than all the dramas written in those years by the long-faced boys. George M. Cohan's farces, musical shows and revues are better guidebooks to their American years than nine-tenths of the plays manufactured by Charles Klein, Augustus Thomas, George Broadhurst, Eugene

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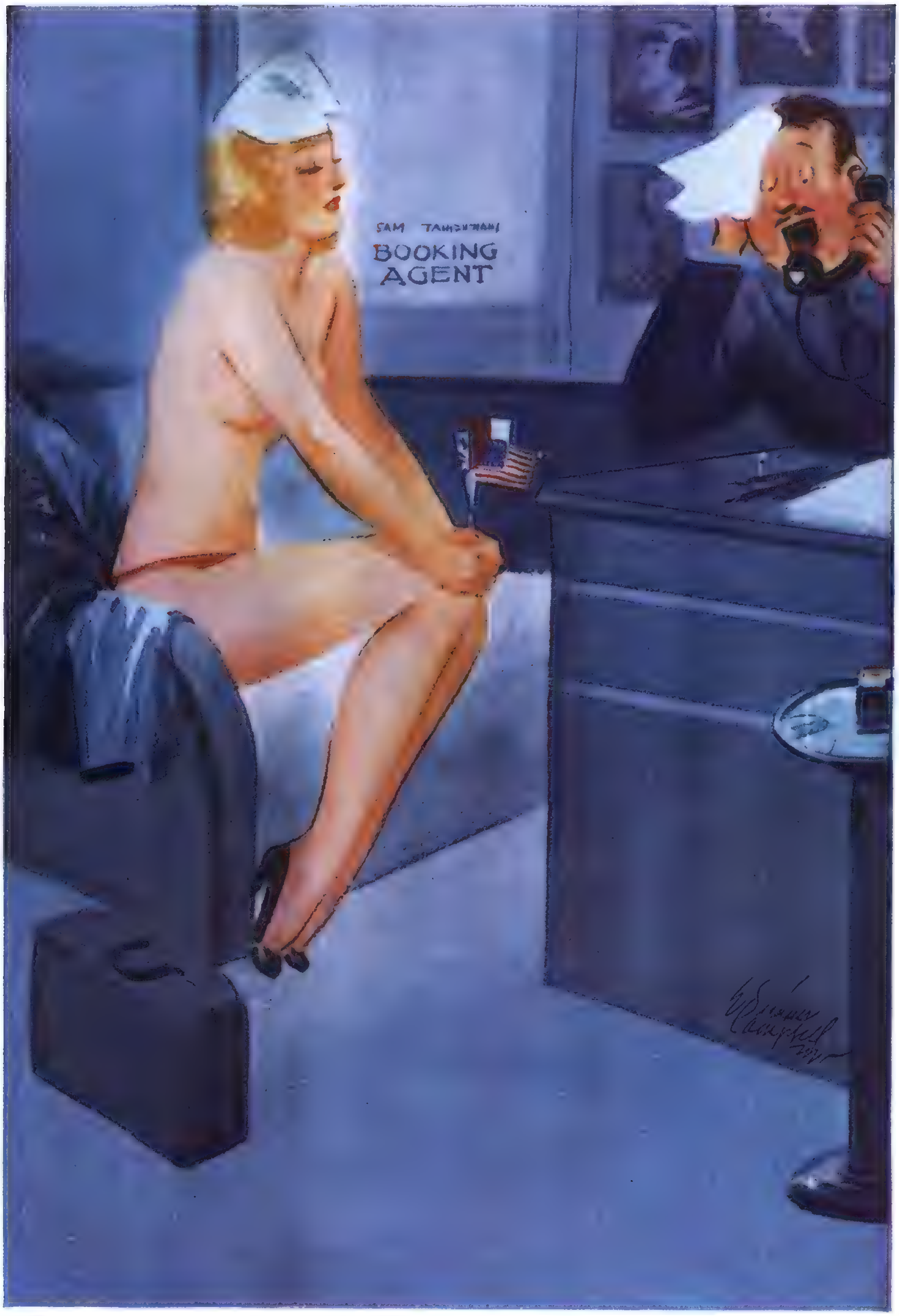
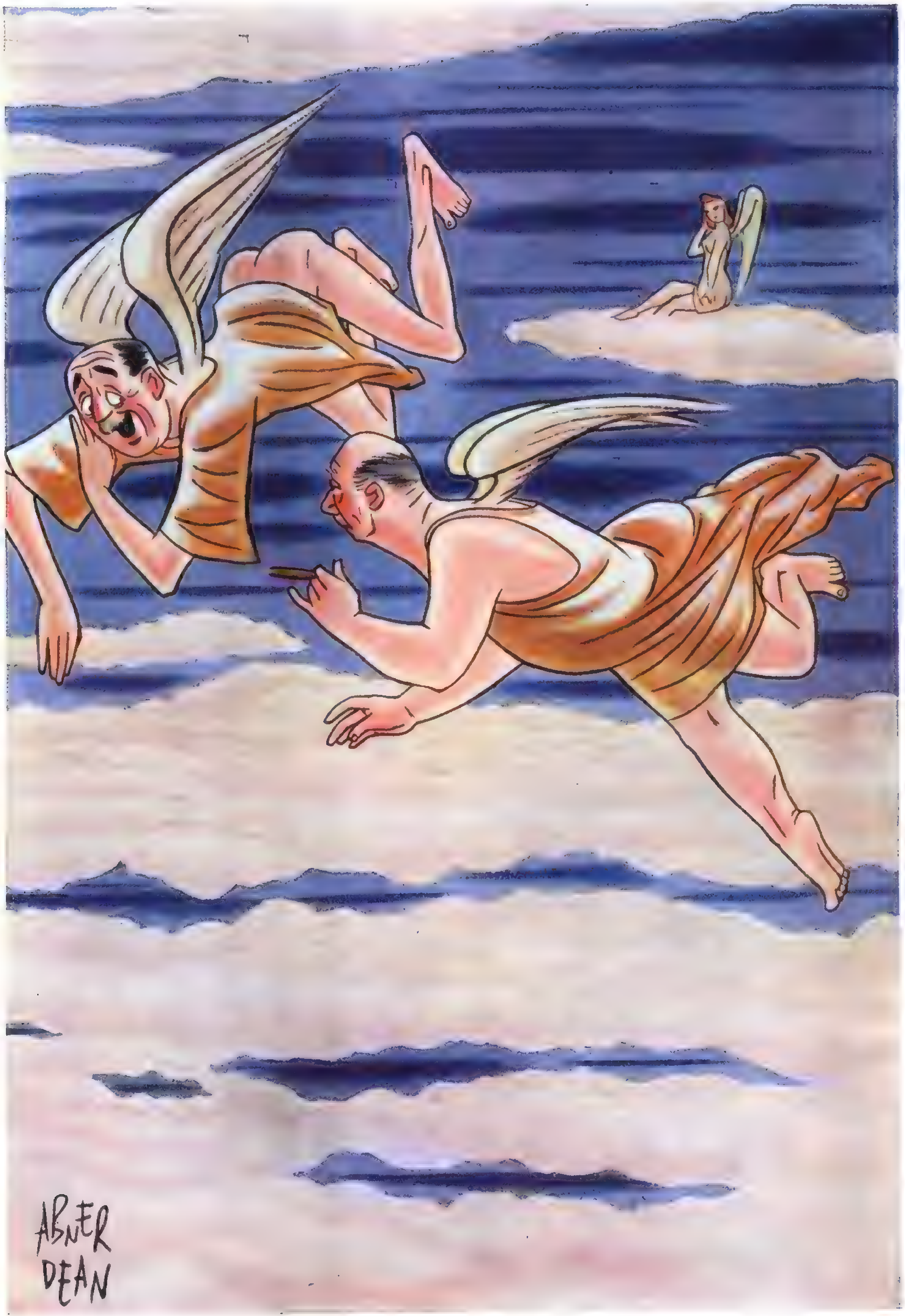

SAM
BOOKING AGENT

"But this act is different—she comes on the stage and then starts to dress!"



"I'll bet the bank examiners are having a hell of a time with my books!"

Roulades and Cadenzas

While they all play together meekly enough, you still get the impression that their proud French spirits rebel

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

Having too many times had it thrown up to me that they do it better in France, I thought it practical to get a line on their technique first-hand. So, for the better part of the past two months, I have abandoned myself to the persuasions of Paris, revised my notions of time, space and the laws of gravity, and come to agree with the never-tired Gallic business man that it is salutary for the soul to lose its body now and then and find it later, all chastened and repentant. I tried each of the varied shock-tests, guaranteed to refine an Anglo-Saxon's sensitivity to nuance and comfort and, in the odd moments left me after observing the Frenchman make love, as an American Paris-ite described it, "with his bean," I attempted an examination of his attitude toward music.

At first, I was bent on determining whether Chopin was right when he told his traveling companion after they reached Boulogne, "Look, even the cattle here have more intelligence than the English!" or whether the Frenchman, along with his cattle, is as devoid of feeling as a man can be without collapsing bodily. In the end, I decided a case could be made out for both points of view. The Frenchman, being volatile, is intelligent and musical—or not—as he happens to feel like being. And, since he prides himself on being an individualist and a non-conformist and will go to any length to prove it, exceptions are the rule and whatever you conclude can, as easily as not, be demonstrated to be wrong.

He is democratic, but he insists on a ribbon in his lapel, first and second class in the Metro, and he never marries his father's stenographer. He respects money, but he wouldn't think of choosing his dinner guests because of the size of their bank-roll. According to Puritan codes, he is unfaithful, but the home is the most important institution in his life and, as a dutiful father, he engages a mistress for his sixteen-year-old son to prevent him from falling into unrespectable habits.

The Frenchman is renowned as a lover, but he didn't coin "sex-appeal" nor invent Sally Rand or Gypsy Rose Lee. He is practical, but he wallows in official red-tape: try to get a visa for the colonies or convince a concierge that you need heat before October fifteenth, even when icicles are forming on the end of her nose.

Likewise, Paris, judged by the amount of music performed there, should be the center of the music world. It has more concerts, more operatic representations and more first performances per annum than any other city. It boasts six full-fledged, active symphony orchestras; London, Moscow, and New York have two; Amsterdam, Berlin, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Rome, San Francisco, Stockholm, Vienna, and a score of lesser cities have only one. Yet, standards of performance are more decorative in Paris than useful.

That is not, as you might think, because the French are poor executants. On the contrary, the *Conservatoire* turns out unsurpassable instrumental virtuosi—they can do a much better job of playing music with which they have only a superficial acquaintance than a German band. The rub is they have too few rehearsals and, as often as not, they employ a substitute to rehearse for them. Only recently have the more efficient orchestras required that the substitute also play the public performance.

Tony Palazzo

This state of affairs exists because, in order to eat, a symphony musician must also play at funerals, weddings, cinemas (when he can get them), and teach. His income for weekly service in the best-paying orchestras frequently doesn't reach $100 a year.

Music, it happens, is one of the many things for which it never occurs to the frugal French that they should pay. Top prices at the Pasdeloup and Lamoureux concert are under a dollar—about half that of a good movie—and every intelligent person attends via a system of "invitations"—freely distributed cards which are exchangeable for tickets merely on payment of the tax. Endowment by moneyed backers doesn't exist. Only Ganna Walska and the government have subsidized music in recent years.

The acceptance of mediocre playing is excused on the grounds that the French, being intelligent and discriminating, are more interested in the characteristics of the music performed than in the quality of its performance. It is also contended that the French, having a keenly developed intuition and being able to place their own feelings into music, appreciate the effort quite as much as the accomplishment. But let a foreign celebrity arrive and the house is immediately sold out at increased prices.

Success in any other country, however, is no guarantee of success in Paris. Any artist appearing there for the first time must make his reputation anew. Unlike our stuffed-shirt concert-goers, the French do not accept every celebrity at his press-agent's valuation. They have their own decided notions of what they like and why. Their personal reaction at a concert is unfettered, at least, less fettered than most people's, by the presence of big names.

They have reservations about Brahms and Shakespeare, for instance, that would give heart-failure to an American college-professor and paralyze our professional commentators. They know that a celebrated name lives in the memory of man for various, and not necessarily weighty, reasons. Strange as it seems to an American, a majority of them prefer Furtwangler and Bruno Walter to Toscanini in Teutonic music. Their orchestras customarily play with that precision and clarity, if not with the vitality and verve, that Toscanini achieves. As they don't get overly excited about the beauty of his orchestral tone, they have grown to believe that the sentiment and "feeling" which Furtwangler and Walter infuse into the music of Wagner and the German Romanticists belong there.

Unlike us, they demand singers who pronounce their words carefully and with conviction. The sweetest voice in the world leaves them unmoved unless it says something to their intellect. "You can examine a cluster of luscious sounds in ten measures," they say. "And then, if there's nothing more, it's finished."

They have little use for the average Italian singers. Coloraturas (except Lily Pons) and Verdi have never attracted them. They are interested in an artist, in a personality, in a singer who projects a meaning through a mediocre voice. It is significant that the conservatory's full title is *Conservatoire National de Musique et de Déclamation de Paris.*

In the *chanson*, for example, the word counts for more than the melody. Should the two conflict, the music must give way. The French love their language, and they prefer to hear it exquisitely spoken than to follow an incoherent jumble of sounds, no matter how beautiful. They are far more sensitive to nuances and subtleties of expression than their Spanish or Italian cousins.

Music in France is not the spontaneous outburst of life that it is among the Latins of the South. The French do not go around the streets airing their lungs, and I doubt if many of them would choose to forego a meal in order to pay for a concert. They enjoy talking about music as much as hearing it.

In their own music, the French are pri-

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

In which Uncle Burton, always a great guy for personal freedom, warns us against "born leaders"

by BURTON RASCOE

▪ BOOKS ▪

The sermon this month, dear brethren, has to do with cabbages and kings. When I have finished I leave it to you to decide who are the cabbages. I shall use as my texts:

Cards the Windsors Hold (Lippincott, $2) by Stanton B. Leeds. (Don't jump at obvious conclusions, yet.)

England Expects Every American To Do His Duty (Simon & Schuster, $2) by Quincy Howe.

You Have Seen Their Faces (Viking Press, $5) by Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White.

I Knew Hitler (Scribner's, $3.75) by Kurt G. W. Ludeke.

Death in Dublin (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) by Frank O'Connor.

The Saga of American Society (Scribner's, $4) by Dixon Wecter.

When I first picked up the *Cards the Windsors Hold* it was at the time of the Duke of Windsor's intention to visit this country "to study labor conditions." He had just returned from a flying visit to Germany to "study labor conditions." The net result of his education there was that he was whisked from one to another of prettied-up and well-rehearsed set of stooges in Nazi industrial plants; he had his photograph taken with a smiling group of Heinies while he was wearing a smudged suit of workman's overalls and a workman's cap and he learned that a whilom prince of the no longer existent state and duchy of Saxe-Coburg was in the humor to annoy the English by addressing the duchess as "Your Royal Highness," which is a form of address officially declared taboo by the big shots of the British Empire, to those who speak to the spouse of their abdicated king.

If that is how the duke learns about things as complicated as labor conditions are in America, there was nothing surprising in his choice of Charles E. Bedaux as his cicerone on a proposed post-graduate course in the duke's specialty in America. If he did not know that Bedaux's name is mud among the workers in American industrial plants, as the inventor of the stretch-out system, whereby the work produced in any factory division by the most highly organized and best co-ordinated worker in that division is established as the norm to which less alert or less agile laborers must work up or lose their jobs, then the duke doesn't know enough about labor to pour sand out of a boot. And he never will know. He had given out a statement that he and the duchess were not content to live in idleness but were determined to do their work in the world. And, after getting all the dope on the conditions of the workers in Germany in about five minutes flat, he and the duchess were coming over in the tow of Bedaux to size up the labor situation in America as a prelude to putting in operation the plans that have been evolving in his mind ever since he made THAT constitutional error, when he was king, of saying to the poverty stricken Welsh miners "Something must be done," which unprecedented, catastrophic, revolutionary remark by a constitutional monarch nearly brought about a crisis in the British cabinet, made Baldwin wring his hands in anguish and gave the whole House of Lords the vapors.

Now that Edward is no longer king, it appears that he was going to ameliorate the conditions of workers in Germany, America, Russia and the entire world, not merely in Wales.

To transport their work clothes while the duke and duchess were busy getting right at the heart of the workers' problems in the United States, they sent seventy pieces of luggage to the railway station in Paris, twenty trunks, thirty hand-bags and twenty suitcases. In the duke's name and in the duke's behalf a cable was sent the government in Washington asking suggestions for an itinerary. Secretary Ickes mailed or cabled a list of locations of some of our W. P. A. projects. Nothing daunted, the duke or Bedaux cabled the President in effect, "We are coming over!" The president who is jolly and keen, took the hint and cabled, in effect, "I'm tied up on all but one lunch date next week, but if you are free at noon next Thursday why don't you and the missus drop in for a bite with me? Eleanor unfortunately is away on a lecture tour, so there will just be the three of us and we can have a quiet fireside chat."

I have never been so proud of our elected public servants in my life as I was when the President, Mrs. Roosevelt and Secretary Ickes acted so nobly. They took the duke at his word when he said, after his abdication and later after his marriage, that he and the duchess wanted privacy and, still later, when they said they wanted to come over for some useful work of studying labor conditions.

The President, Mrs. Roosevelt and Secretary Ickes were (and are) both courteous and considerate. Since the duke was no longer an official or unofficial representative of any government, the government was not constrained by official etiquette to arrange a tedious reception, tender the guests a state banquet or arrange a triumphal tour. The private-desiring guests could have all the privacy they wanted.

But it would appear that the ex-king wished to eat his cake and have it too. He wanted privacy in the Grand Central Station with spotlights on him, cameras clicking, reporters barking at him and a band playing *God Save the King*. He wanted to be received like a visiting monarch, even though he had thrown up the job.

Reports from Paris were that the duke thought the acknowledgment of his proposed visit and the invitation to lunch with the President were perfunctory.

What, then, was the object of this junket of the duke and duchess under the guidance of "Chuck" Bedaux? Obviously it was *not* to study labor conditions in the United States. The duke cannot possibly be so stupid as not to know that he could learn no more about labor in America from the sort of once-overing of industrial plants under staged fanfare and official auspices than he could from looking at a set of picture postcards showing views of the General Motors plant. If he really wishes to learn something about labor conditions he might write to any librarian in the United States who would be glad to give him a select list of books about labor conditions for which trained investigators and specialists have taken years to gather the material and to write.

Nor does it seem likely, in spite of the seventy pieces of luggage, that the trip was planned merely in order that the duchess might snub the cats of American society, who for so long had her on the pan. The set-up sounded as though Bedaux, or the duchess, or somebody had sold the duke a bum idea. His Ex-Highness is still *persona non grata* in the British isles and will be for nearly three years yet. But his "the woman I love" abdications speech and his subsequent de-

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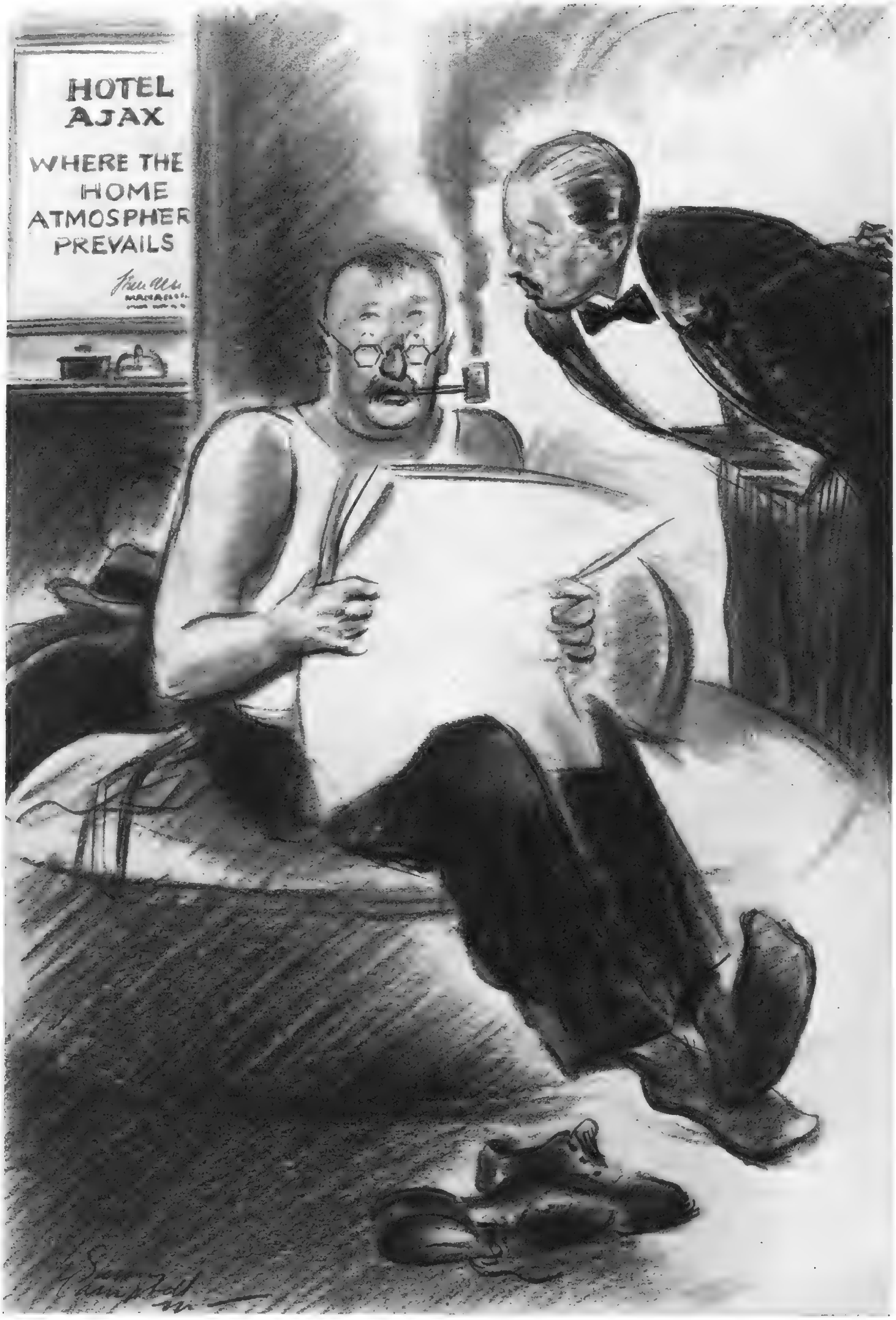
HOTEL
AJAX
WHERE THE
HOME
ATMOSPHER
PREVAILS

"Er—Mr. Giminck—I'm afraid you're taking our sign too literally"

Colonial Bottoms Up

When Freedom was new, our patriots drank the health of young Washington with rum, boiling water and ginger

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

When the gentlemen rented all the snowy hillsides in America and imported all the handsome Austrians who could slide on skis, they more or less overlooked the prime requisite in outdoor sports—potables on, but without ice. Present indications are that the oversight has been corrected as both Sun Valley in Idaho and the ski slopes on the Massachusetts and Vermont sectors have added special lists of things to pick you up at the proper moment.

Last season, when winter sports had moved out of its college circle and had started as a major phase of America's civilized living, the proverbial glowwine was about the only thing to warm the inner man with a spot of rum in hot tea for the ladies. These two, we understand, were required by the instructors themselves, who could not understand a country that went in for winter sports with half the sport left out.

Anyone who has breathed the rare air of St. Moritz, or even attended a skating party in any of the European capitals, is familiar with glowwine. It is a sound claret or burgundy, heated almost to boiling and made aromatic with cinnamon, cloves and other spices. The French do not even confine the custom of glowwine to the rinks and skiing slopes, often serving it to you as you enter from frosty streets, before you have even taken off your hat and earmuffs. So even if you don't slide down a mountain on a barrel stave or your fanny, you are entitled to share one of skiing's major delights. Directions for the conventional drinks are attached, though individuals sometimes add extras.

There is some difference between mere hot drinks and stimulant and refreshment for the nerves and muscles.

The latter should be contrived so that the drinker may gain both those potables designed for outdoor sports. The former were conceived mainly for the conversation hours before the hearth in those dim days when central heating was unknown. The gay young blades, back from a brawl in Piccadilly or seeing one of Master Shakespeare's shows, would gather before the fire in young William Hickey's Regent Street mansion, and drink to a young upstart, George Washington, across the seas. He had, word came over by packet, a new and peculiar idea about the liberty of man. And though they were loyal British subjects, Hickey and his friends would thrust their rapiers into the fire and then into a bowl of champagne, and quaff it off as a toast. And about this time the soon-to-be new Americans were offering toasts to young Washington by drinking slings: one part rum, one part boiling water and one pinch of ginger.

In the early days of the Colonies there was not much time for winter sports in the out-of-doors. The gallants spent most of their days afield and any sport was considered something under a roof. The Colonial wanted to get warm and so the popular winter pastime was throwing the bull in front of the tavern fireplace. Next best, or perhaps first on the list, was the fine old art of bundling. You don't see much about this in the 4th B History of our beloved Democracy, but bundling had as much to do with the growth of the country as Margaret Sanger has had to do with its retarded birth rate.

In case you haven't time to do the research personally, shoo the children out of the room and listen to a brief outline of bundling as practiced on the Connecticut rock-strewn slopes and the New England hillsides.

When the swain came to call on his lady love, he came a long way, usually through snow drifts. And it was obvious he couldn't do any full-time courting and get back home that evening. Since courting has never been, in this country or any other, a part-time job, the obvious thing was for the gallant to spend the night. Times being what they were, a spare bedroom was unknown. So—there was nothing to do but to ask Jonathan to spend the night with Priscilla. But Ah, they were a moral people. Both Jonathan and Priscilla went off to bed wrapped up in all their clothing, plus a bit of cord tied around each by Papa. In doubtful cases, a midboard might be put between the two, but it was not very good manners to have suspicion of your daughter's suitor. A few hot bricks were put at their feet, the candle blown out and so—to bed.

In the morning Papa would come in and untie the cords. (Ahem, those who have a foul suspicion that the cords were ever untied, please leave the room.) The suitor would dash off a few rashers of bacon and a pan of coffee, then be back on his way to his father's wood lot or nutmeg factory. And when the dogwood bloomed in the spring, there would be a betrothal, no doubt.

Your correspondent first heard of bundling in the little Salt Box Tea Room, on Long Ridge Road, north of Stamford. William McFee, the writer of great sea tales, had lived in the house and was interested in hearing the lore of older and braver days. We heard also at that time that one of the favorite tipples for this sort of sport, in case the bricks cooled off too soon, was a hot honey and cider. This was made out of hard cider and strained honey, with a spot of rum, brought to the right drinking temperature by boiling water. Try it some time and see if it makes you feel like bundling.

There is a paragraph in *Northwest Passage* where Kenneth Roberts tells of a potent drink enjoyed by the natives out fighting the Indians. It consisted of two handfuls of powdered maple sugar put in a bowl and covered with hot water. To this was added two quarts of rum, a cup of sweet butter and a spoonful of powdered cinnamon. Then four quarts of boiling cider was added and after stirring, the potion was ready. If the Colonial couldn't scalp an Indian after two drinks of that, it was a matter for the undertaker. The Eastern Slope Inn, at North Conway, has revived this old timer for the modern skiers and skaters.

Outdoor sports didn't start in this country until that first cultural period before the Civil War. There was some curling by Scotch settlers around the Canal, which strangely enough, ran along Canal street. The Scots, a hardy race, drank before and after the matches Saturday afternoons, in the nearby tavern. You can imagine what a Scot drank. A few of the rich men's sons were going and coming on the ocean packets those days and they brought back tales of the elite of Europe gliding around on steel runners. There was a big pond, up where the Plaza Hotel stands in New York, running north into Central Park, the city's first big civic venture.

Oh boy, was there excitement. During the weeks when the lake was frozen in 1858, it was estimated that 100,000 persons tried the new sport. This jumped to twice that number next year and the following year, after much deliberation, it was decided that ladies could skate with safety and dignity in public. Essays and editorials were written about it and appeals made to women to learn to skate "to be better able to bear our future sons." That clinched the cause. The appearance of the fair sex had its drawback, as is often the case. From then on, men lost one of the fancier items of the sport: the fur muff. Since the sweet things took to muffs, the Official Rules For Skating frowned upon men carrying that

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WENDY BARRIE
Hurrell Photograph

ANDREA LEEDS
Hurrell Photograph

The Candid Cameraman

The French are an odd little people, fond of dancing and light wine, and movies where the actors speak French

by MEYER LEVIN

▪ MOVIES ▪

This is the year of blessing for the French motion picture makers. They have hit their pace, lengthened their stride. They are turning out film of quality and quantity. While Rene Clair, most original of the Gallic film creators, makes an exile's compromises in England because—as he said a year ago—he can't find money for further production in France—a whole slew of directors, some talented in other directions, but most of them no match for Rene Clair, are finding capital, and a whole slew of producers are finding profit in native films.

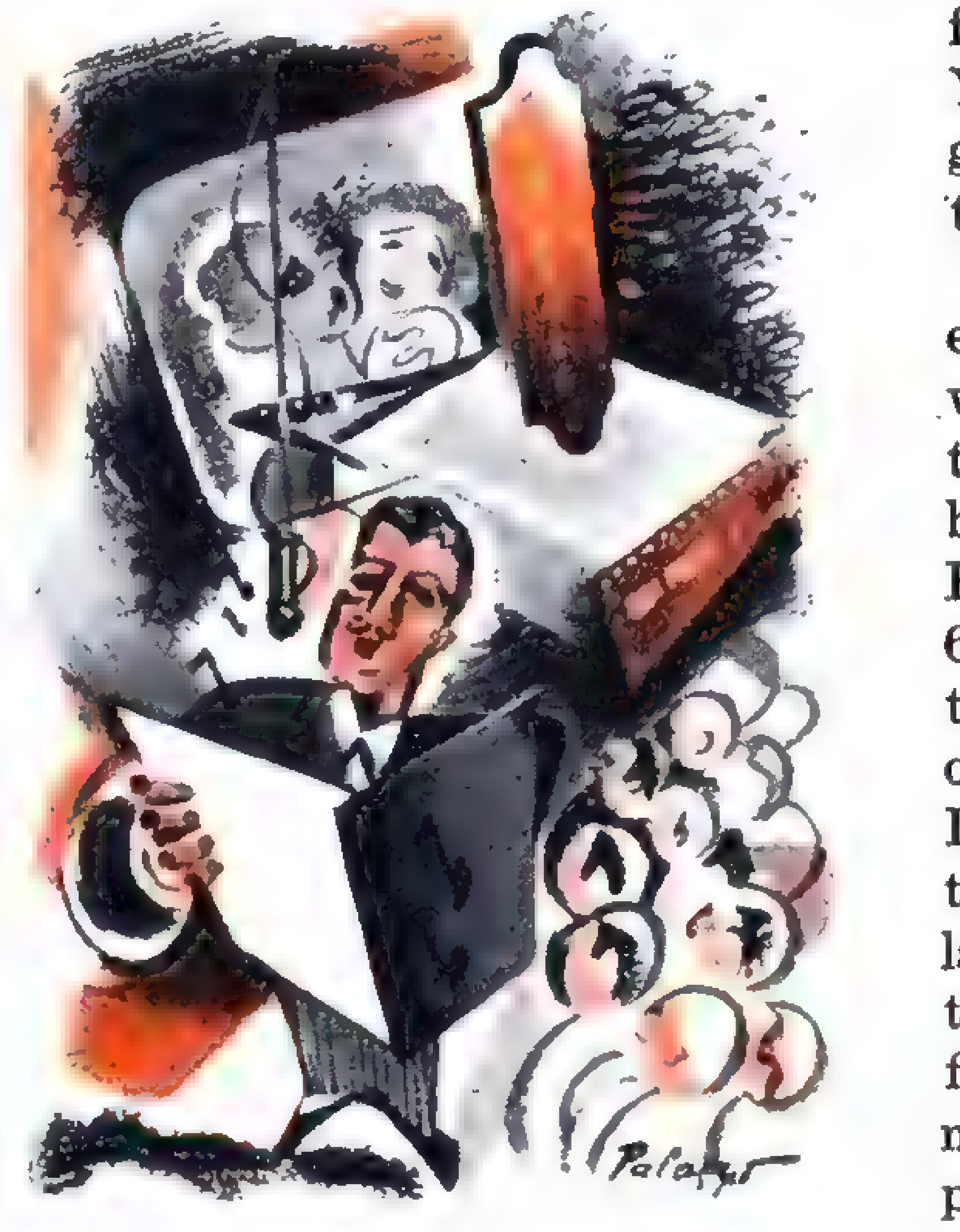
Hollywood's calm assumption that no other production center will ever be able to make films slick enough to entertain a populace consistently is giving a few jitters to the salesmen in French territory. Hitherto, selling movies in foreign lands was a cinch. There were a certain number of movie theatres, each with a yawning blank screen. Each theatre needed to book a film about once a week. There was the steady demand. They could get supplied only by Hollywood. Even if a few local companies made films, they could not possibly cut in on the steady and growing demand, as more theatres were continually being built.

Some countries, anxious to develop their own film industries, made quota laws, requiring theatres to show a certain number of native pictures for every Hollywood picture. Italy has such a law. But the only restrictive law in France is directed at the language rather than the source of production. Strange as it may seem to the British, the Frenchmen want to keep on talking French. So they have a regulation limiting the number of engagements of an English-speaking film, to fifteen. This regulation puts only a slight crimp in Hollywood as there are two ways of getting around it. The first is to make the same film in French—and other languages—as well as in English. That was done when sound first became popular and it was discovered that Poles, Germans, Hungarians, French, Italians, and other odd folk were annoyed at having constantly to listen to their favorite film stars uttering a patois American. In France, they were annoyed to the extent of making demonstrations in the theatres, demanding films in French. No fifteen-bookings law could speak as eloquently as the crowd in the theatre. Paramount hastened to set up studios in Joinville, just outside of Paris. And there the same film would be turned consecutively in a dozen languages.

This kept the business in American hands, but did not work out very profitably. There was a saving on sets, it is true, as the various language crews of actors rapidly followed each other through the same scenarios on the same sets; but star-popularity could not be capitalized upon, some languages were hardly worth the cost of production, etc. And, worst, foreign producers could compete almost on a level with this type of film-making. True, they could not as yet make films with the Hollywood entertainment flavor, but they might learn, and then where would the world market be?

American film makers analyzed the problem. After all, only one item was in question. Sound. Why remake the whole film when you only had to remake the sound? And so the art of dubbing came into being. But dubbing in a way that makes the word unworthy. An American who has never seen a film done into a foreign language has only to recall that in musical films, sight and sound are not always taken together. A singer may record his song in a comfortable posture, under the best conditions for sound, and then re-sing it before the camera, with the sound-track dead, while he matches his own lip movements to the already recorded sound.

Imagine this done through an entire film and you have an idea of dubbing. Each film selected for distribution in France is given to the dubbing studio. The script is translated; speeches are made almost identical in length, and, so far as possible, in vowel placement. It's a language jigsaw for the script writers. Then the dialogue is cut up into short scenes, or takes, which are matched to the break-up of pictorial scenes. A machine has been invented by Paramount here which greatly facilitates the dubbing process. This machine projects the same strip of film over and over, in endless circle. The voice actors sit in the projection room and speak with the bit of film, rehearsing until their lip movement is perfect.



So painstaking are the dubbers, that it is almost impossible to distinguish a dubbed film from an original. American film stars come here and are amazed to see themselves speaking French. Gary Cooper, it is said, was so completely taken by the process that he went out of the projection room actually believing that he could speak the language.

Various local actors become identified with the voices of certain stars; Marlene Dietrich, for instance, has a dub-double whom I saw working on *Angel;* the voices and intonations are practically identical. It is not permitted, however, to attempt to fool the public into believing that the stars themselves are speaking French. The law requires that the "dubbing cast" be shown together with the real cast.

However, dubbed films were gradually accepted by the public, and more or less saved the European market for Hollywood. For several years American films remained in complete dominance; got the best playing dates at the best theatres; turned in the biggest profit.

In France, however, during the last few years, native product has been taking away some of those juicy playing dates, and through sheer merit. This year a remarkable change in proportion has occurred. The number of French films produced during the first six months of 1937 was one-third higher than for the same period in 1936. The number of imported films on the market—practically all of this is American—fell by thirty per cent.

Only the universal spread of double billing saved American films. For the French films are really more popular, they get more playing dates per film. Still, the French simply do not have enough native product to give double bills to their theatres. There were 56 French features made in the first half of 1937, compared to 69 American films speaking French. Yet the French-made films got a total of 49.2% of the playing dates.

These figures become even more significant when the break-up between single and double billing is noted. For France's fewer films got 69% of the business in the theatres where only one feature was shown. In other words, it appears that American films were largely booked by theatres that had to have two films to show, and could not get enough native product.

The decline in American product goes back a couple of years as is shown by the record of films dubbed—99 in 1935, 79 in 1936, 69 this year. These figures are all for the first half of the year.

Now, a critic doesn't usually go in for this sort of recital. But it appears to me that in this case the figures are the best all-around review of the rise in quality of French films. Add to that the words dropped by a few American exhibitors, around Paris. In the fall, in the height of the season, they find it difficult to get first-run theatres for the best American pictures. The Frenchmen are estab-

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Fish Loses Man

How can you call it sporting when the fish hasn't been consulted and has no idea what the hell goes on?

by DONALD HOUGH

• SPORTS •

Another summer has passed and again I didn't catch any fish.

In case you think I'm complaining about a trifle, I ought to point out that for eight years I have been trying to catch a mess of fish.

In regard to the kind or size, I have not been ambitious. I have wanted to sit on a pier, or on the bank of a river, or in a boat—where I would have to sit has been secondary right along—and put out a hook baited with a worm or other accredited bait and catch any kind of small fish that are good to eat.

My idea has been to string them on a fish stringer and take them home, with the tail of the bottom one dragging in the dust, and, having got them home, to scrape them and clean them and have them for supper.

My trouble is not that I can't catch the fish. I can catch them. The kind I have in mind are easy to catch. If all I had to contend with were the fish, I could haul them in one after another, like the Indians.

I have failed because it is against the rules of civilized fishing for me to succeed.

So, having fought a courageous but losing battle against custom and well-meaning friends for these eight years, I have capitulated, not to any heathen fish, but to fate. From now on, so far as I am concerned, the fish will have to eat cake.

Eight summers ago, following a long confinement in cities, I suddenly got the urge to go fishing again. But I did not get any urge to go out after a record muskie, or a gold-button sailfish, or a tuna, or a blue marlin, or Moby Dick. My urge was to go fishing the way I used to when I was a kid, which is getting longer ago every minute. I mean fishing where you use a bobber, and when the bobber goes under you give the line a good jerk.

Nobody will believe me. Every time I mention what to me is a real ambition, somebody laughs.

Another thing, I don't want to catch any fish that are not good to eat. In the ocean especially, the really high-toned fish are not the kind you eat. I am not far enough removed from my pioneer ancestry to want to go out after fish that you can't cash in on. I realize I couldn't eat a whole one, anyway not one of the big ones, but that is entirely beside the point. For generations my family, any time a member thereof has caught more fish than the family could comfortably eat, has taken the rest to the neighbors and said, "Here, have some fish." The idea of giving a gold-button fish to the neighbors and saying, "Here's something for your cat to chew on," just doesn't seem to click.

The joy of bringing home a mess of fish lies in the primitive fact that you have gone out and got something to eat, with your own hands, to the discomfiture of the whole of modern society, but especially the middlemen. It's the only opportunity given the average man to discard his inhibitions, cut lose from the millions of things he doesn't understand, and go to grips with Nature to get food for his loved ones.

This, and hunting. And shooting non-edible animals and throwing them back is just as foreign to my conception of coming to grips with Nature as catching fish, I don't care how big they are, and letting them go because they are full of bones.

The widely-declared purpose of catching fish for reasons other than that of eating them up is to match wits and strength with the fish. But the drawback to this, considered in the light of an accomplishment, is that the matching is done with implements which possess the sole virtue of impregnability against either the wits or the strength of the worthy opponent.

Let the angler talk about giving the fish a chance by using light tackle, but the tackle, while often quite light, always is adequate to the job of catching all but an occasional fish. The fish never wins against the tackle more than once in a row without the angler strengthening his pole, in order to make the contest of wits and strength more even.

In support of my theory that it is no contest, I never have heard of an angler being caught by a fish during one of these tests of wit and strength. The pole may break, or the line, or the fish may break away from the hook, but the angler never succumbs, in person. My idea of a fair contest would be to see whether the fish comes out of the water and tries to get along on dry land, or the angler lets go of the boat and tries breathing water without any gills.

In other words, the contest is carried on under rules to which the fish has not agreed. The fish has no way of knowing that he's even taking part in a contest. The fish doesn't know what the hell is going on around here. All the fish knows is that a mullet or an angleworm has bit him on the lip and is taking him home. If you will put yourself in the place of the fish, you will see that the contest, from the fish's point of view, is confusing.

You can get a mild idea of this by pretending that you have bitten into a ham sandwich which suddenly starts pulling you around town. Where would your wits be?

Well, that's where a fish's wits are.

Nothing like this ever has happened to him before. He has no precedents, no background, no experience to call upon, and he has no book learning to cover the subject. All he can do, even as all of us, is to wiggle as hard as he can and hope to high heaven that things will come out better than appears probable.

The fish does not know that he has run afoul of a fishhook, as the angler persists in believing he does. He is not trying to unhook himself, he is not trying to do any of the very clever things the angler must give him credit for trying to do if the angler is to maintain his integrity as a contestant rather than a murderer. Any broad-minded person can discover these things for himself if he will close his eyes and think. The idea is to think as much like a fish as possible. (This is hard. If you succeed, please let me know.)

The official supposition is that the fish, like the fisherman, is going through a familiar routine. This seems to make it fair, especially when you consider that the only reason any man ever succeeds in catching a fish, even with all the thunder on his side, is that he has done it before, either in person or vicariously.

Let us suppose that you did not know there were such things as fish. Let us suppose that you drop a baited line into a body of water which, to the best of your knowledge, is entirely devoid of life. (If it seems silly to pretend that you don't know there are such things as fish, keep in mind that the fish, strange as it may seem, does not know

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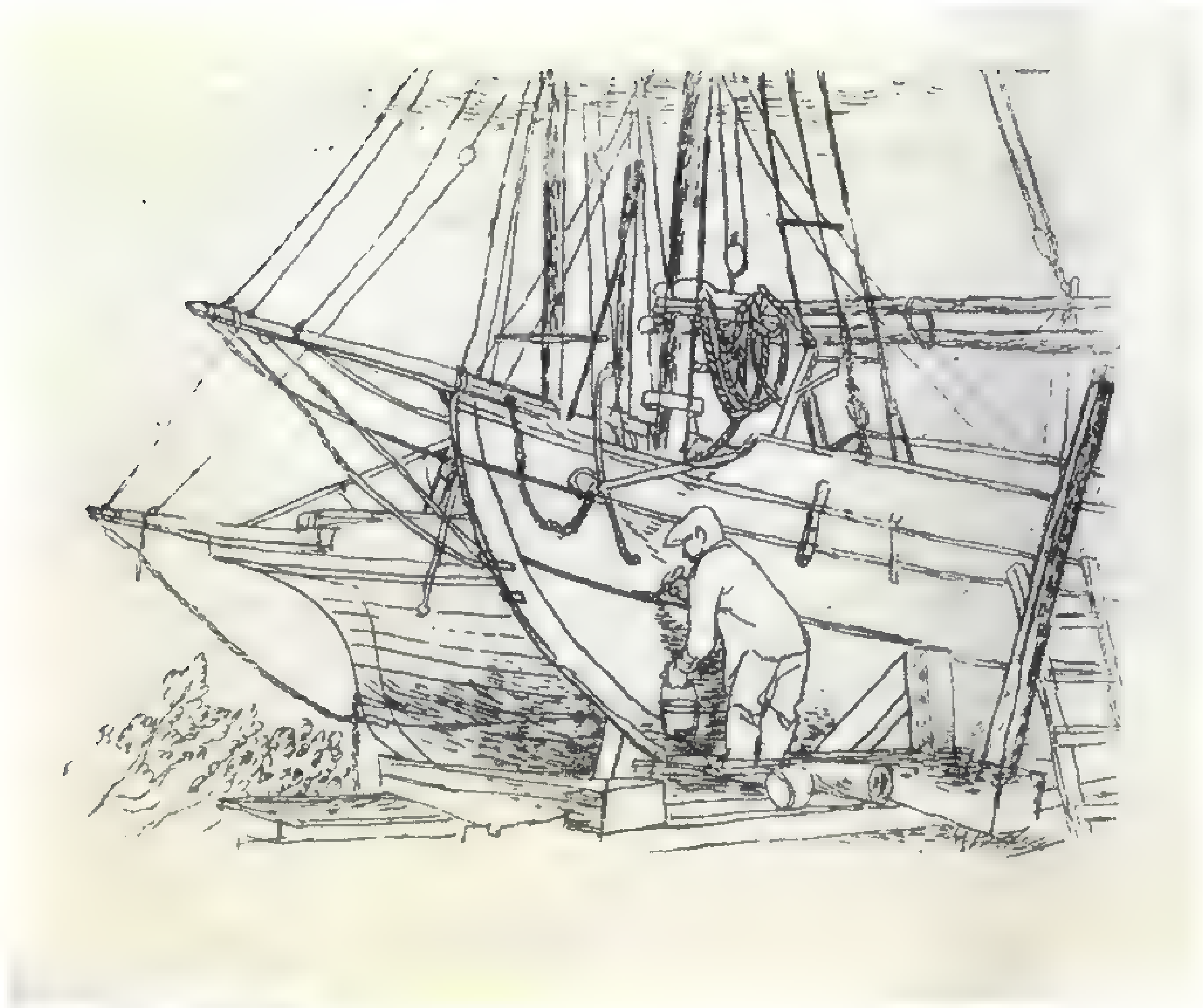
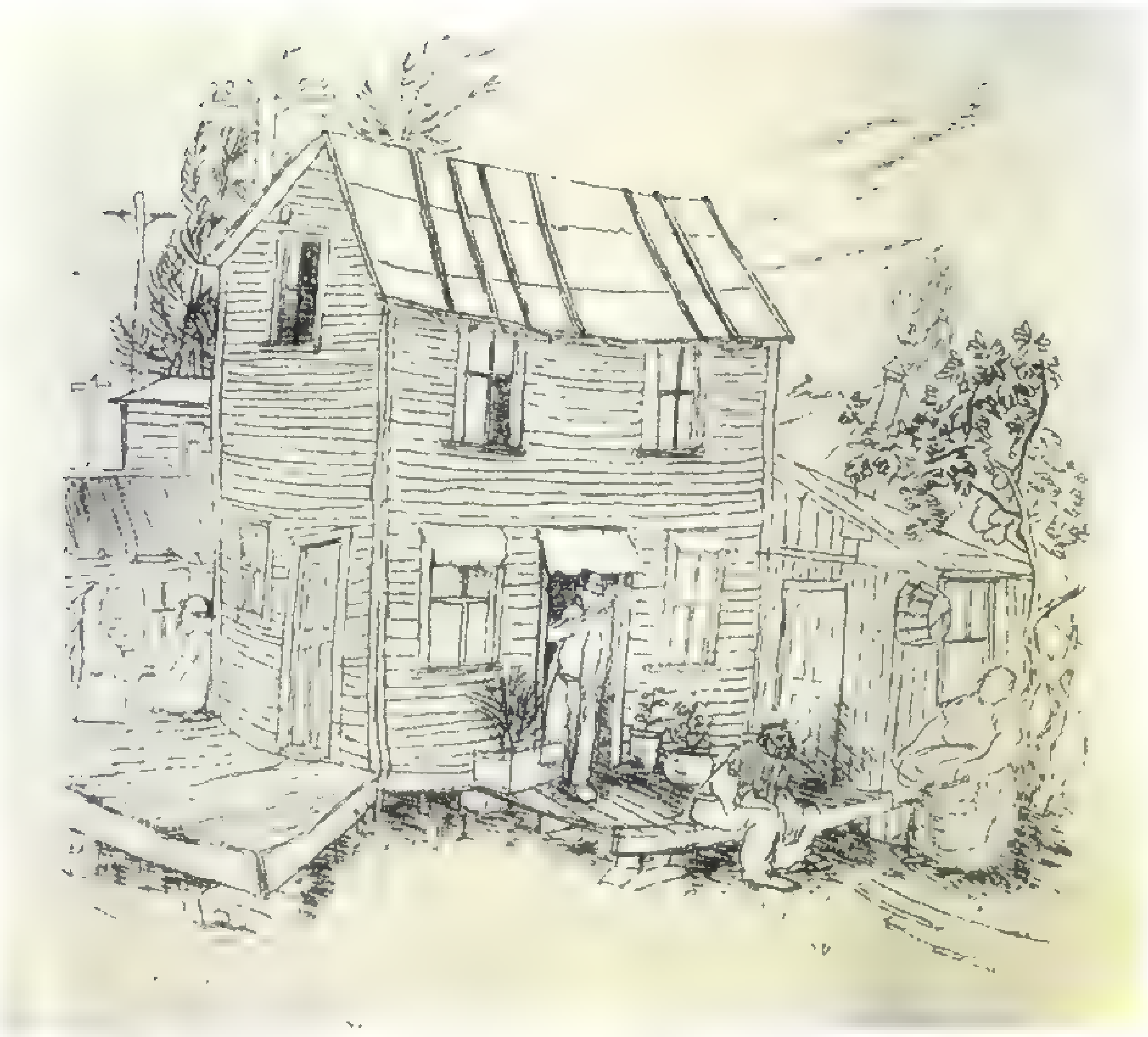
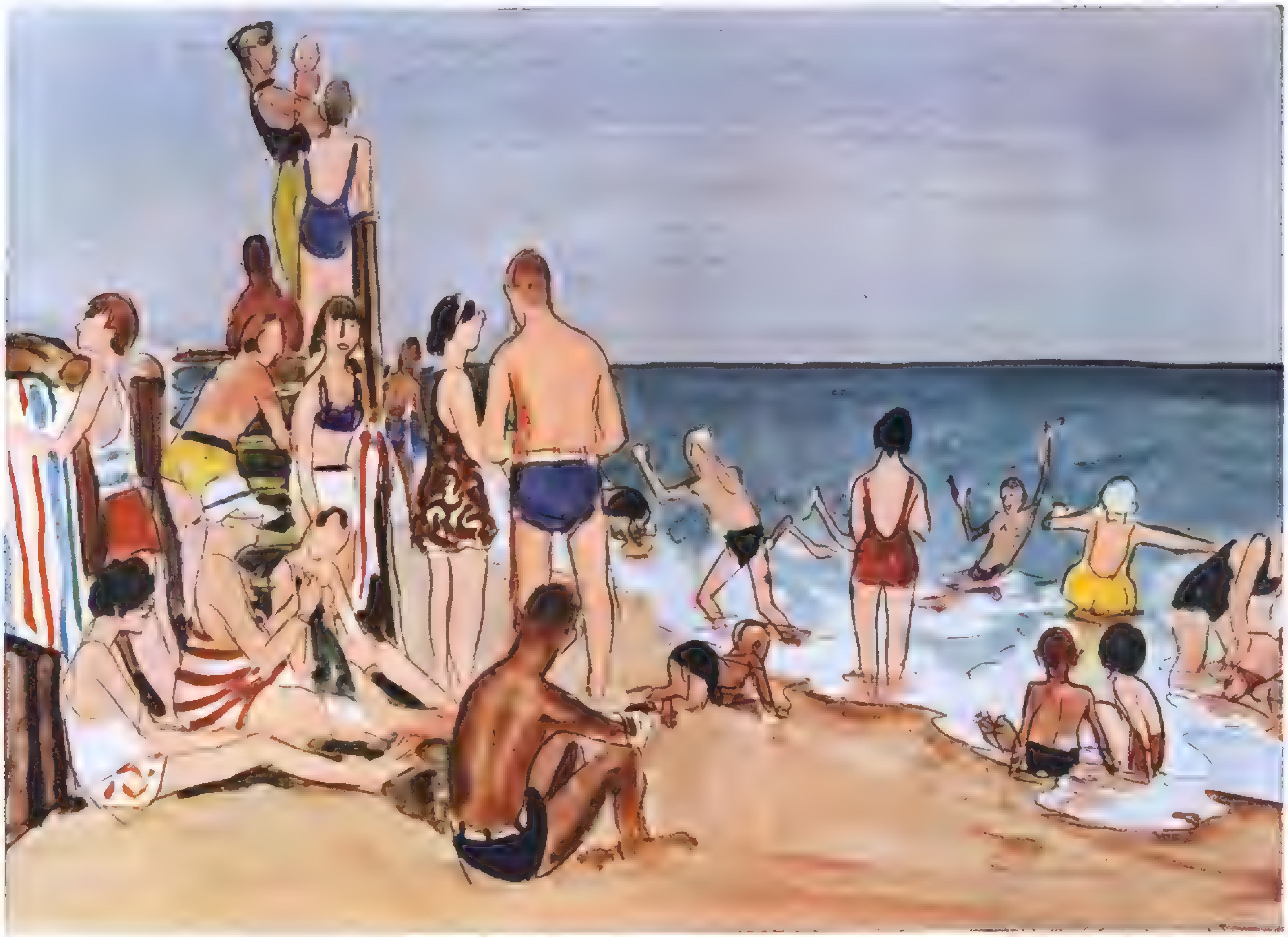


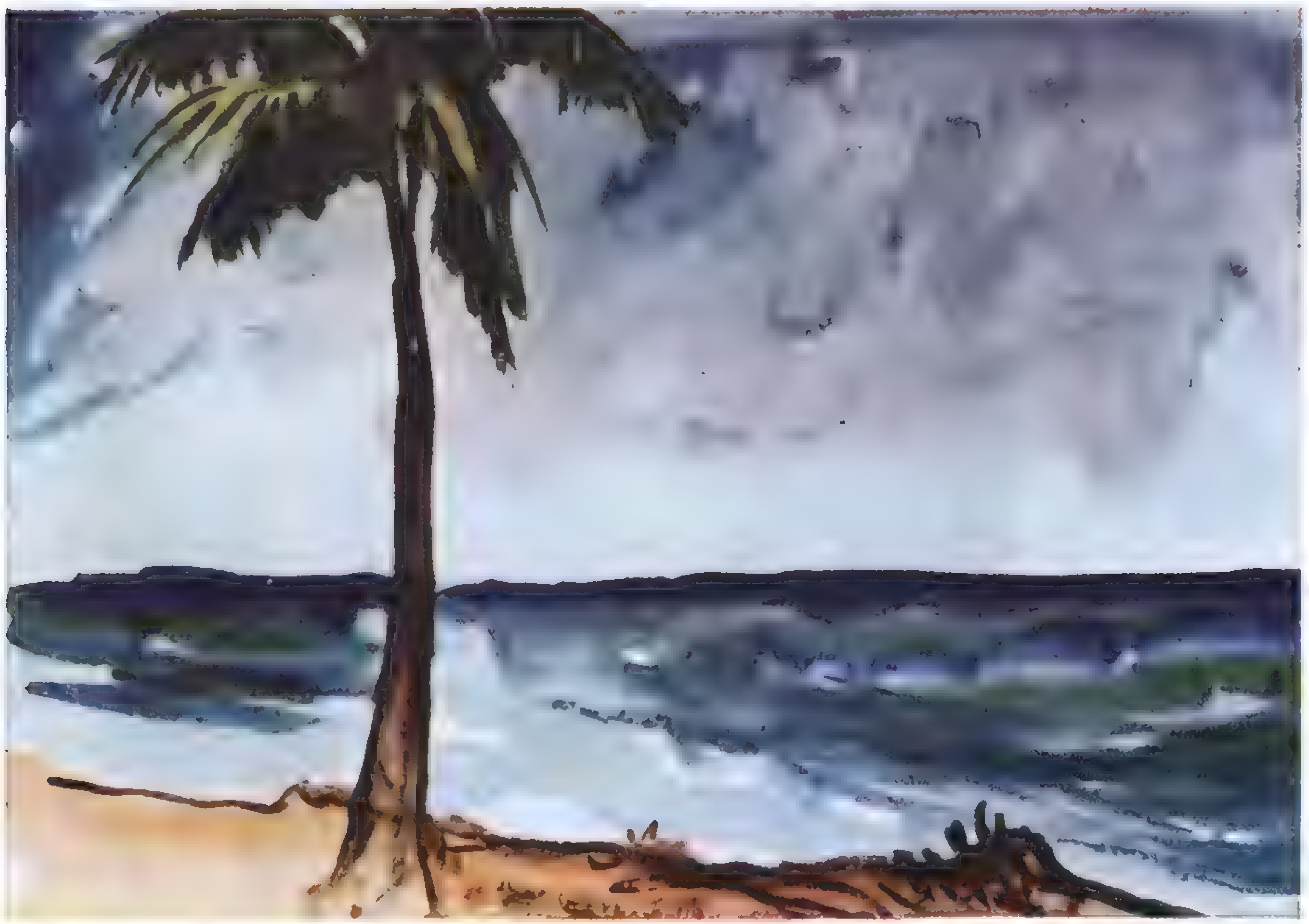
BOAT PAINTER



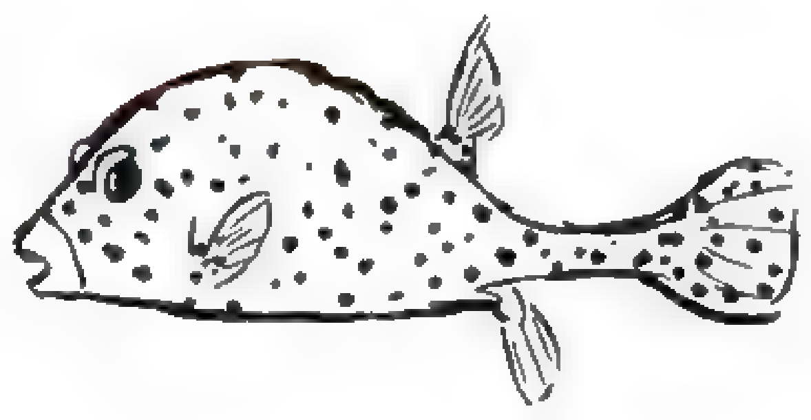
PLEASANT CITY



MIAMI MIGRATORIES

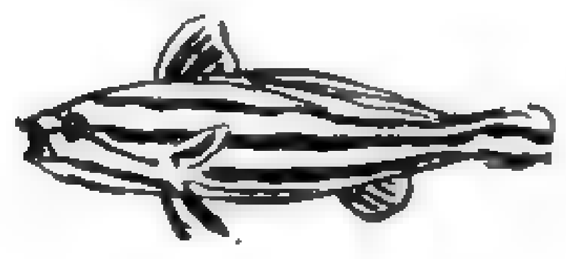


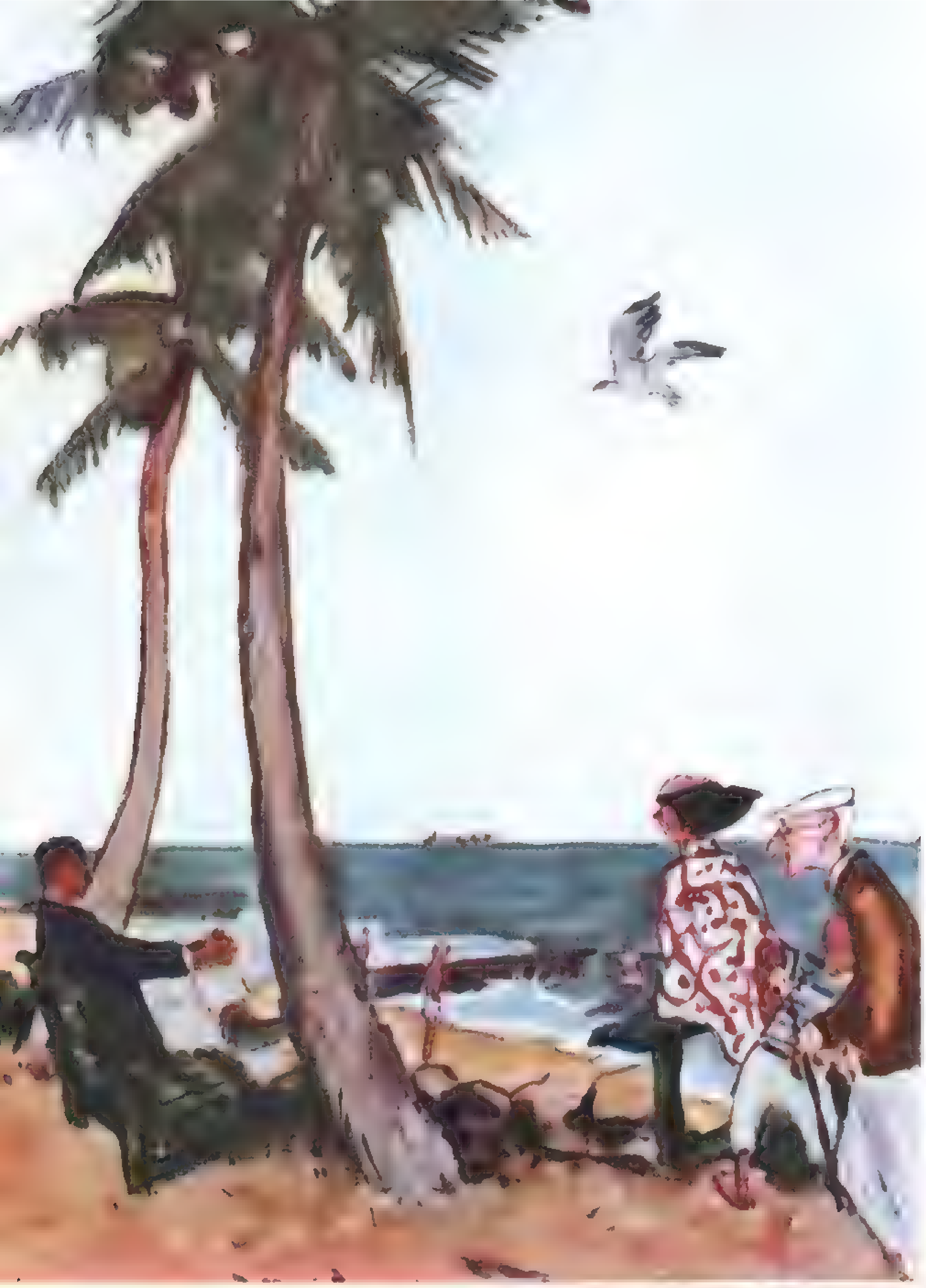
LULL BEFORE STORM



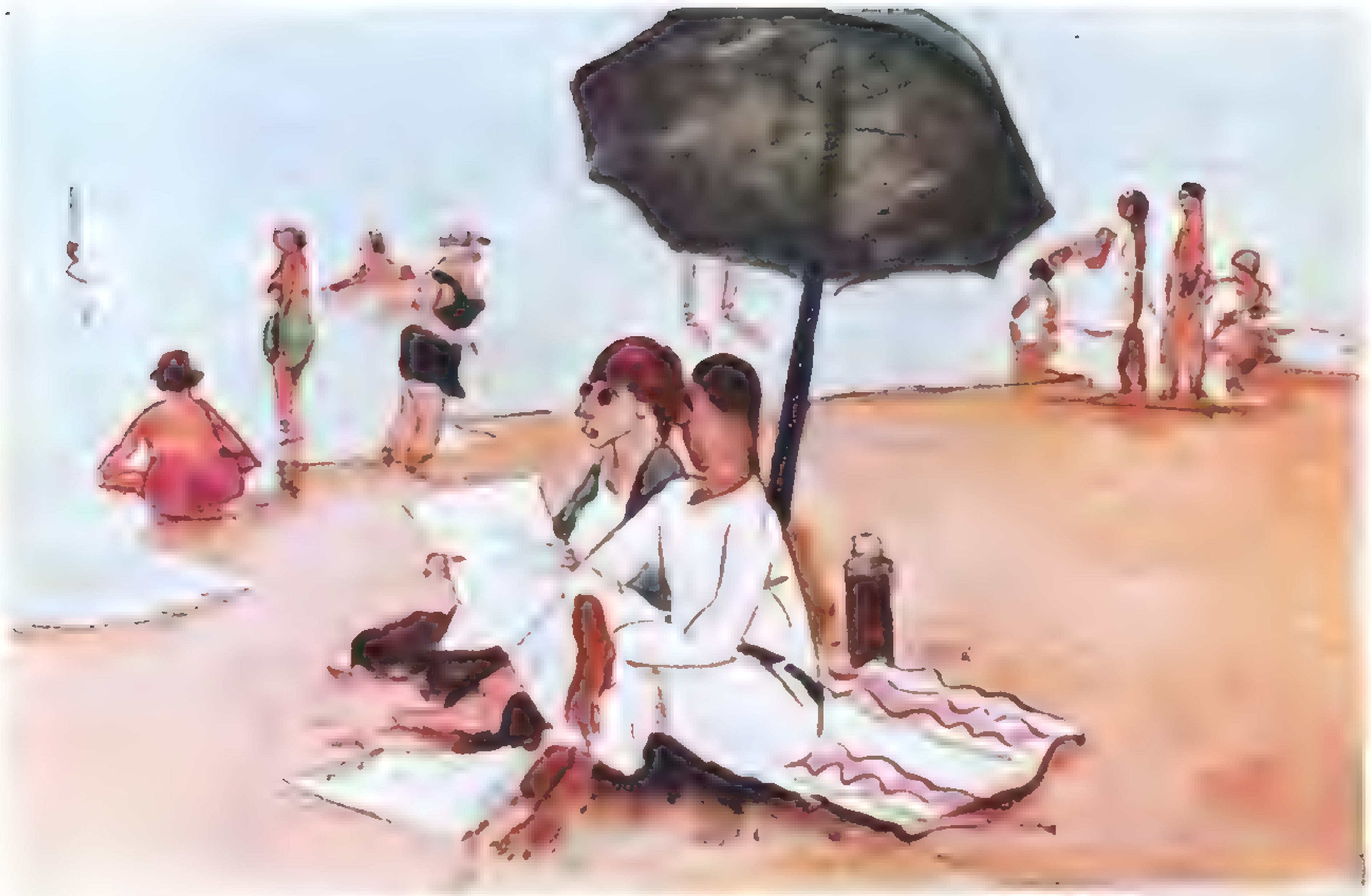
A
PORTFOLIO
# of FLORIDA SKETCHES

by ERIC LUNDGREN

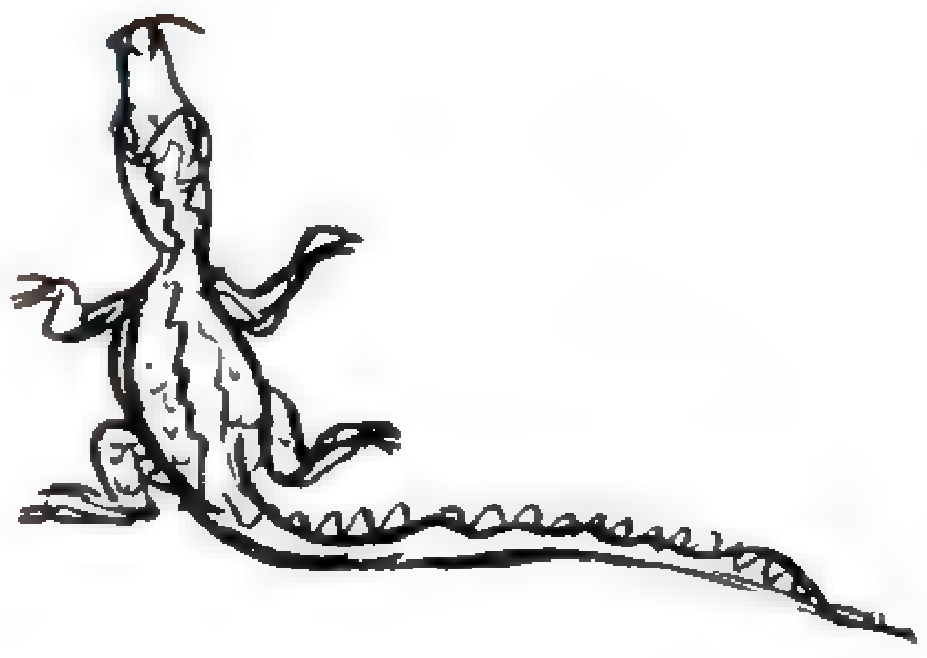


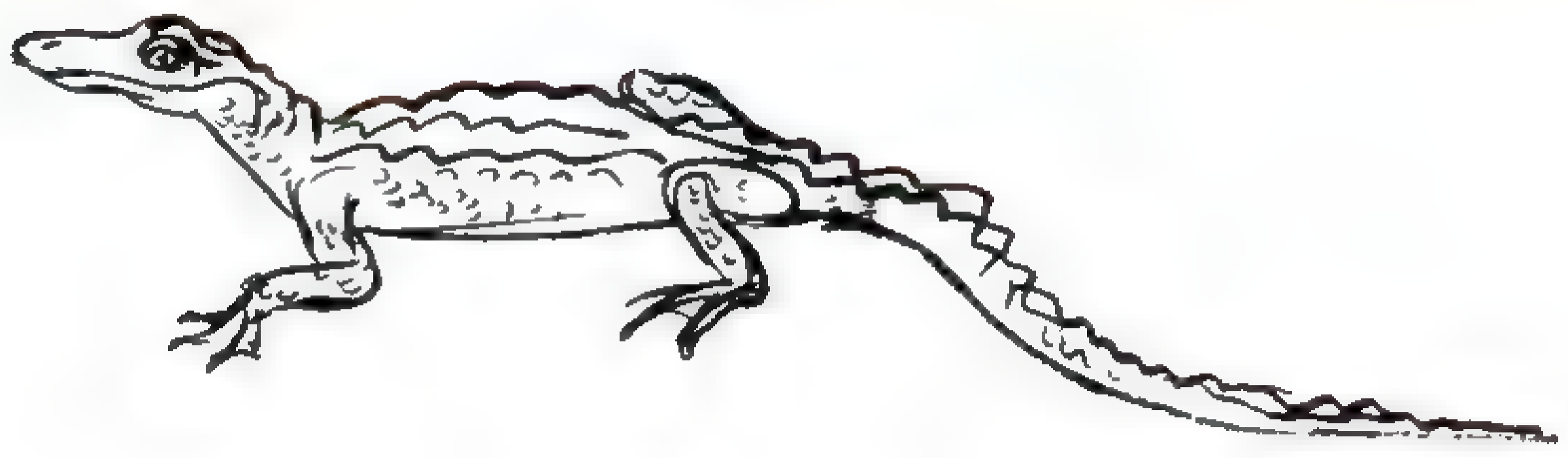


PALM BEACH TYPES



HOME TOWN NEWS

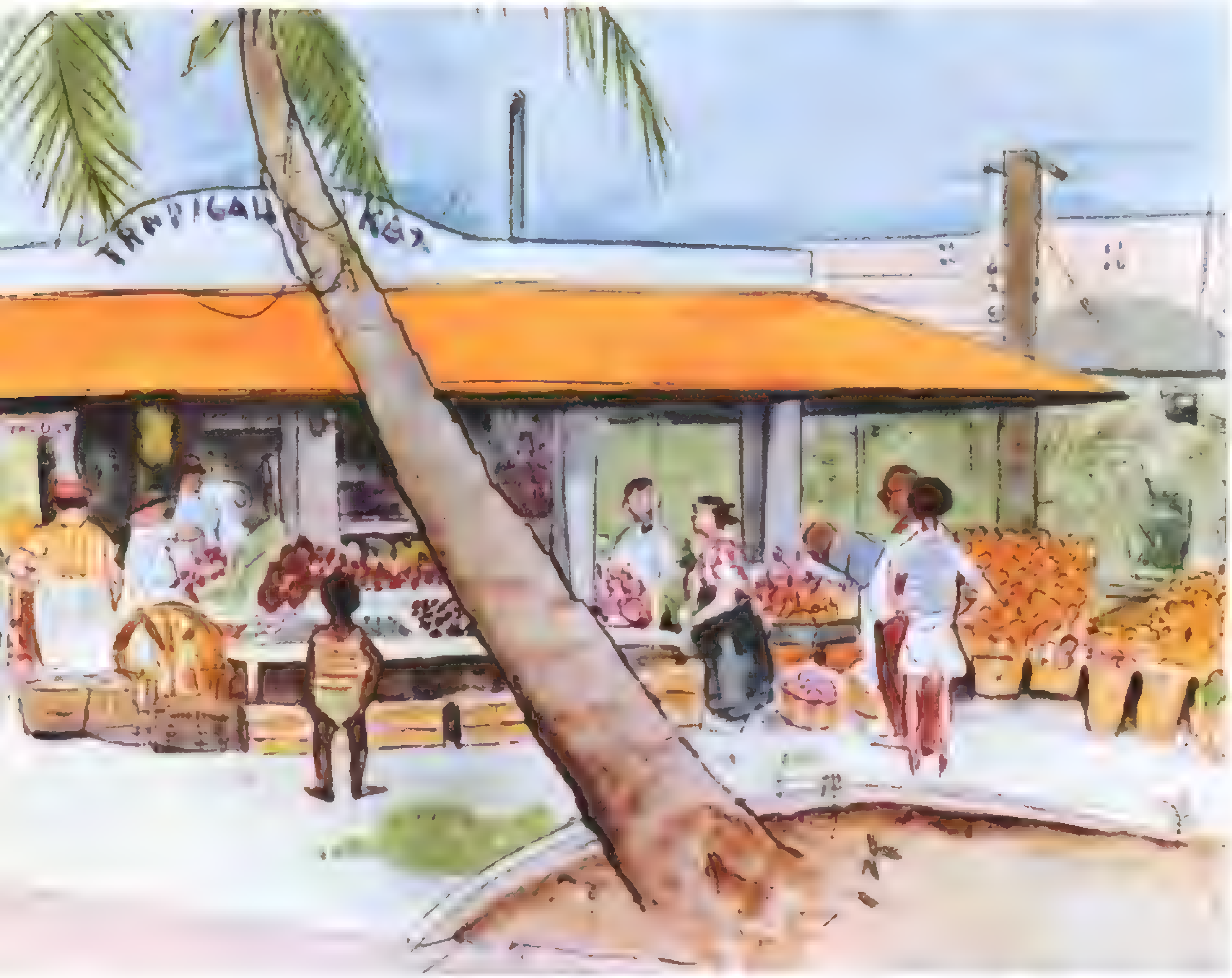




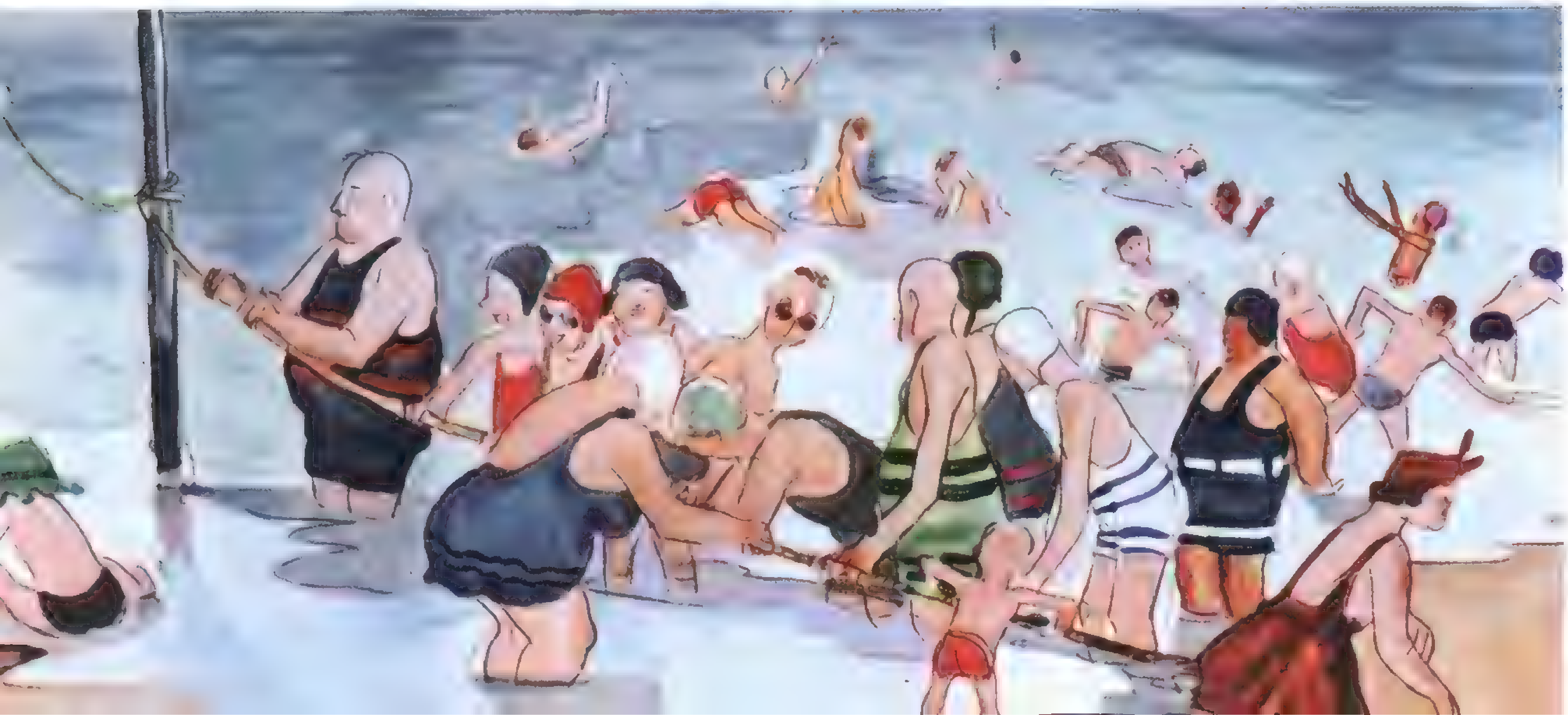
Floridian Water Colors

by ERIC LUNDGREN

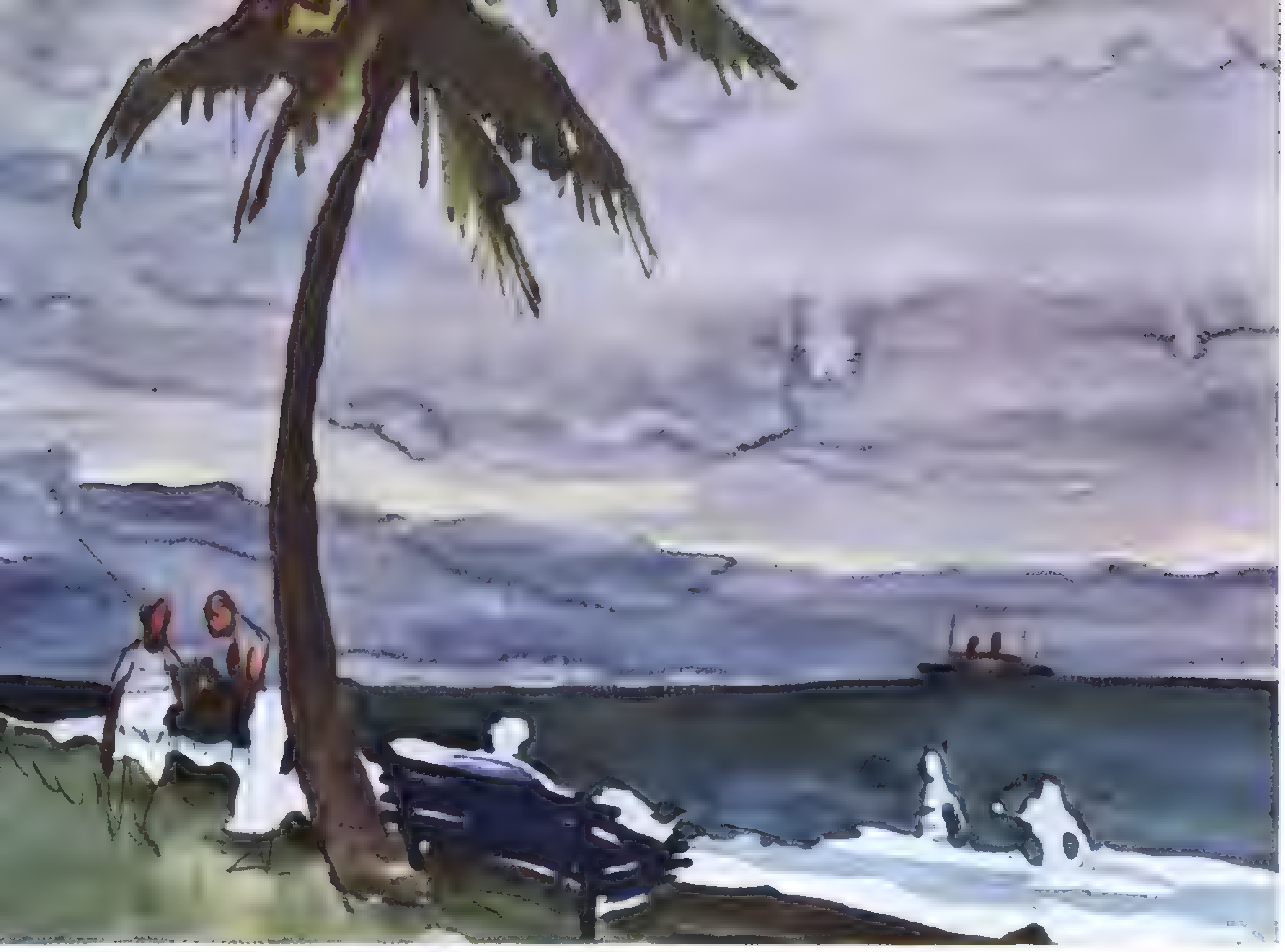
Florida is the land of the holiday where tourists are lured by the climate and pampered by the merchants. There are tourists who sit in the sun, working like Hell to get a tan. Then there are tourists who simply sit. Pale school teachers try to forget the assembly room and the Eight A Sixes. And paunchy Ponce de Leóns, clad in swim trunks and dark glasses, float in the water, sustained and fortified by an inner tube. Millionaires who need to relax and fishermen who need to earn a living, go out to the sea in ships. As for the houses, they're mostly built without foundations in spite of all those exaggerated stories of hurricanes. And though frosts are no great novelty, only the wealthy install steam heat. The native tree of Florida is the pine. But authors of travel folders and artists too, seem to prefer the palm tree. Chameleons are very friendly. In fact there's a certain democracy in Florida, where only a couple of miles and a bank account separate the crackers from the stinking rich. The natives are lucky. They need never worry about overcoats or coal bills. But they do have to face the winter tourist.



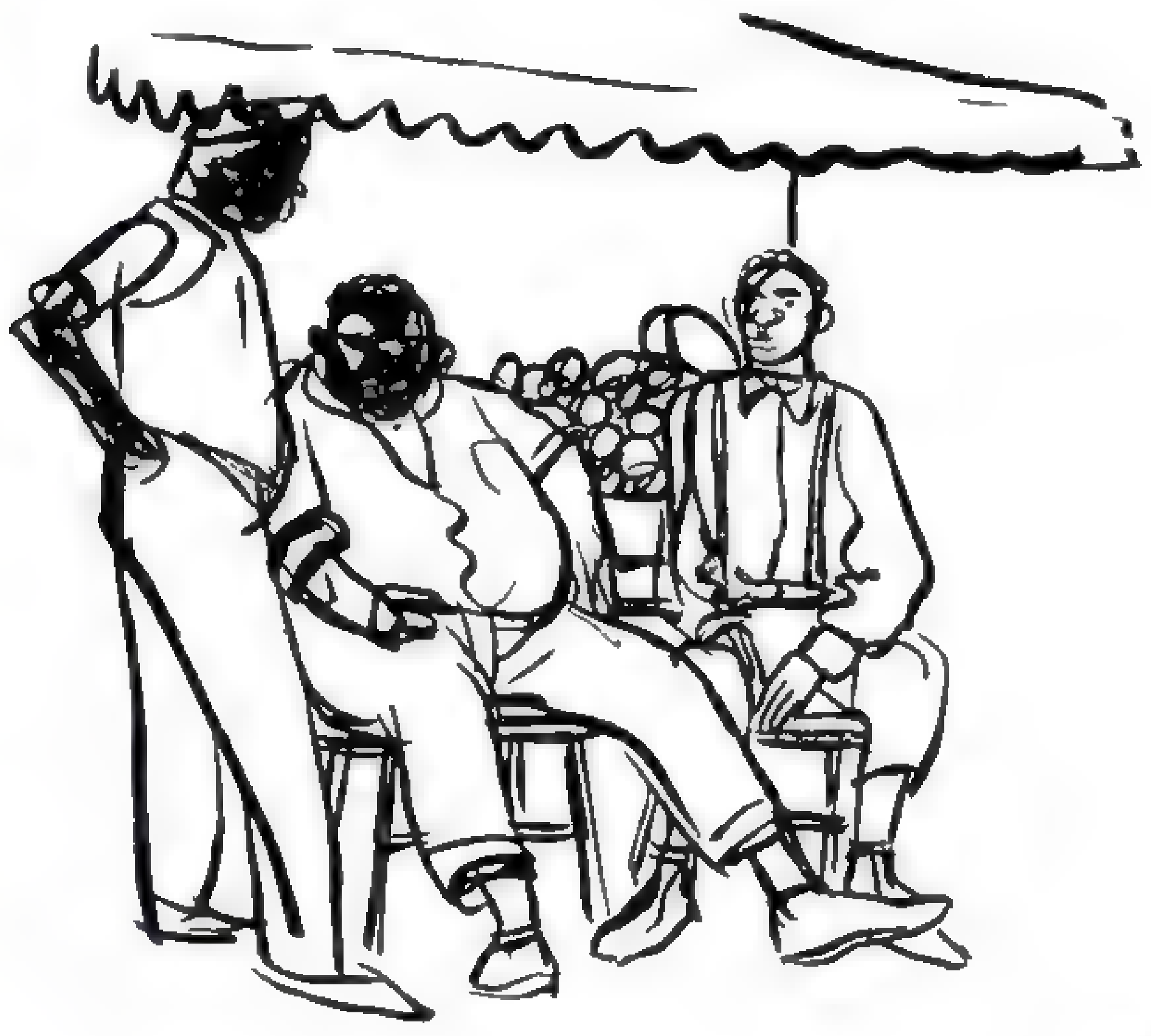
OPEN AIR MARKET

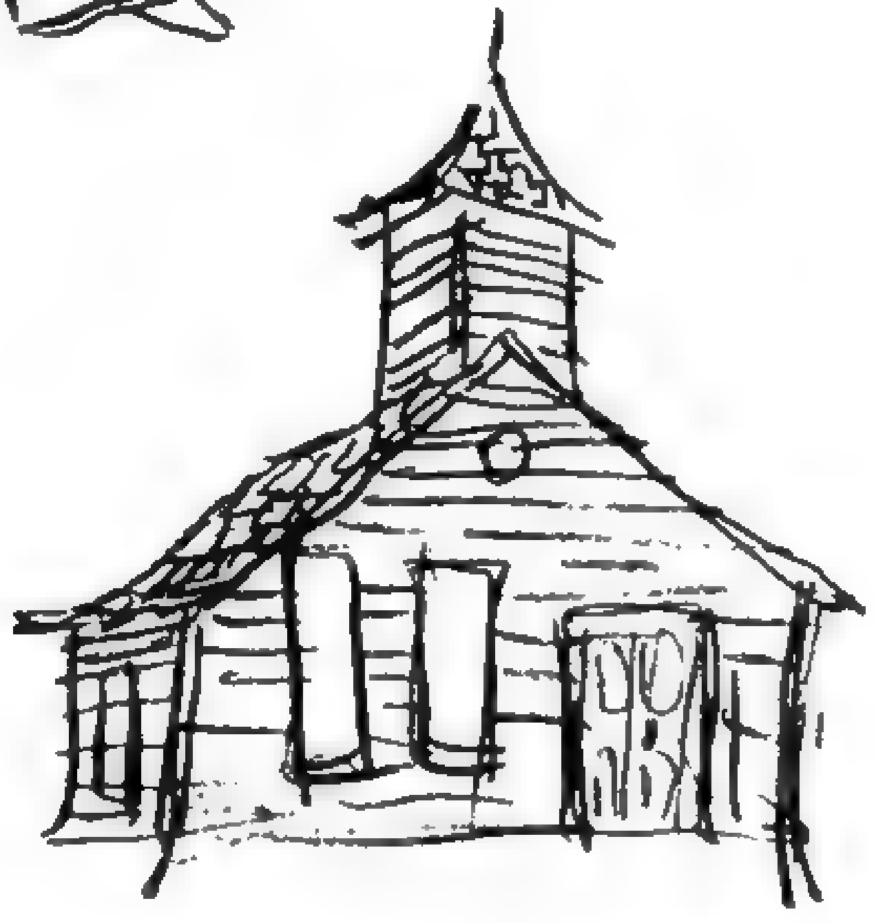


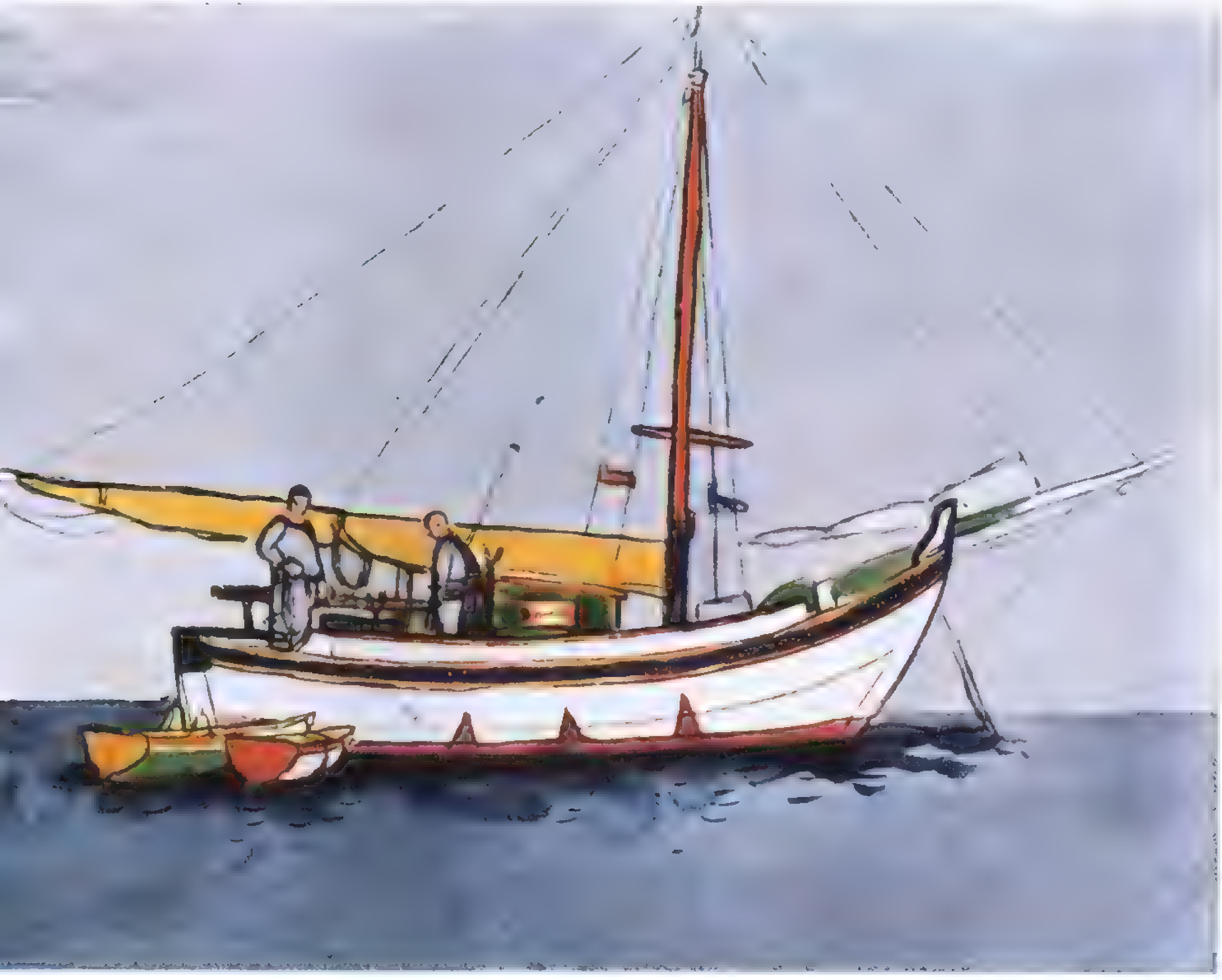
LIFE LINE

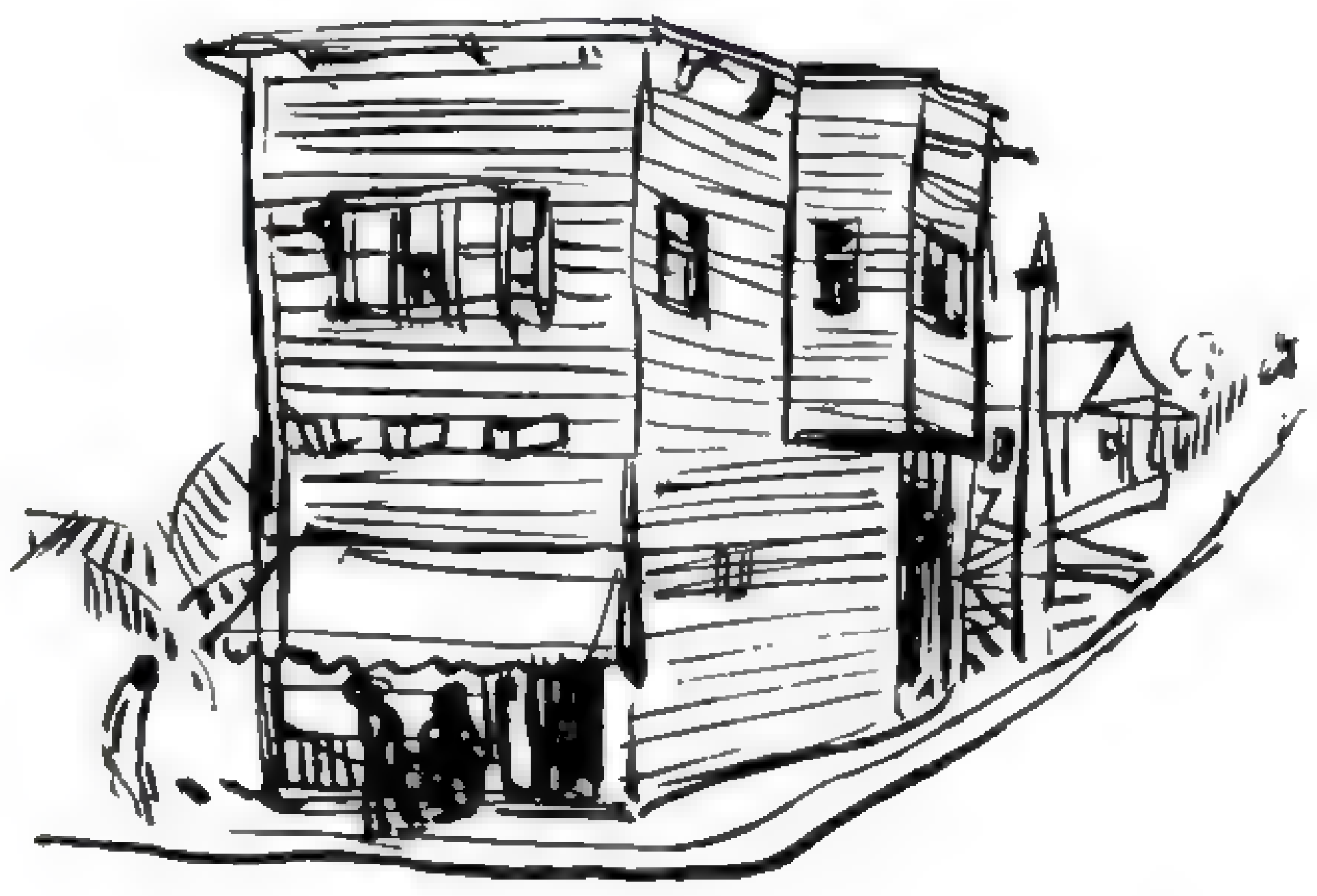


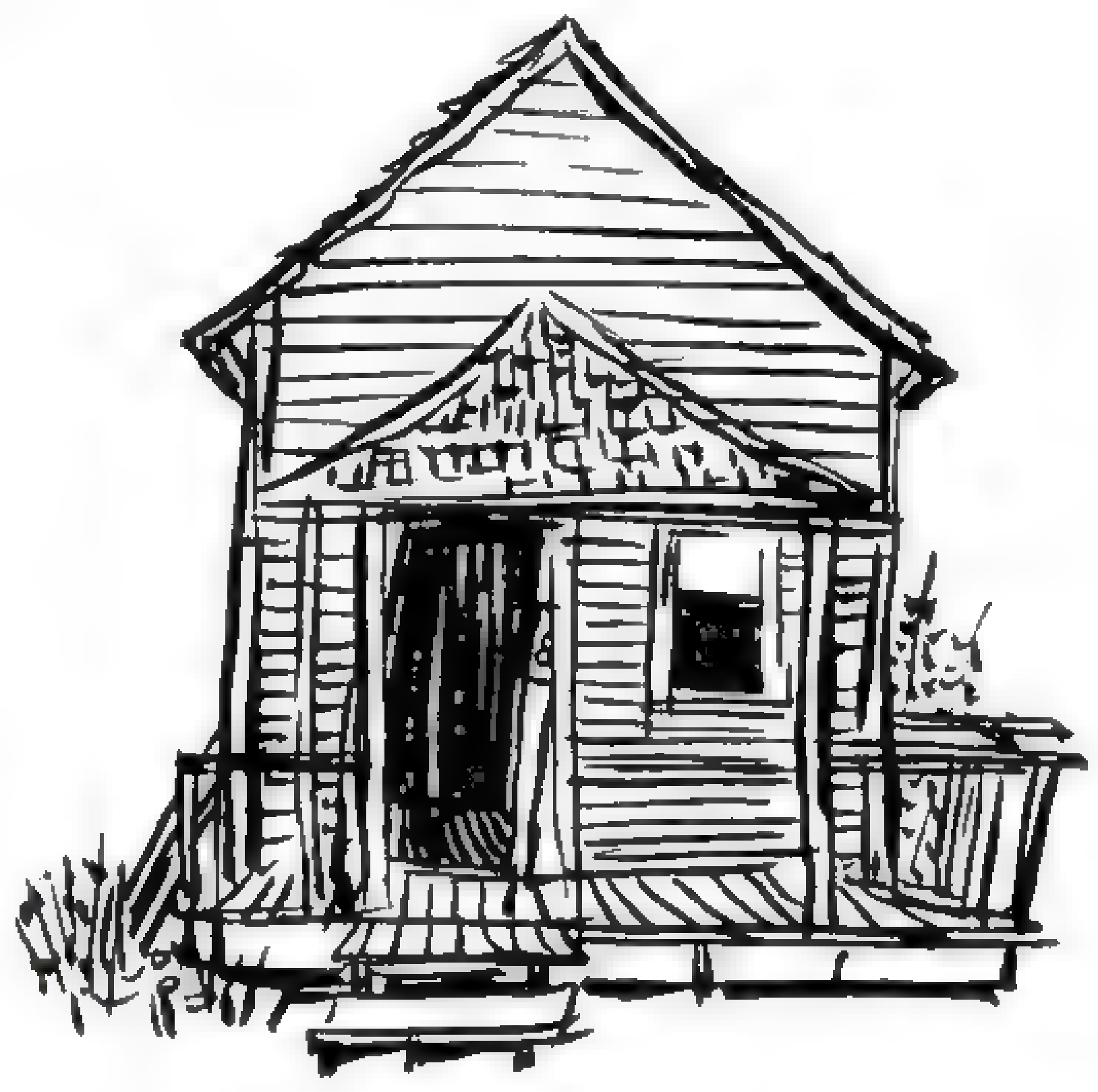
FLORIDA
COAST



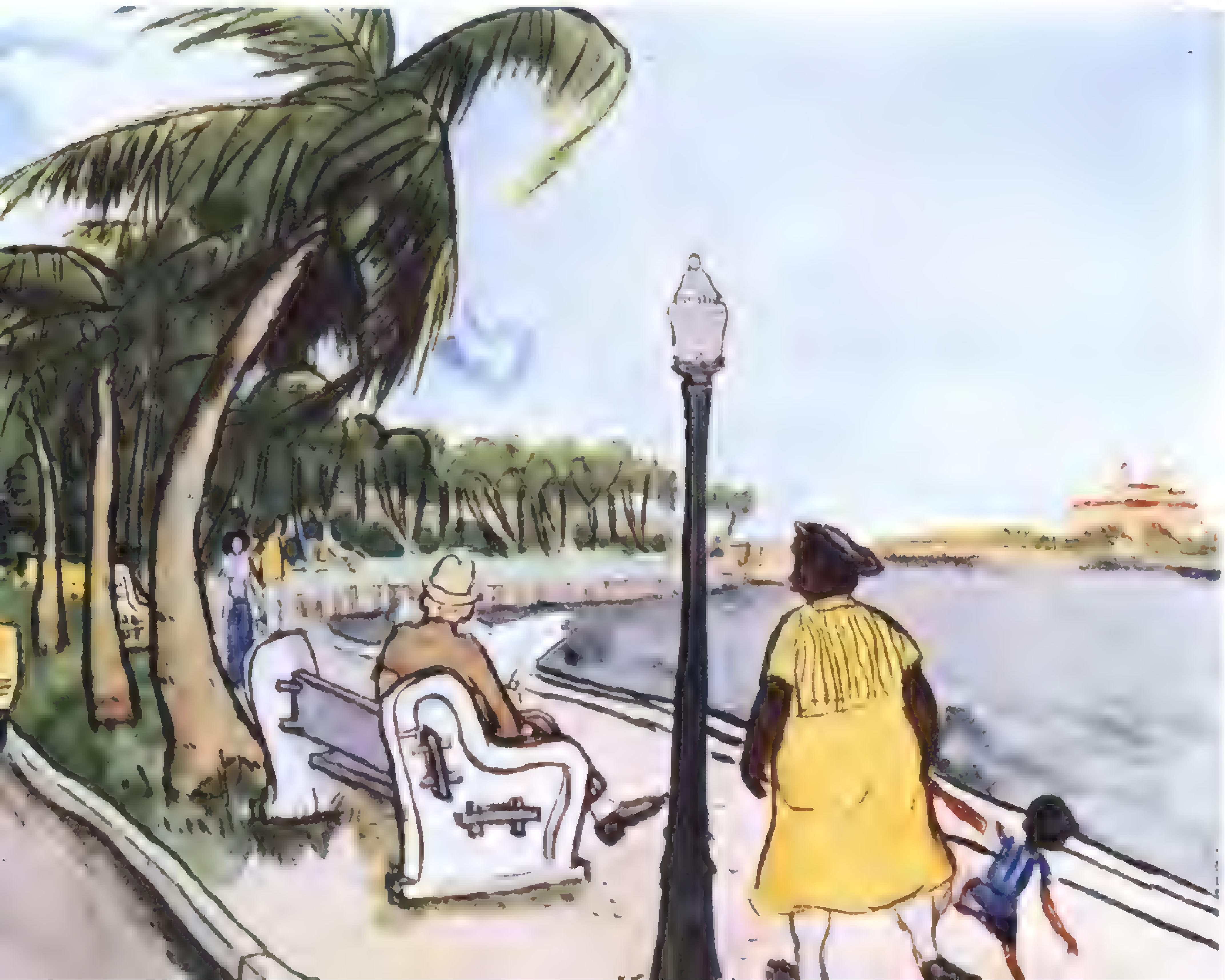


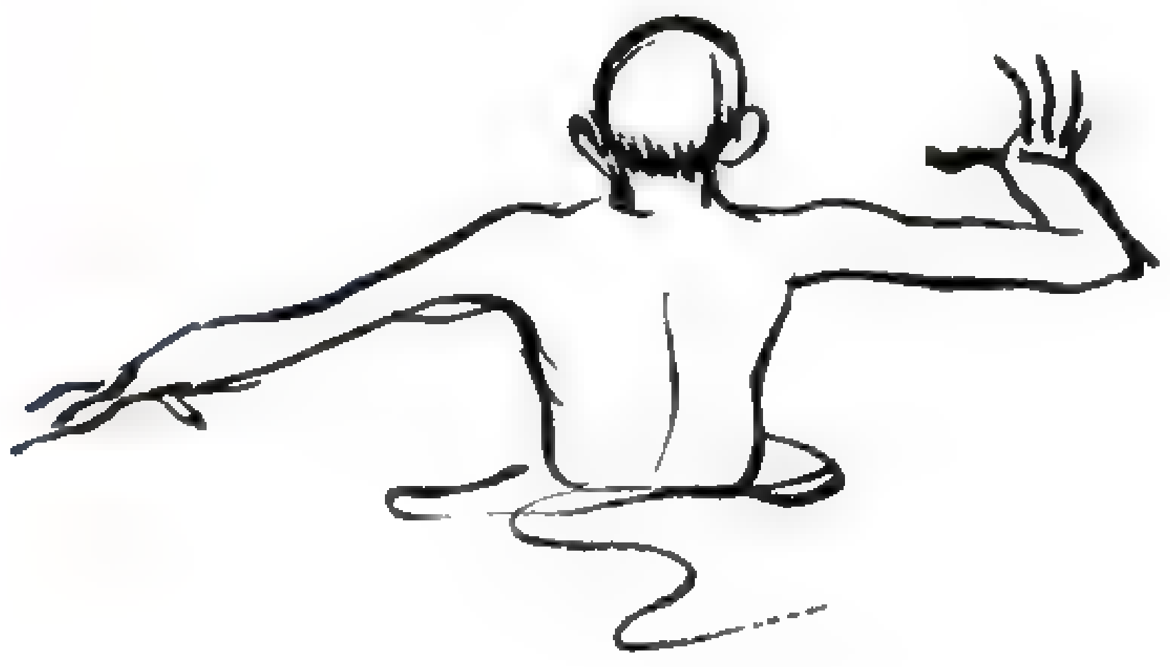


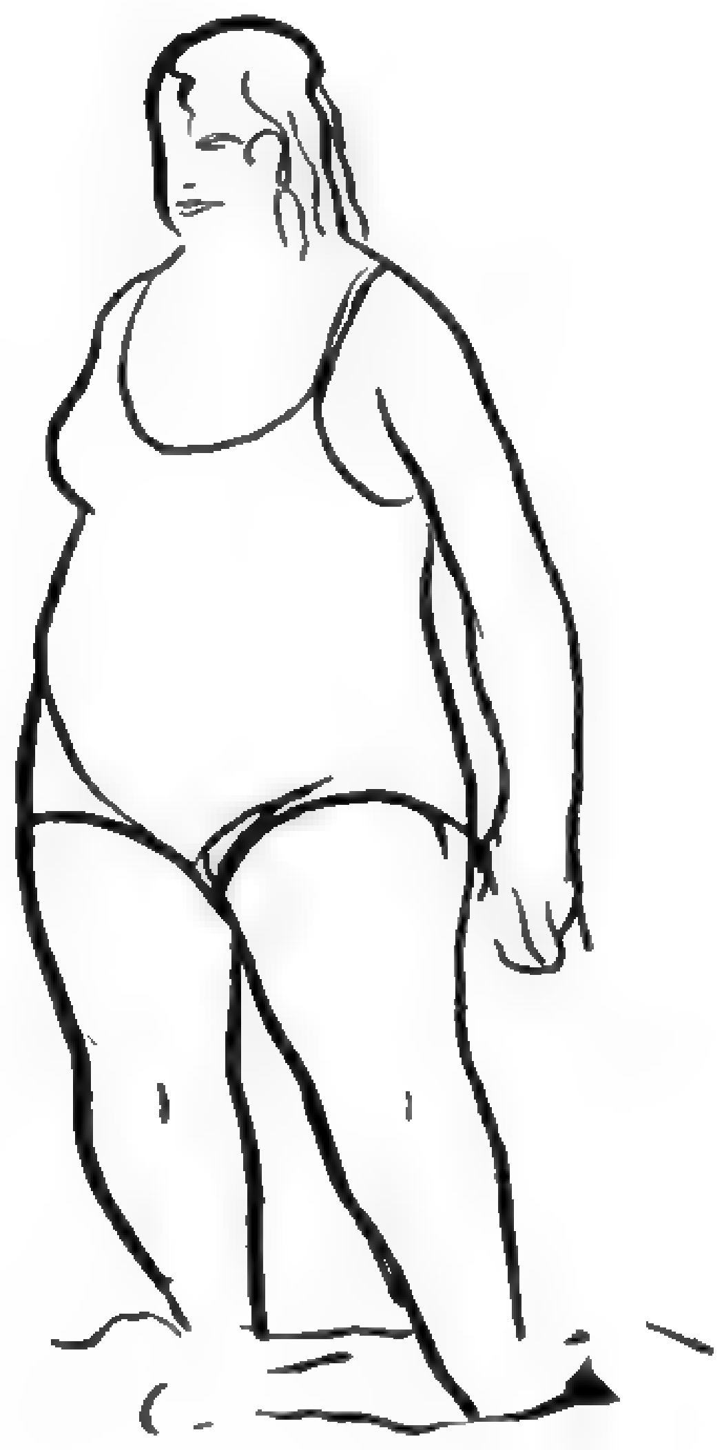


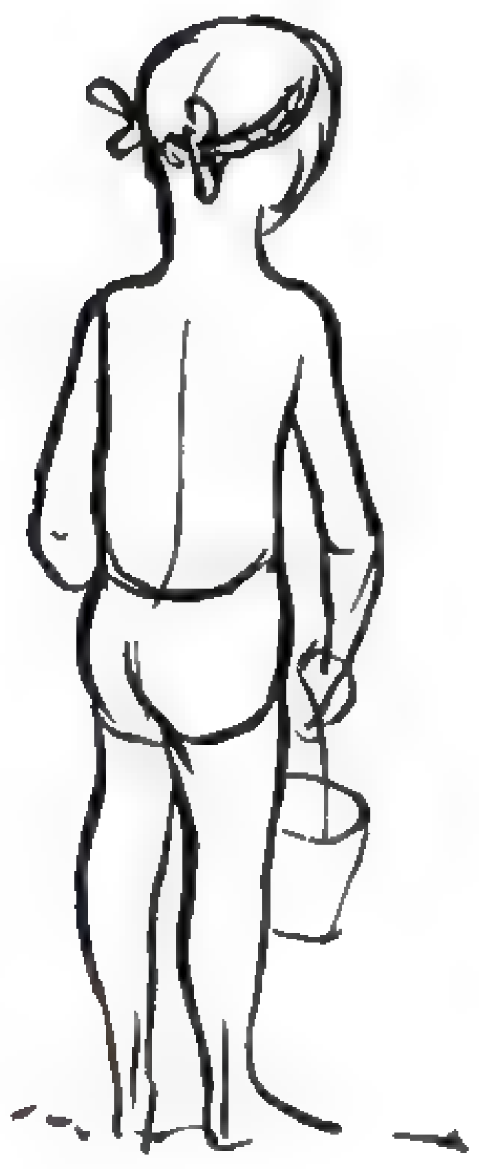


SPONGE
FISHERMEN

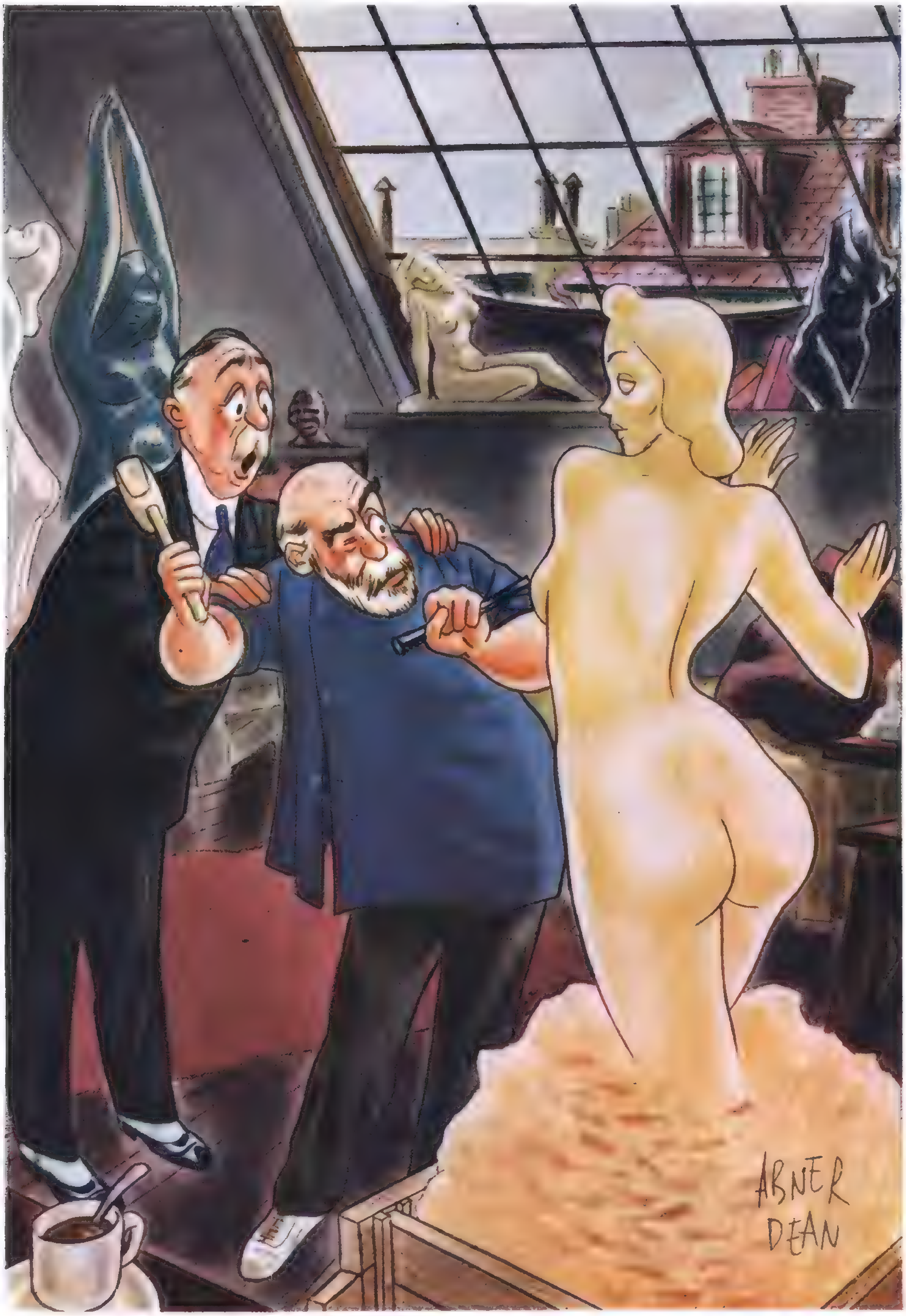








WEST OF
PALM BEACH



"For God's sake old boy—careful!"

Peter Pan Chimpanzees

Man, deriving from the embryo of the ape, is the one animal that never achieves adulthood

by FREDERICK BOYED

ARTICLE

It is over ten years now since Bolk, the Dutch anatomist, published his theory of foetalization which may explain the appearance and actions of what is facetiously called a human being. According to Bolk, man evolved not by outgrowing the adult characteristics of his apish progenitors, but by the suppression of these adult stages. The adult structures of a man are like the structures of the foetal ape. The embryonic has become the adult sexual form. We derive not from the ape but from the embryo of an ape. Thus we are placed among those scattered species and groups in the animal kingdom whose reproductive system has matured before embryonic life was completed, and in which complete adulthood is not attained.

The smallness of our jaw, our lack of hair, our hands, feet and teeth, and even the relatively greater brain weight of which we are so proud resemble the foetal structures of apes. Similarities may be found in the partial absence of pigmentation in the skin, hair and eyes. We may put it this way. As a man grows older his voice deepens, he becomes hairier, the bones of his face are more prominent, and others of his features are modified. If this process kept up in the same direction instead of ceasing as it does somewhere in the man's twenties, he would become more and more like a gorilla or one of the other high apes. He would become increasingly hairy; his voice would deepen until he could give a bellow louder than the late Joe Humphreys'. The torso would be longer, the legs relatively shorter; his jaw and the ridges over his eyes more prominent. Of course he would also be surlier, unteachable and pugnacious. In short he would be entirely ape-like, but by the suppression of these end stages in an ape's development he has become a man. It must be emphasized again that not all organs and tissues take part in this process. There is not the slightest doubt of the maturity of our sexual glands. Here we need not look up even to the lustiest anthropoid.

Though its application to human beings may have an air of startling novelty, the evolution of animals by the arresting of adult stages is well known among biologists. The lamprey eels, for instance, are both fresh water and marine fishes. The fresh water forms are smaller and weaker in organization and represent larval conditions or arrests of development of the marine form. In a still higher group we have the Mexican axolotl, a species of salamander. Ordinarily salamanders shed their gills and take up a terrestrial life as they become sexually mature. The axolotl, on the contrary, retains its gills and remains in the water even though its sex organs are completed. Here and there throughout the animal kingdom are similar examples. Rotifers are strikingly similar to swimming trochopheres of annelids and mollusks. Here too embryonic stages have become adult sexual forms. The Larvacea among the tunicates retain the larval form throughout life.

In these ten years comparatively little has been heard of Bolk's theory. This isn't hard to understand. The average run of scientist is pretty near as conservative as a corporation lawyer and never accepts a new theory unless he must. New theories gain acceptance only by the death of old scientists. Besides he has his pride. He does not like the implications of the theory much, and he does not wish to offend the pious worshipers of Science who have surprised him with their adulation in these last few decades.

After years of obscure toil in musty laboratories unraveling yards and yards of seminiferous tubules from the testes of a goat, or in patient toil on the osteology of a teratological goose, or in playing the bassoon to earthworms, he finds himself in the spotlight, adored by those who in other times worshiped the priest, and he is given wide publicity, more pay and modernistic labs. Naturally he loves it and does not wish to place his godhead in jeopardy by supporting theories distasteful to the ego of those who have a superstitious reverence for Science of any sort. The more capable biologists are leery of contention even after the partial victories they have gained in the past seventy years. They well know what would happen if newspapers should use the theory as a butt for controversy. It is not hard to imagine the yokel's lurid comments if it were brought to his attention: "Judy's Priest, it was bad enough when they said the monkeys and us had the same grandpaw, but now the dirty so and so's call us a bunch of perm'nent miscarriages. Well they ain't gettin' away with it. Us folks don't like such ideas." And with the present temper of the world it is quite likely that they wouldn't.

II

But if by silence they avoid such useless altercation, they also have prevented its implications from gaining the attention of the psychologist and sociologist who badly need the universal laws of man's nature and conduct which might possibly be derived from it. It would help these two in getting away from their complete preoccupation with the ductless glands, and produce more satisfactory and universal laws of human conduct. They might even be able to leave the doting, neurotic females, and get back to being scientists concerned not with the exceptional individual but with the species. In later paragraphs we will try to show how useful it is in explaining our peculiar actions.

Adult animals rarely play as the young ones do. The puppy wrestles with other puppies on the lawn; kittens romp and play even when alone. Otter cubs have a glorious time sliding down slippery banks or racing each other in the water. In the youth of every animal there is a period of play. This is true even in predatory species as the lion and wolf. Man also plays, and if we regard his affinity as with the young of other animals and not the adults this is not hard to understand. He goes sliding down steep roller-coasters, or wrestles playfully with his best girl friend on a picnic beneath the greenwood tree. Golf contents him for hours. He is even happy watching others play so that we have the curious custom of professional players! The Thesaurus has over two pages listing the games we play. Rabelais gives even more, but neither list is anywhere near complete. Periodically someone makes a fortune by devising a new game for us to play. The list of these is endless. If man were completely adult would he be content to spend his evenings pasting little squares of paper in an album, or in poring covetously through magazines of cameras and photographic supplies?

The young of animals are plastic minded. They can be taught complicated tricks and habits. They are tractable, amusing and harmless. However, their youth is so brief that they never make much progress in their education. As soon as a wild animal reaches maturity he becomes suspicious, vicious and surly; and the erstwhile pleasant little pet must be locked in a cage lest he take his master's arm off in a fit of rage. Youth is a period when embryonic development has not yet ceased. That ours lasts so long is probably the reason we have been able to acquire our relatively great knowledge. If the childhood of other animals were prolonged for forty or fifty years we might expect that they would

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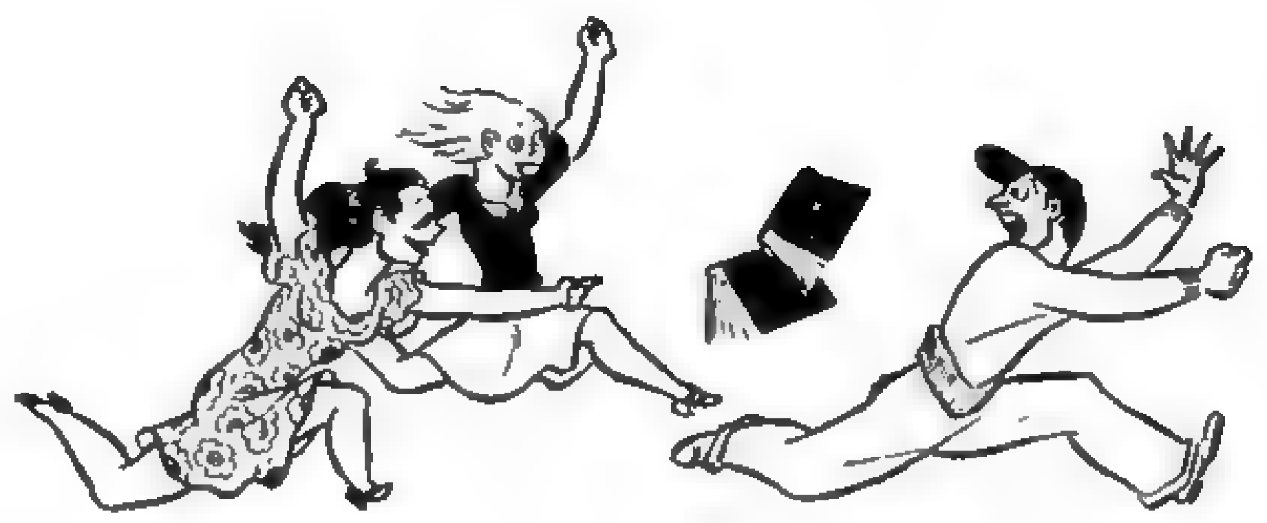
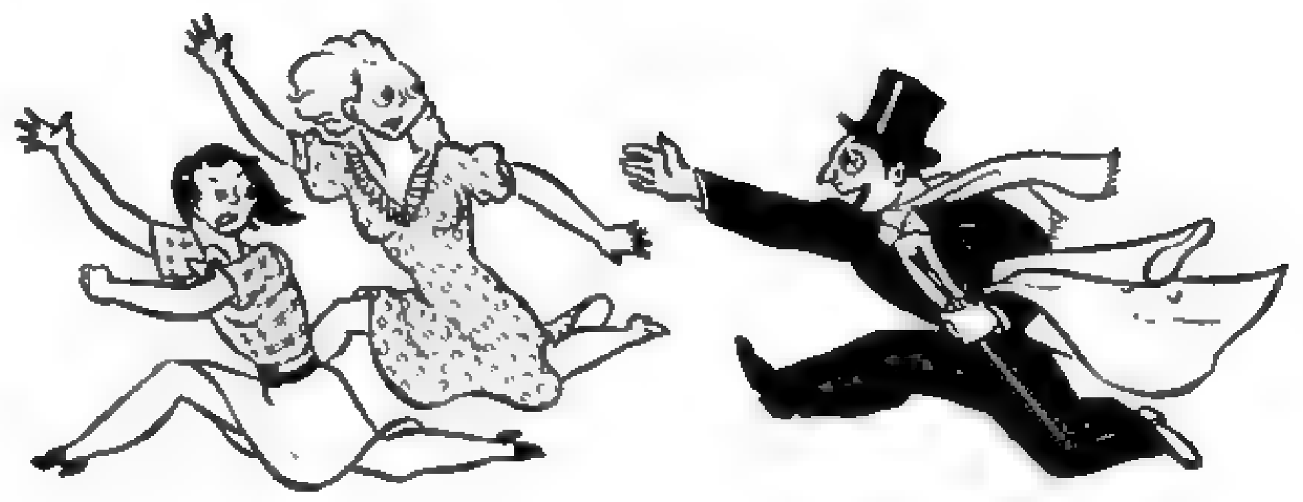


Boys Will Be Boys

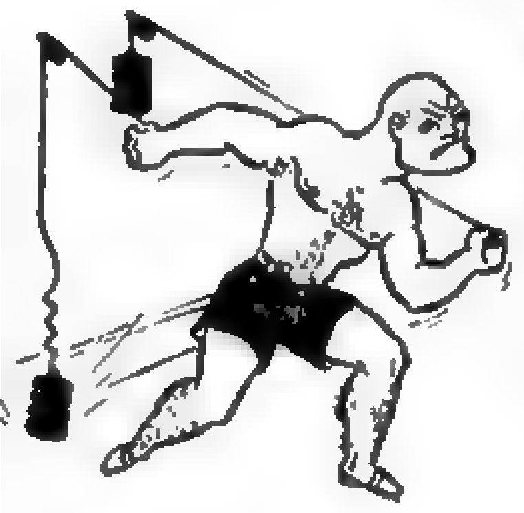
We've often wondered what vile thoughts are contained in collegiate minds. Here are all the answers.

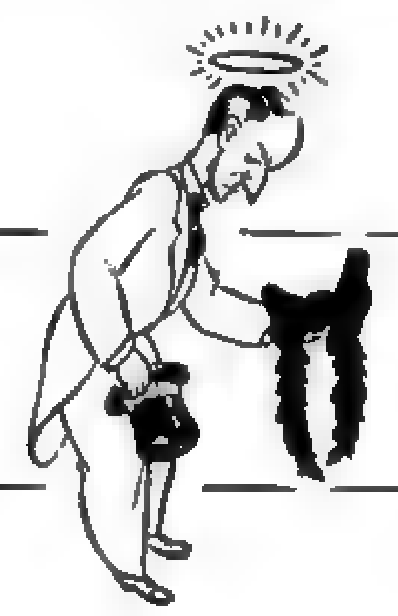
***by* ROBERT T. SOUTER**

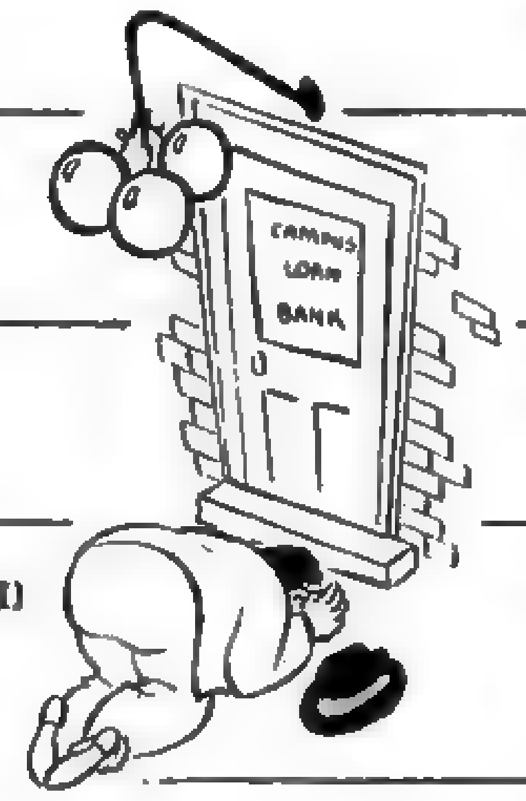
▪ SATIRE ▪



A FRESHMAN BELIEVES:	A SOPHOMORE BELIEVES:	A JUNIOR BELIEVES:	A SENIOR BELIEVES:
That Mary is the name of the sweetest girl in the world, and she's waiting for him back home.	That Mary is the name of the girl back home who is waiting for him.	That Mary is the name of a girl back home.	That Mary is the name of a girl.
That clothes are worn because the law requires them.	That clothes are unimportant.	That clothes make the man.	That clothes make the woman.
That hazing and general castigation of Freshmen is an outworn custom, stupid and unnecessary.	That hazing of Freshmen is a necessary part of their education. It will make men of them.	That hazing is hazing.	That hazing and general castigation of Freshmen is a time-worn custom, stupid but necessary.
That monogrammed Egyptian cigarettes are the least expensive a college man should smoke.	That Turkish cigarettes are the least expensive a college man should smoke.	That cigarettes are common. A pipe is the thing.	That popular priced cigarettes are the thing. The cheaper the better.
That Fraternities are sacred institutions.	That Fraternities are a lot of fun.	That Fraternities are expensive fun.	That Fraternities are a damned expense.
That all Professors are inspired with Divine wisdom.	That all Professors are very wise men.	That Professors make human mistakes.	That Professors make inhuman mistakes.
That health is to be preferred to wealth.	That a healthy body is to be preferred to a healthy mind.	That a healthy mind is to be preferred to a healthy body.	That a healthy pocketbook is to be preferred.
That there are women who are seducible.	That all women who smoke and drink are seducible.	That all women who live in apartment houses are seducible.	That all women are seducible.
That you can drink beer and avoid a hangover.	That you can drink gin straight and avoid a hangover.	That you can drink rye straight and avoid a hangover.	That you can drink nothing and avoid a hangover.
That a trot is something connected with a horse.	That a trot is unethical.	That a trot is a very handy publication.	That a world without trots would be a world without degrees.
That there is more real education in a bull-session than in a classroom.	That there is more real education in a bull-session than in a classroom.	That there is more real education in a bull-session than in a classroom.	That there is more real education in a bull-session than in a classroom.
That Chinese girls are Chinese girls.	That Chinese girls are made different.	That Chinese girls are scarce.	That Chinese girls are very, very scarce.
That World Peace is necessary.	That World Peace is possible.	That World Peace is improbable.	That World Peace is impossible.
That a man's roommate is his best friend.	That a man's dog is his best friend.	That a man's pipe is his best friend.	That a man's his own best friend.
That, when with a lady, one must be a gentleman at all times.	That, when with a lady, one must be gentle at all times.	That, when with a lady, one must be a very gentle gentleman at all times.	That, when with a lady, one must be a man, sometimes.
That Father is one of two parents.	That Father is someone who signs checks.	That Father is someone who dislikes signing checks.	That Father is someone who can't comprehend the expenses incidental to a college education.
That a Weekend is from Friday night to Monday morning.	That a Weekend is too short for recreation and too long for study.	That a Weekend runs into money.	That a Weekend is damned expensive but worth it.







That one should not say good-night to a blonde until midnight.	That one should not say good-night to a blonde until 1 A.M.	That one should not say good-night to a blonde until 2 A.M.	That one should not say good-night to a blonde.
That George Washington was our greatest President.	That Calvin Coolidge was our greatest President.	That Franklin D. Roosevelt was our greatest President.	That Herbert Hoover was our greatest President.
That night clubs are for millionaires only.	That night clubs are too expensive.	That night clubs are expensive.	That night clubs are a necessary expense.
That Esquire is some sort of a title.	That Esquire is a title of respect.	That Esquire is a mag.	That Esquire is a rag.
That a pint is a unit of measure.	That a pint is a Pint.	That a Pint is a boon companion.	That a Pint is hardly enough.
That a blush indicates purity.	That a blush indicates innocence.	That a blush indicates ignorance.	That a blush indicates true sophistication.
That a football victory is a glorious triumph.	That a football victory calls for a little celebration.	That a football victory calls for a big celebration.	That a football victory means a Blue Monday.
That a football defeat is a major catastrophe.	That a football defeat calls for a few stiff ones.	That a football defeat calls for a "drowning party."	That a football defeat means a Blue Monday.
That all "Old Grads" are learned, wealthy Captains of Industry.	That all "Old Grads" are fairly successful men.	That all "Old Grads" are just grown up boys.	That all "Old Grads" are just boys who never grew up.
That women and liquor should never be mixed.	That women and liquor should seldom be mixed.	That women and liquor are like ham and eggs.	That women and liquor are *his* ham and eggs.
That Foreign Affairs are interesting.	That International Affairs are interesting.	That Boccaccio's Affairs were interesting.	That Affairs of the Heart are interesting.
That Prep School boys are infants.	That Freshmen are infants.	That Sophomores are infants.	That Juniors are infants.
That a pawnshop is a store where there are three balls over the door.	That a pawnshop is the temporary guardian of his watch.	That a pawnshop is the permanent guardian of his watch, overcoat and scarf pin.	That a pawnshop is his personal storage warehouse.
That he will someday write a best-seller.	That he will someday write a best-seller.	That he will someday write a best-seller.	That he will someday write a best-seller.
That he can drink.	That he can drink anyone under the table.	That he can drink anyone under the table, provided his stomach is in good condition.	That he will someday meet someone whom he can drink under the table.
That the class grind is a queer gent.	That the class grind is almost human.	That the class grind is a friend indeed.	That the class grind is a very helpful friend.
That Thomas Marshall was right.	That Karl Marx was right.	That Mohammed was right.	That Barnum was right.
That the English system of government is second only to our own.	That the English system of government is best.	That the English political system allows University men an additional vote.	That this country should allow University men two additional votes.
That he favors co-eds.	That he favors town girls.	That he favors debutantes.	That he favors co-eds, town girls, debutantes, waitresses, shop girls, divorcees, mannequins, widows, hello girls and just plain girls.

More VOTES for STUDENTS

The Yale Boy’s Mother

Mrs. Everly was engagingly frank about her age, and yet she seemed to fit beautifully into the party

by EDWARD STEVENSON

▪ FICTION ▪

RICKIE was a little tight when I arrived but he was still a good enough host to take me around and introduce me to everyone I didn’t know. “Jim Butterfield,” he said. “Amherst ’38.” One of the fellows, who was also a little tight, said, “Butterfield-38? The face is familiar but the name sounds like a wrong number.” That got a big laugh. The fellows were all from Princeton and I couldn’t make out whether their laughter was provoked by amusement or loyalty. I couldn’t see any reason for Rickie adding that “Amherst ’38” tag to his introduction, anyhow, unless he was trying to make me feel definitely Little Three-ish. I was wearing a dark suit and my hair was combed and docile and I felt formal and conspicuous among all of those brown gabardine jackets, gray flannel slacks, and crew haircuts, without his making it any worse. But the girls were pretty and friendly and rather unsubstantial in their light flowery dresses. One of them tried to make me feel at home by saying she knew a fellow at Williams. I think she had an idea that Williams was right across the street from Amherst.

“And this is Mrs. Everly,” Rickie was saying. “Mr. Butterfield.”

“How do you do,” I said.

“So happy to know you, Mr. Butterfield,” she said and gave me a warm little hand.

“Friend of the family,” Rickie whispered as we drifted toward a group standing beside the open French doors. “Dropped in to see Mother and Dad. Couldn’t very well not invite her in just because they weren’t at home. Never dreamed she’d accept. ‘Delighted!’ she says; and there she sits! Been drinking like a fish; probably’ll pass out. Serve her right!”

DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

After the last introductions were completed, Rickie abruptly dropped me and disappeared. I wandered toward the center of the room and the grinning Jap houseboy thrust a martini into my hand. “Thank you!” he said. “You’re welcome,” I said. I had had practically no lunch and it was now past five, so the drink began to get results in a hurry. I finished it off and was looking around for a place to set the empty glass when the Jap was upon me again. “Thank you!” he said, taking the empty glass and giving me a fresh drink. He wandered restlessly about the room, a silver tray balanced lightly in one hand, stalking empty glasses, pouncing quietly upon them and substituting full ones in their places. He was a grinning and inexhaustible fount of martinis. After he had descended upon me like a brown wraith for the fifth time, I decided that I would not under any circumstances let my glass become empty again. I was beginning to feel a little crocked.

Rickie put a handful of Benny Goodman records on the Victrola, and the groups that were lounging about the wide sunny room broke up into couples and began to dance. I hadn’t realized I was standing in the middle of the room until they began to swirl around me. I made for cover, spilling half of my drink, and emerged in front of Mrs. Everly. She smiled at me and I smiled back. She looked kind of lonely sitting there all by herself.

“Would you like to dance?” I said.

“I’d love to!” she said, getting up. “But I’m afraid I’m not very good. This Westchester business rather frightens me.”

“Have no fear,” I said. “I’m just an old-fashioned fox-trotter.”

I finished my drink and put the empty glass on a table. Then I took her in my arms and danced her toward the center of the room. I expected something pudgy and resistant but she was unexpectedly slender and light. And she could dance. After the first half dozen steps she began to lead me; first by a gentle pressure on my shoulder, then openly, almost flagrantly. I could feel the music rippling through her warm, slim body. She looked up at me and gave me a bright smile; she had soft full lips and beautiful white teeth. She looked suddenly very happy.

“You’re Mr. Butterfield from Harvard aren’t you?” she said.

“Amherst,” I said.

“Well, anyhow, they’re both in Massachusetts!”

“I never thought of that.”

She giggled rather girlishly. “I have a boy at Yale,” she said. “A sophomore.”

“You’re joking!” I actually thought she was.

“Really!”

“Why,” I said, feeling as though I were quoting a line from a book or a play, “you look like a schoolgirl yourself!” Her face was flushed, her eyes bright, and she had an extraordinarily good figure, really very youthful, with her slender ankles, her narrow graceful hips, and her high, small breasts.

“Well, I *did* marry rather young.”

“You must have been a child.”

“I’m thirty-seven,” she said. “And I have a fat husband who plays golf and talks about the bond market and reads detective stories.”

“And doesn’t understand you?” I said, laughing. It seemed strange that she should be telling me those things about herself, but I didn’t think much about it then.

“Oh, no,” she said with a smile. “He understands me—perfectly.” She said the last word with a peculiar emphasis which might have meant anything. “It’s warm in here, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” I said. “Would you like to go outside?”

“I could stand a little air.”

She took my arm as I led her through the French doors. Rickie caught my eye as we went out and he winked broadly and clasped his hands above his head in a gesture of undying friendship. “My pal!” I could read on his inaudible lips. That made me a little sore, for some reason. You’d think I’d taken some awful wet smack off his hands.

“Isn’t the garden lovely?” she said as we stepped off the red tiled porch and walked across the lawn. “What are those gorgeous pink flowers?”

“Peonies, I think.”

We walked down the pathway to the summerhouse and sat on a bench. I was surprised to find that no one had got there ahead of us; usually there was a waiting list. But then it was broad daylight now, and that made a difference. The sun was still a long way from the western hills.

“Oh, I adore summer!” she said. “It makes me feel almost young again.”

“You’re *still* young,” I said. But I’m not much good at that sort of thing. The words felt big and soft in my mouth.

“Oh, no,” she said with the slightest dash of pathos. “I’m really not. I realize that when I see all of you young people carrying on. I realize that I am just an old woman with a boy at Yale. Do you know,” she said, taking my hand, “if you hadn’t gallantly come to my rescue, no one probably would have paid any attention to me.”

“That’s not true. I just happened to be the first.” Her hand was small and slender and wonderfully young looking. I was trying to figure out whether she was tight. I even wondered whether I was.

“No,” she said. “It’s sweet of you to say it, but I know it isn’t true. You were really very noble to notice me when you had all of those pretty young things to choose from.”

“You were the prettiest girl there,” I said, feeling very Latin and a little silly.

“Oh, you *are* sweet!” she said. “If I thought it were really any sort of a reward, I’d let you kiss me.” Her long eyelashes closed with

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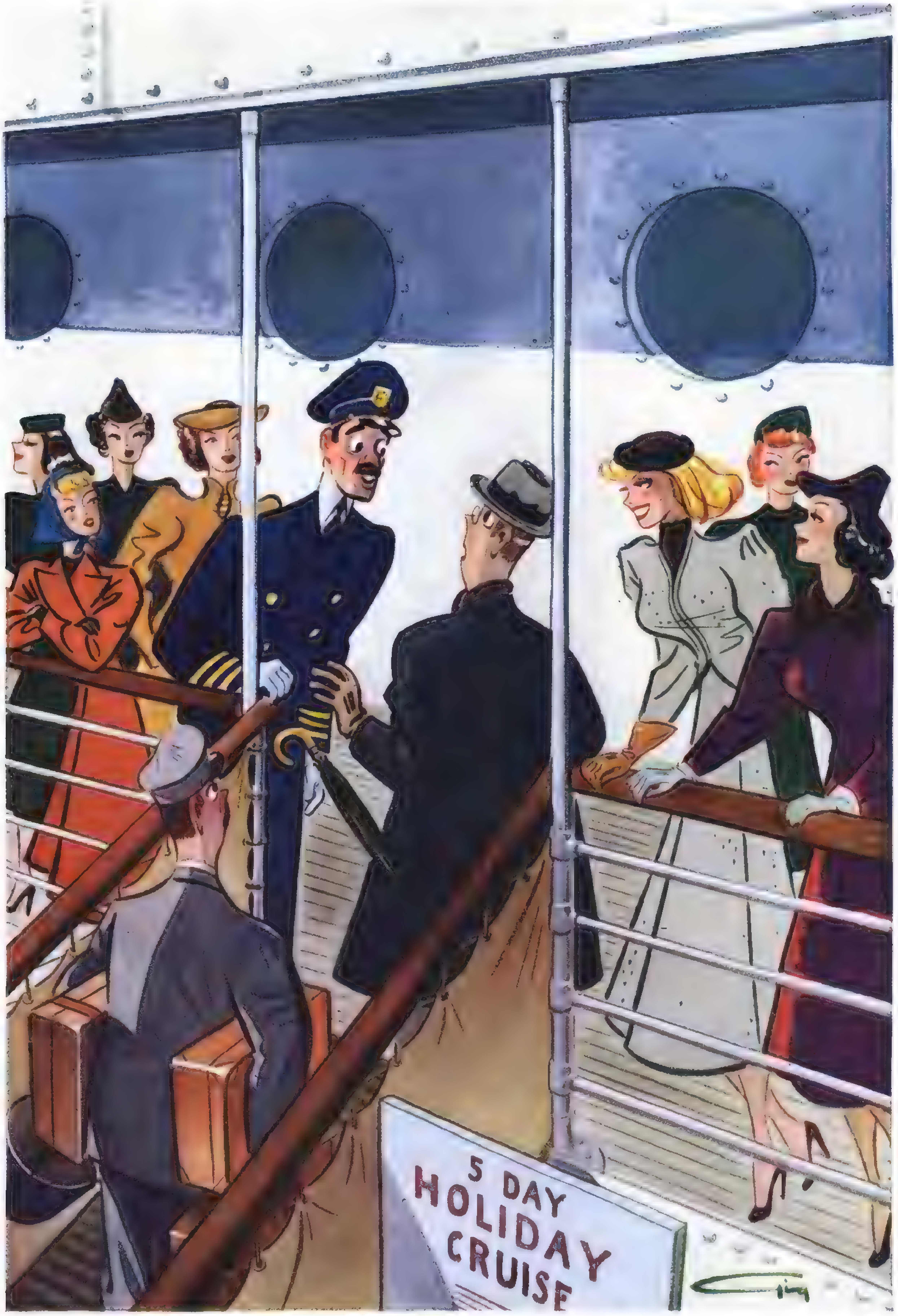
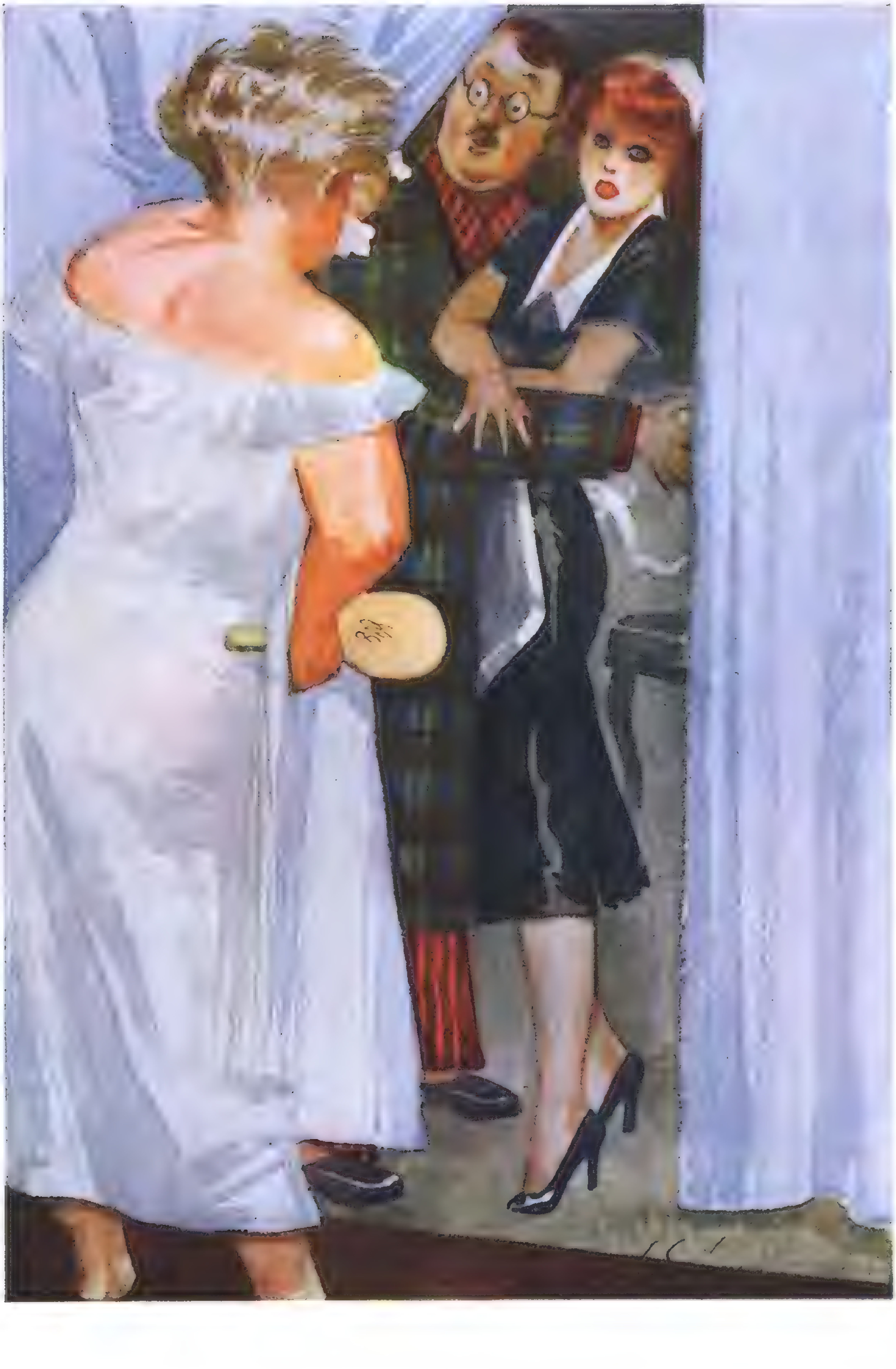

5 DAY
HOLIDAY
CRUISE
Gig

"This is entirely at your own risk, sir. You're the only male passenger aboard"



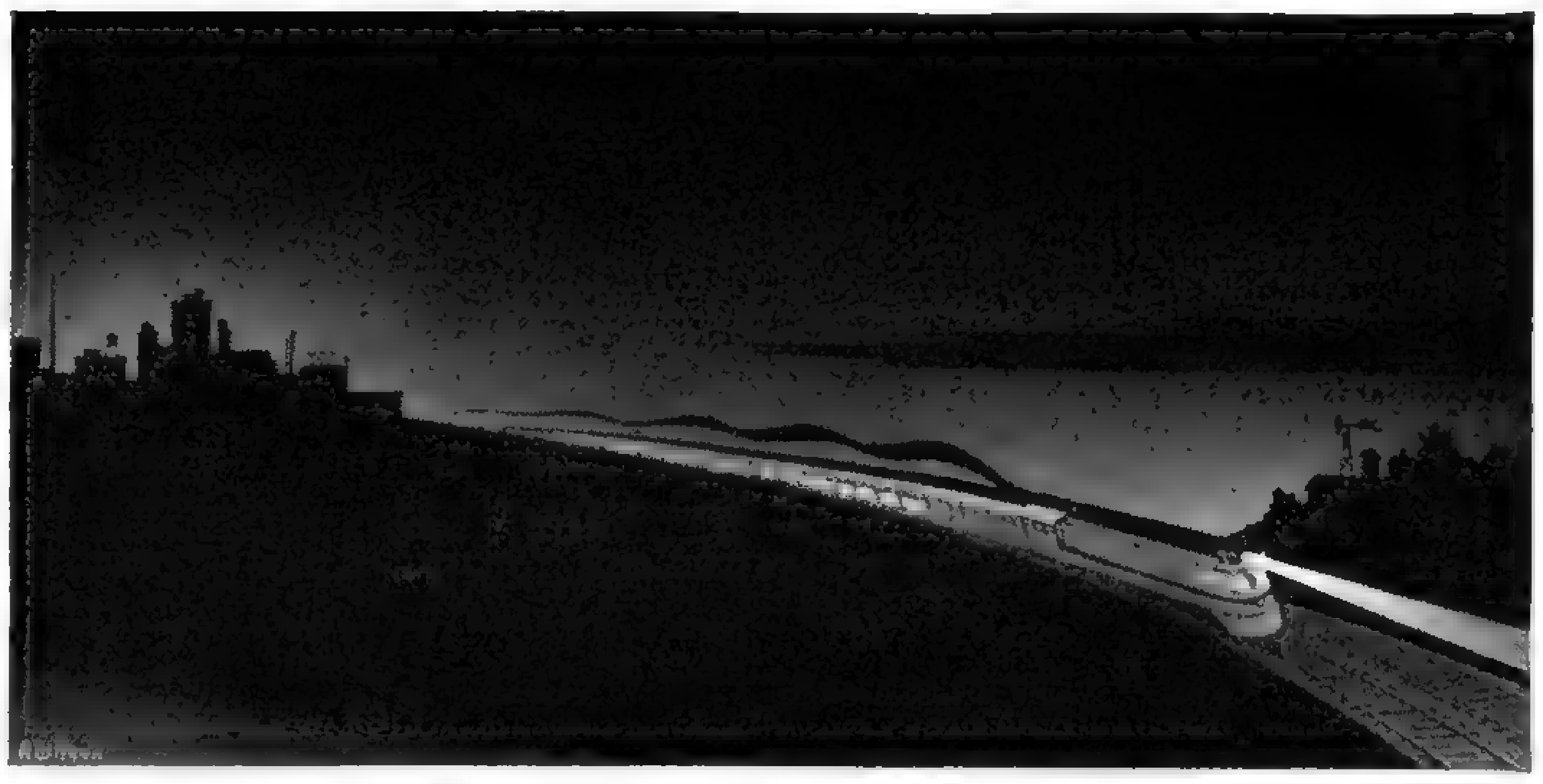
"D-d-darling, with your cold and all—I was kissing the maid goodnight instead"

The Iron Horse Comes Back

After all, for the past century steam power has been successfully adjusted to meet new conditions

by G. H. BURCK

• ARTICLE •



If the average man today believes that the life of a locomotive is practically endless, and that railroads seem to buy new ones out of almost any consideration except the fact that the old ones are finally worn out, nobody can justly accuse him of harboring a delusion. For one thing, his belief is quite literally true. The railroad engine is a sheer piece of machinery, and it can be kept in beautiful shape forever by an endless series of first-class overhauls.

For another, the country certainly is full of old ones. Of the 45,000 usable locomotives owned by American lines, nearly 30,000 are more than 20 years old, and only 4,000 are less than 11 years old. Like the American people itself, moreover, the proportion of the aged to the younger ones has been increasing steadily. In 1910 only about 40 per cent of all engines were more than ten years of age; by 1920 the figure had jumped to 72 per cent; seven years ago it was 88 per cent.

But although the iron horse never can be worked to death, there comes a time in its life when it is cheaper to kill it and buy a new one. That situation occurs when the total cost of owning and operating it, divided by the number of years it has been owned, yields the smallest figure it will ever yield; that is, when the average annual cost will be greater than that of a new one. Judging from the figures given above, you might venture the guess that the economic life of a locomotive falls around the 35- or 40-year mark.

The sad truth seems to be that the average engine has outlived its cheapest days by the time it is twenty years old. To put it mildly, the implications of the fact are tremendous. If it is true, American railroads should be able to save money by ordering 30,000 new locomotives—30,000 locomotives, mind you, requiring five or six million tons of steel in their manufacture and calling for an expenditure of more than two *billion* dollars. Such possibilities are so intoxicating that you can't be blamed for doubting the argument which has produced them.

But its logic is tight, and its statements are verities. Only one of them calls for discussion. Has it been proved, you are entitled to ask, that the economic life of an engine is 20 years? The answer is that while figures on the subject for obvious reasons come almost entirely from locomotive builders, no authority ever has denied them.

Even if an unusual setup on a particular system allowed the economic life of some of its motive power to be estimated at 30 years, the large fact of obsolescence alone tends to even up the national average.

For the art of designing locomotives and the conditions under which they operate have changed vastly. The ability to haul freight trains at sustained high speed, to wheel passengers at faster paces than engines used to run, to turn in 1,000-mile days before being relieved, to do them on less fuel and water—all are the things which count today. A good many engines of 25 years ago, though they had never turned a wheel since they were built, would be rendered obsolete and expensive by the importance of these developments.

Well, are American railroads going to order 30,000 new engines sometime soon? The doleful answer is that they aren't; it will be a downright miracle if they order half that many. An irrelevant reason is that they could reproduce the capacity of those 30,000 old machines with several thousand fewer, and improve their service in doing so. The actual reason lies somewhere among the following items: (1) Proud of the performance of their old locomotives, railroads are buying new ones only when a specific need arises for them; (2) they haven't the credit for huge capital outlays; and (3) they "can't afford" new motive power yet. None of which, you will observe, explains very deeply.

Still, if our carriers are going to maintain even the existing low percentage of less than 21-year-old power during the next five years, they will have to build or buy more than 7,000 engines in that time. The five-year total may be less than 6,000 and it may surpass 9,000, but a shrewd prophet would be a little optimistic in guessing halfway between.

If the average man believes that when the railroads get around to buying thousands of engines once more they are going to choose nothing but Diesel-electrics, his error may be judged with tolerance.

Never before has the dominion of the steam engine been challenged so spectacularly as it is today. The impression has already got around that a couple or three dozen years hence the steam locomotive will be pretty much of a museum piece, and the news that the carriers ordered 434 steamers out of a total of 533 engines last year probably comes as a somewhat unpleasant surprise to many well-informed people.

What actually has happened is that the steam locomotive has been betrayed by circumstance. Because it has been assigned to crawl along with a mile and a half of freight cars or has been hitched to a string of Pullmans weighing five or six times as much as it, men have been accustomed to thinking it was capable of doing nothing else. Because it had to be heavy to roll such loads, they got the idea that tremendous weight and steam power were inseparable. And because its achievements were never dramatized or publicized by the sober men who manufactured it, they saw only that it was getting bigger and bigger.

It also was subjected to a great deal of unfair comparison. The Diesel-electric locomotive, when it burst into public consciousness, already had become commonplace on many roads, where it was found particularly well-adapted to yard service. But the people first heard of it as the prime necessity of the lightweight, streamlined train, into which, significantly, had been incorporated all the latest developments in the art of accommodating the traveling public. So, although none of these developments had much to do with the type of motive power up ahead, folks thought of "streamlined Diesel" trains when they thought of a new deal in rail travel. The words looked good, and they sounded good.

The Diesel-electric's undeniable advantage is the ability to travel long distances without stopping for water or carrying tons of it along, and these lightweight streamliners were designed to exploit that ability to the limit. In doing so, however, they took sole credit for much more. To demonstrate their potentialities they went on amazing trial trips, over tracks whereon "conventional steam" trains averaged 40 and rarely hit 80, at an average of more than 75 miles an hour. The logic of such performances, to most laymen and even to a good many railroad men, demanded the conclusion that progress was dating the steam locomotive, and that conclusion duly was made. It also invited specific comparisons, and they, too, were made.

Everybody remembers how the Burlington's first *Zephyr* raced over the 1,017 miles between Denver and Chicago on about $15 worth of fuel oil, and how it was reported that a "steam train" of equivalent capacity would have required some $85 worth of coal. What everybody didn't know, though, was

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Drum Beat in Harvest Time

Continued from page 71

correct, he filled up a half-pint bottle with brandy and rushed out. But seeing the rider he stopped dead in the doorway.

"Come here then," commanded the officer.

Gheorghe went. The horse stretched his head and nibbled at Gheorghe's sleeve. Gheorghe offered the bottle to the officer.

"I don't want it," he said sharply.

"It is good brandy, sir," ventured the elderly peasant.

The officer, to cut matters short, took the bottle and quaffed off its contents. He paid Gheorghe. Gheorghe jingled the coins in his hand. Instantly the horse set off. This time faster even than hereto. Ran and ran, past many houses, and suddenly swerved off the middle of a street and stopped dead before a gate.

"Now what?" grumbled the officer. But just then the gate opened. In flew the horse. The officer heard a woman's voice. A cry of surprise. He looked back. At the gate, which she was still holding, stood a young woman, looking at him as though he were a ghost.

"Well, what does the creature want me to do now?" asked the officer, good-humoredly. As people were looking into the yard, from the opposite side of the street, the young woman closed the gate. Shyly, blushing, she advanced towards the horseman. A comely woman, the officer said to himself. He touched his mustache, and smiled at her.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Andronica, sir."

The horse, hearing Andronica's voice, curbed his neck sideways and flicked his ears.

"Look at me, Andronica," said the officer. She glanced up for a moment.

"No, not that way. Hold up your face. That's it."

Andronica's face was burning. "Now tell me, what does the animal want?" asked the officer.

"Radu dismounts, sir," Andronica said, barely above a whisper.

The officer jumped out of the saddle. The horse went at once to Andronica and began kissing her shoulder. "Fox," she whispered at the horse. The animal flicked his ears and pawed the ground.

"What did you say to him?" asked the officer, touching her chin.

"Fox, I said, that's his name," Andronica told him.

"Fitting name. What is he caressing you for? Begging for something?"

"Radu and I go into the house, then I bring him a handful of oats. He eats the oats out of my hand." Her eyes rested a longer time on the officer's face as she told this.

"Let us go into the house, then."

"People are spying," she said, blushing.

"But if Fox wants it," he said, chuckling. The horse flicked his ears again, pawing the ground.

Andronica turned around and slowly walked towards the open door. The officer followed her. She hesitated one moment at the threshold, then went in.

The officer took off his cap, mopped his forehead, laid his cap on the table, and without a word embraced Andronica and kissed her.

"I must take the oats to Fox; he is nibbling at the door handle," she said.

Returning, Andronica stopped near the hearth to wipe her hand on the hempen towel. The officer took her in his arms.

"Fox got what he came for," she said. Her eyes were as moist as her lips. She was looking straight into the officer's eyes.

When he was leaving, the officer asked: "Andronica, will he make another stop?"

"No, Victor," she replied, her face flushed.

* * *

The miller's horse furnished a humorous interlude to the villagers. What the miller thought in his heart nobody knew save Andronica. But when Radu became too abusive with her, accusing her of infidelity—on mere suspicion, of course—in revenge, she would say very calmly, "Your own horse brought him, I did not look for him."

Eighty men, in the flower of manhood, as the peasants said, left the village the very next morning. In front of the column a sergeant, the priest next, then the men, four abreast, arms over each other's shoulders, as when they danced the Hora they marched, singing. And the women, marching on both sides of the column, sang with them. But when they halted outside the village to receive the priest's blessing and exchange a last farewell with those whom they were leaving, the men became solemn. They knelt down in the field beside the road, listened with bowed heads to the priest's prayer and the words of blessing. None rose from the ground without having kissed the soil and having pressed his forehead to it. And when, after embraces and whispered words of love, encouragement, assurance, parents parted from sons, wives from husbands, and sweethearts from sweethearts, the men marched off. They did not sing a war song, nor a gay tune, but they sang: "Where the candle burns in the window, there is my heart's longing."

Neither Gavrila nor Michael, nor fifty other men have seen again the candle burning in the window of their heart's longing. And if their graves have the grace of some care, the hands touching the wooden cross and the lips murmuring: "May God rest your soul in peace" are the hands and lips of other bereaved mothers and sweethearts, suffering too, as their own mothers and sweethearts suffer. ⧺

Rudy, Radio and Rapture

Continued from page 61

does both. He has merged his career and his development with the program over which he presides and, in part, guides.

For the first several years of his career Vallee was tense, stiff, actually or seemingly scared, afraid to let himself go. But gradually he gained in assurance, poise and the other telltale marks of professionalism. Ultimately he was no longer a glamor man out beyond his depth clutching at any straw for support, but himself, a sturdy and dependable holder-upper of other performers.

There is a radio in most of the rooms of Vallee's New York apartment and at his lodge in Maine. He listens constantly, ever seeking the voice or the personality that his program could introduce. He is apt to return from any tour into the provinces accompanied by (a) a protégé and (b) a new dog.

If time does not permit Vallee will return the following night to complete his study of a performance interrupted by engagements to be kept elsewhere. He is a scout with insatiable curiosity and undiminished optimism. Nor does he attempt to mortgage the futures of any he discovers or aids. He recommended and arranged the booking of Dave Rubinoff on the Chase and Sanborn program and did it gratis without commission or kickback, a gesture unfortunately rare in mercenary show biz.

His ringmastering of the radio program has comforted many bitten by that dreaded bug, mike fright. Oddly enough some of the most experienced performers suffer frightful pangs of self-doubt when due to face the voice-thrower. The late Marie Dressler, ordinarily a calm and poised trouper, was one of the most jittery. Grace George, star of innumerable stage plays, found the requirement of standing still and not rattling manuscript excruciatingly nerve-racking.

Vallee guides, encourages, covers up. That greatest of psychological errors, over-ballyhooing a performer, is carefully avoided. The announcement never promises more than the performer can deliver. Little bits of information about the guest's past, personal idiosyncrasies or future plans are included. Vallee seeks to avoid the obvious such as Irish gags on St. Patrick's day.

Having required much coaching to get over the bumps himself he is now a deft coach and mentor of others. For example he drilled Frances Langford in style and away from halting mannerisms. He is a keen spotter of the awkward and the maladroit because he has gone through the processing himself.

Today he sings fewer songs but sings them better and with a vastly widened range of versatility. He no longer croons.

It is to the old two-a-day Palace theatre in Times Square, beached flagship of the once proud vaudeville fleet, that the Rudy Vallee program is most frequently compared. The comparison is imperfect but not entirely inappropriate, for "making the Palace" had some of the significance to an actor of yesteryear that "getting a break on the Vallee hour" now has.

Vallee, too, has been very receptive to old-time vaudeville talent. Among the turns that have been heard vaudeville fans will recall: George Beatty, Irene Franklin, Adele Rowland, Doc Rockwell, Dave Apollon, Giersdorf Sisters, Brox Sisters, Clark and Verdi, Jay C. Flippen, Weber and Fields, McIntyre and Heath, Jans and Whalen, May Usher, Marion Harris, Belle Baker, Molly Picon, Aileen Stanley, Irene Bordoni, Sophie Tucker, Julius Tannen, Clifford and Marion, Joe Laurie, Jr., Block and Sully, Roy Smeck, Shaw and Lee, Val and Ernie Stanton, Olsen and Johnson, Kramer and Boyle, Cross and Dunn, Grace Hayes.

Many now-famous, but not then, were previewed on the Vallee program. Most recent skyrocket was Edgar Bergen, the ventriloquist. Ruth Etting, Kate Smith, Walter O'Keefe appeared with Vallee in 1930. Fred and Adele Astaire were on December 17, 1931. Phil Baker, Ken Murray, Bert Lahr, Beatrice Lillie, Bob Hope, Joe Penner, Bob Burns, Alice Faye, Frances Langford, Burns and Allen, Gertrude Niesen—all did early and in several instances all-important dates with Vallee.

The booking sheet of the Vallee Hour may be accepted as a reasonably complete cross section and census of everybody that was prominent in films, drama, vaudeville, night clubs, music and radio in its time. Vallee has thus met and worked with hundreds of the greatest celebrities and equal numbers of the lesser known entertainers of his day. He and Marjorie Diven, his long-time secretary, will perhaps one day spin a book of memoirs. It should equal Noel Coward's in the number of famous persons, Coward among them, crowded into it.

The showmanship of Rudy Vallee meanwhile is the result of hard work. He is fiercely devoted to his own good judgment, an admitted tyrant at rehearsals at which time his orchestra boys sometimes find him the opposite to charming, and he will seldom agree to accept anything or anybody he doesn't believe in.

Rudy Vallee admires Calvin

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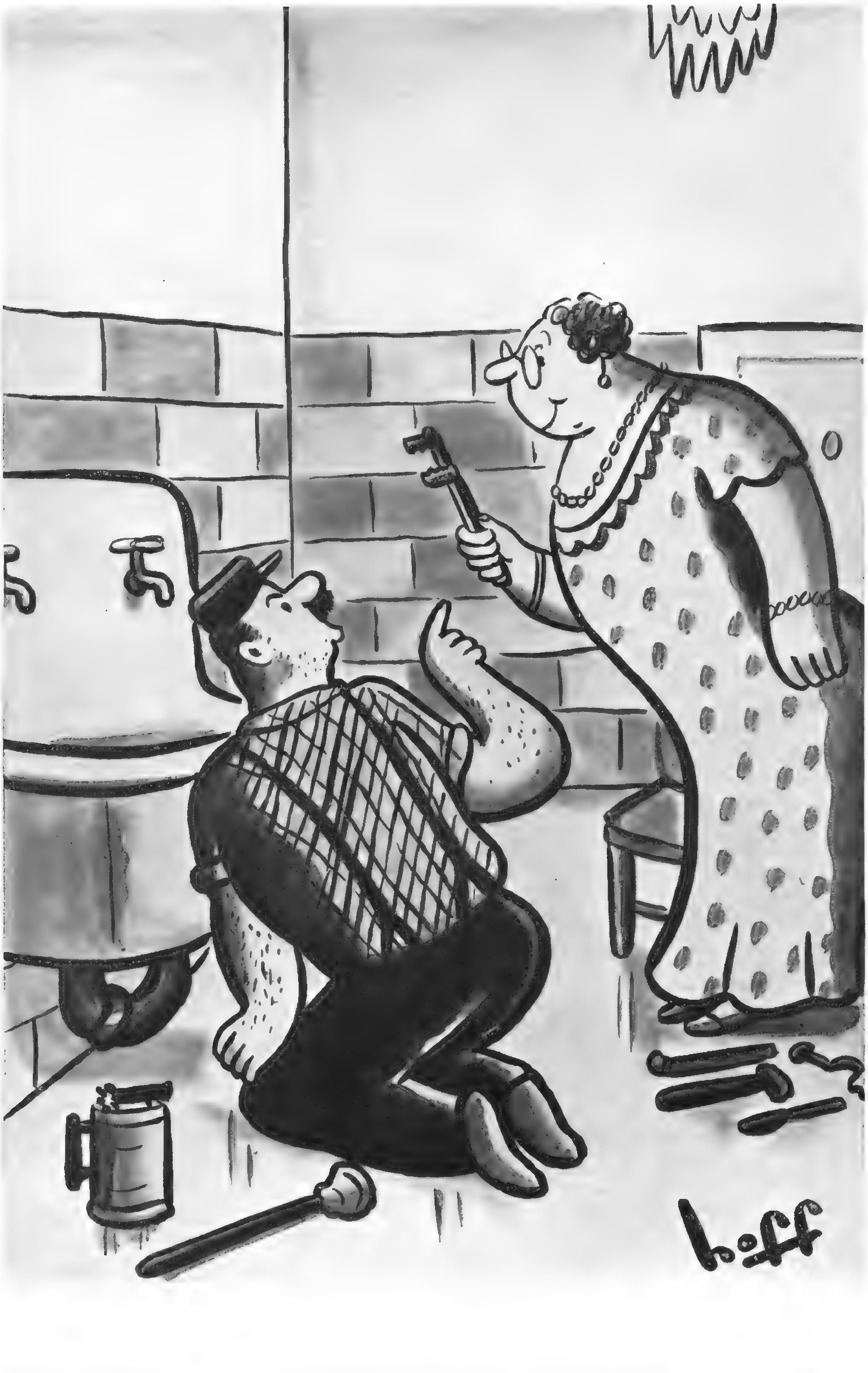

"Put it down, lady . . . Do you want to get me in trouble with the union?"

Rudy, Radio and Rapture

Continued from pages 61-100

Coolidge, William Lyon Phelps, the direct speech and the canny manner of New Englanders. He accepts the disagreeable nuisances of his position with grace, spreads himself in equal portions among as many tables as possible in the intermissions at any night club he is playing, is patient with autograph seekers and song pluggers. He took the time to give a series of lectures on radio showmanship to the Suffolk Law School in Boston last winter and talked so rapidly, without notes, the stenographer did not get everything. He has theories and usually a lot of factual data on production, talent and entertainment problems.

The mystical rapture of married and unmarried spinsters was and is the acoustical amplifier of radio crooning. Dream lovers, however, tend to blow away, wraith-like, as fresher and more vivid fancies appear. Vallee survives as a glamor man because at heart he's a Yankee business man and makes surviving his business. He was lucky but he doesn't believe in luck. He couldn't conceivably plan the incredible sequence of events that followed within three years of his graduation from Yale in 1927. But since then he has planned, and if possible rehearsed, everything that he's done.

Show business laughs—and it doesn't faze him—at his habit of showing up at a fellow-maestro's night club "just to take a bow" but accompanied by a full orchestration, public address system and sound engineer. This may be "ham" to the snap-judgment observer but to the law-of-average calculating Yankee it's a business man's foresight against the entirely rational presumption of being called upon to sing.

He doesn't risk his glamor, which in essence now means a first-rate professional performance, to bad acoustics or other mechanical hazards under impromptu spotlights.

Colonial Bottoms Up

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little accessory. So mittens came in.

The drinking customs of those times were simple. Women, never drinking in public, had to wait till they got home to put a spot of rum in their tea. The men, however, found time for a sort of Tom and Jerry in the little houses built along the lake. Some of the houses, by the way, stand to this day, unobserved and evidently unenvied by Mr. Moses, magician of parks. With the passing of the late-lamented Central Park Casino went one of the graceful customs that linked Manhattan to the past. From the opening of the Casino to its sudden demise, the tavern keeper had always awarded a magnum of champagne to the first couple that would drive to the Casino door in a sleigh.

The illustrated manuals for skating in the Sixties are filled with kindly advice about conduct and behavior on the ice and exact rules for the science of skating. The science at that point consisted of the Dutch Roll, the figure Eight and the Waltz. There were learned essays on the origin of the new art. Your reader was somewhat amazed to learn that man hadn't always had a skate on. But Fitzstephens, the great chronicler, could find no trace of pleasure skating in England before 1598, when some gallants were caught on the frozen Thames. The Dutch have always liked it, if you can rely on their art. Many of the master, Peter Bruegel's paintings show the citizenry on some sort of skates. They are also imbibing at the canal's edge. Research discloses that it was nothing more than a hot gin toddy, the Dutch having discovered that elixir and being true to it, hot or cold. I recently saw that superb canvas *Carnival*, painted by Pieter Huys, sometime in the late 1500's. It was a scene of merrymakers on skates made of bone.

Skating and its first cousin, skiing, really was first a military expedient. If you remember that much history, you will recall that when Luxembourg was attacking the Hague and was trapped by a sudden freeze, the Dutch soldiers on "scatses" caught up with the retreating troops and cut them to pieces. And when Charles XII was killed at Frederiskshall, a messenger skated 408 miles without stopping to bear the sad news.

The Civil War nipped the social side of skating for a good many years. The sport was still in the figure-eight stage until about the outbreak of the last war (i.e. the last one we were in). A scout who was in Europe for Charles B. Dillingham looking for talent to put in the Hippodrome, cabled back about the marvelous girls who had been filling the Admiral's Ice Palast in Berlin, who were out of work on account of the war. So the Hippodrome tank was boarded over and ice machines laid and the girls brought over. There were about thirty-two of them in the chorus and several stars—Hilda Rueckert, "Charlotte," Ellen Dallerup and Katie Schmidt. All of them were stars in their own right and to the field of skating what Pavlowa was to the dance.

During that season at the Hippodrome, 1916, the town became so skate conscious that the makers could not keep up with orders. Here was a new form of skating, a beautiful outgrowth of the old sport. Every girl in the ice ballet was sought for lessons. The Hippodrome played to as many society folk that season as did the austere Metropolitan opera. Those who had been abroad were familiar with the newer style of skating but most of the country found it novel and astonishing. Irving Brokaw, millionaire sportsman, led the cause for the continental skating. The Hippodrome management lent him the rink Sundays and he gave skating parties for his friends. As a fitting complement to the sport there were served canapés and hot tea with rum. Your correspondent doubts if there is a better drink for ice sports.

Skiing was also given an impetus at this time by the Hippodrome. With the famous skaters there were four champion skiers from Norway. A slide was built up into the flies of the back stage and the hardy fools came screaming down these slides, over a jump and onto a ninety-foot stretch of ice, twice daily. It was the thrill of the show. Once it was learned that one of the skiers had a broken arm. It had been broken in a jump a month before. He hadn't reported it for fear he would have to quit work and he had never dreamed of such easy work. To counteract the pain he drank a quart of Swedish Punch every day. That is also recommended to skiers.

The college boys, the railroad companies with their ski trains, the Olympics and the man who makes snow and ice have done the rest. All we can contribute is something to put you on your feet again, or to keep your enthusiasm going if you sit along the side lines.

The best-liked beverage both at Sun Valley and on the Eastern runs is "Gluehwein." The recipe is for a single portion and is handed the aspirant as soon as he assumes an erect position.

Boil in an earthen jug one glass of good claret or Burgundy. (Never use a fortified wine.) In the pot put about 3 inches of a cinnamon stick, 1 clove, 3 lumps of sugar, 1 slice of orange peel and 1 slice of lemon peel. If a quantity is made it is better, allowing the earthen jug to stand on a slow fire and brought to near boiling point slowly.

SAILOR'S DELIGHT
(Quick and easy)

Melt a lump of sugar in a little hot water. Add a glass of rum and a piece of butter about the size of a walnut. Serve in a large glass with nutmeg on top.

VERMONT PUNCH

Put into a highball glass a teaspoon of sugar, a pony of curaçao, a pony of orange juice and a glass of rum. Fill glass with hot milk and serve with a slice of orange and nutmeg on top.

CAFÉ GROG

Put in a highball glass a pony of Jamaica or Bacardi rum, two lumps of sugar, a slice of lemon, a spoonful of brandy and a demi-tasse of black coffee. Heat and serve hot.

SANO GROG

Into a highball glass put a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, a pony of whiskey, a pony of curaçao, a pony of Jamaica or Bacardi rum. Add three times the quantity of boiling water. Serve with a slice of lemon on top.

NIGHT CAP

Beat up a yolk of a fresh egg, add pony of anisette, one pony orange curaçao, one pony of brandy. Add hot water and leave a call for 2 o'clock.

MARTINIQUE MILK PUNCH

Bring a quart of grade-A milk almost to the boiling point. Take from fire and add the yolks of three eggs. Beat well, then add four tablespoons of sugar, and one-quarter teaspoon of cinnamon, nutmeg and vanilla. Next add the peel of one lemon. Add one glass of rum and serve while still hot.

CAFÉ ROYALE

Take a cup of hot coffee, black, without sugar. Place a lump of sugar on the spoon across the top of the cup and then pour a pony of bourbon across the sugar into the cup. Touch a match to the sugar and when it has burned out, drink the coffee.

CAFÉ BRUELOT

In a bowl put a glass of brandy. Then add two lumps of sugar, a half-dozen cloves, one stick of cinnamon, one piece of vanilla bean, a few pieces of dried orange and dried lemon peel. Stir these ingredients for a few moments, then add one pint of boiling coffee. Place a brandy-soaked lump of sugar on a spoon and ignite, then allow the flame to convey itself to the liquid in the bowl. Serve while still hot.

SUN VALLEY

Heat a quart of thick cream almost to the boiling point, add two tablespoons of powdered sugar. Beat the yolks of four fresh eggs with a little milk and add this to the cream. Now add a large glass of rum, (Jamaica type) and stir thoroughly. Serve in cups.

Here are some of the more popular canapés which are almost necessary in cold weather, and which can be served simply, without plates.

OLIVES ROLLED IN BACON

Take large sized olives stuffed with pimiento and roll in slice of lean bacon. Secure with toothpick and bake in quick oven.

OYSTERS AND MUSHROOMS

Take a fresh oyster and place in a large mushroom that has been peeled. Dip in olive oil or butter, sprinkle with salt, pepper, paprika and a dash of celery salt, then place under a hot grill. Serve on half shell or a piece of thin toast.

PIGS IN CLOVER

Wrap a slice of lean bacon around a large oyster. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, paprika and garlic salt. Secure with plain toothpick, place under a hot grill and serve when bacon is done.

TOASTED CRAB MEAT

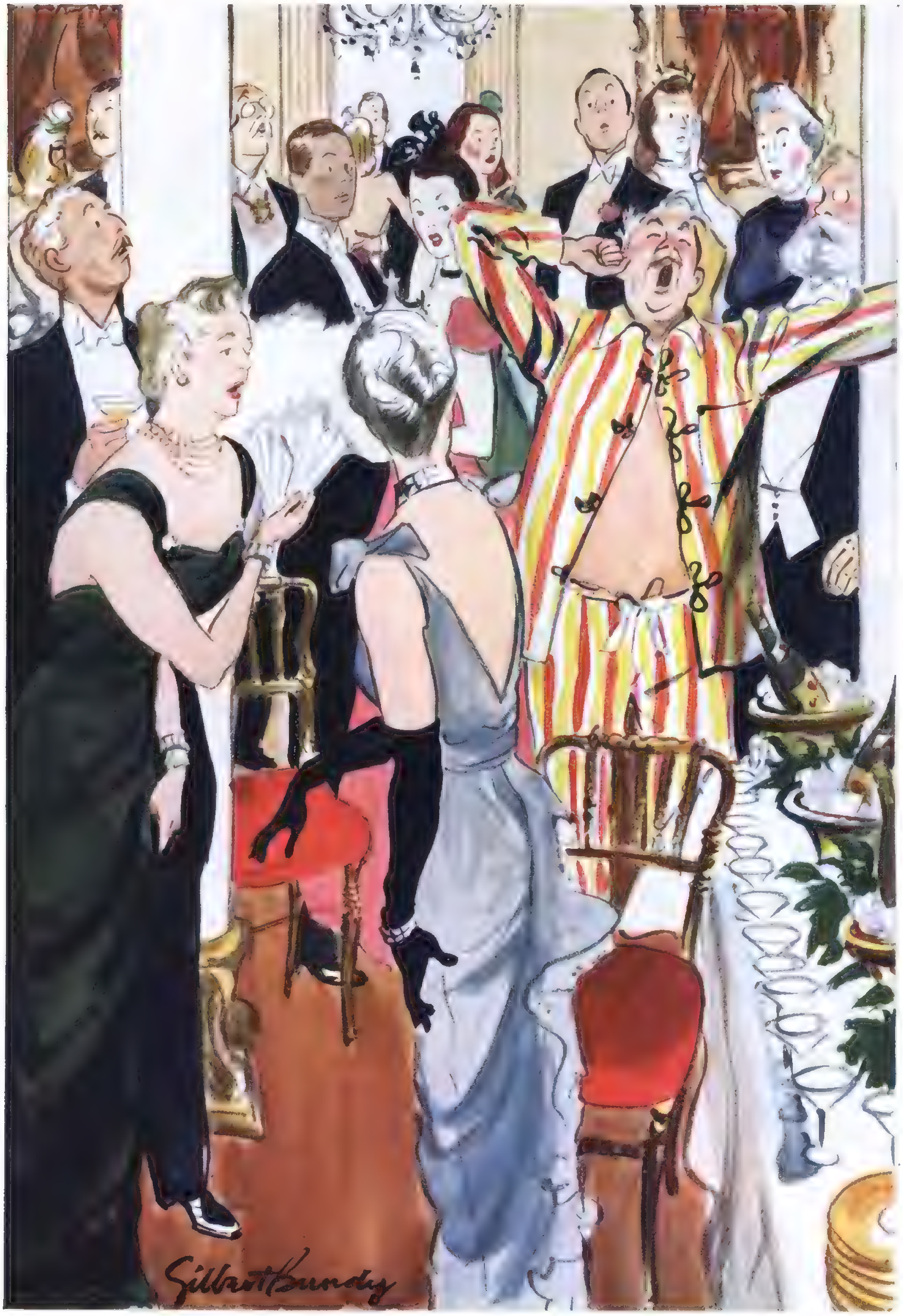
Take fresh or canned crab meat and mix with chili sauce, celery salt and a little pimiento. Put mixture in pastry shells, (they come from bakers or in boxes from the grocer) and bake under the grill for a few minutes.

PETITE RAREBITS

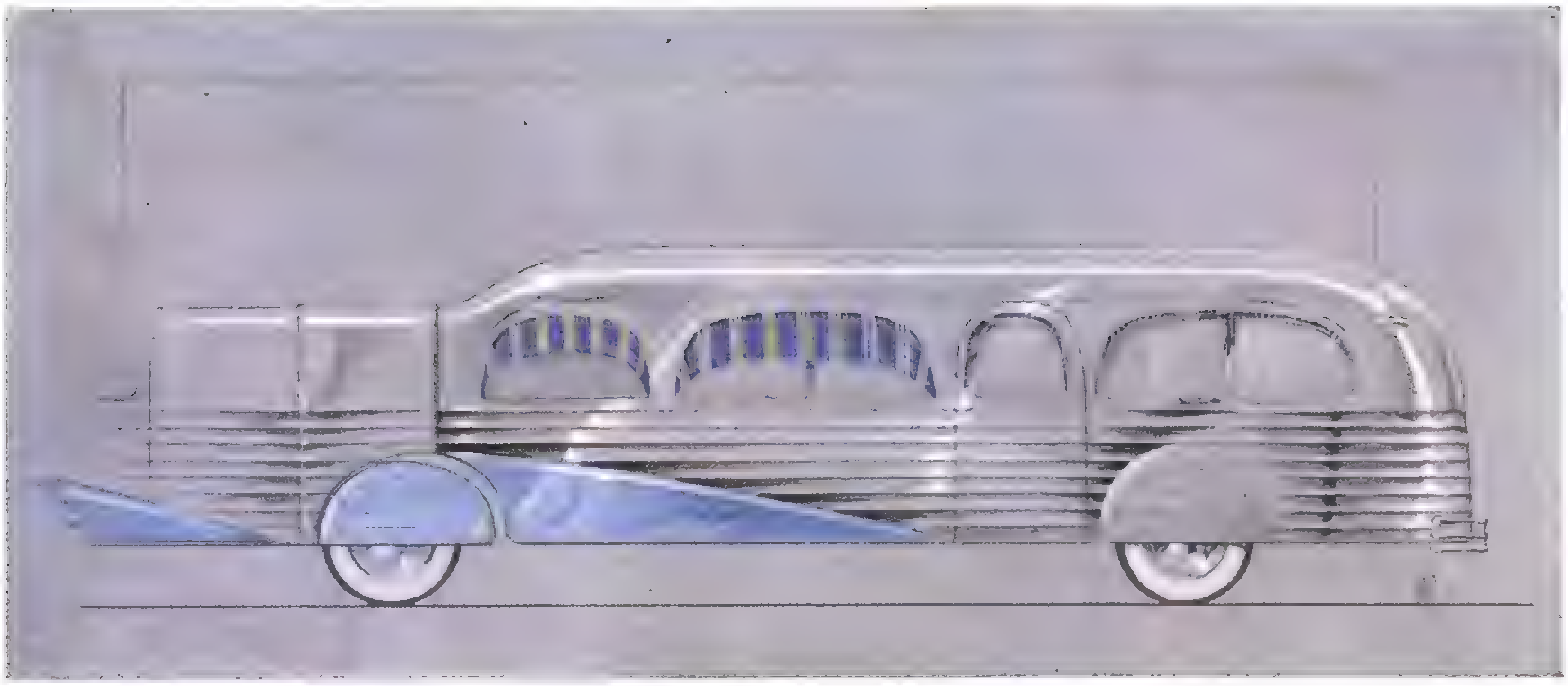
Grate half pound Swiss cheese, half pound American yellow cheese, mix with the yolks of two eggs and one cup of rich cream. Spread on crackers or toast cut in rounds, bake under quick flame and before serving, sprinkle with paprika.

STUFFED CLAMS

Boil clams with onions, red and green peppers and cream. When thick, roll with bread crumbs and fry in small balls. Place on clam shells and serve.



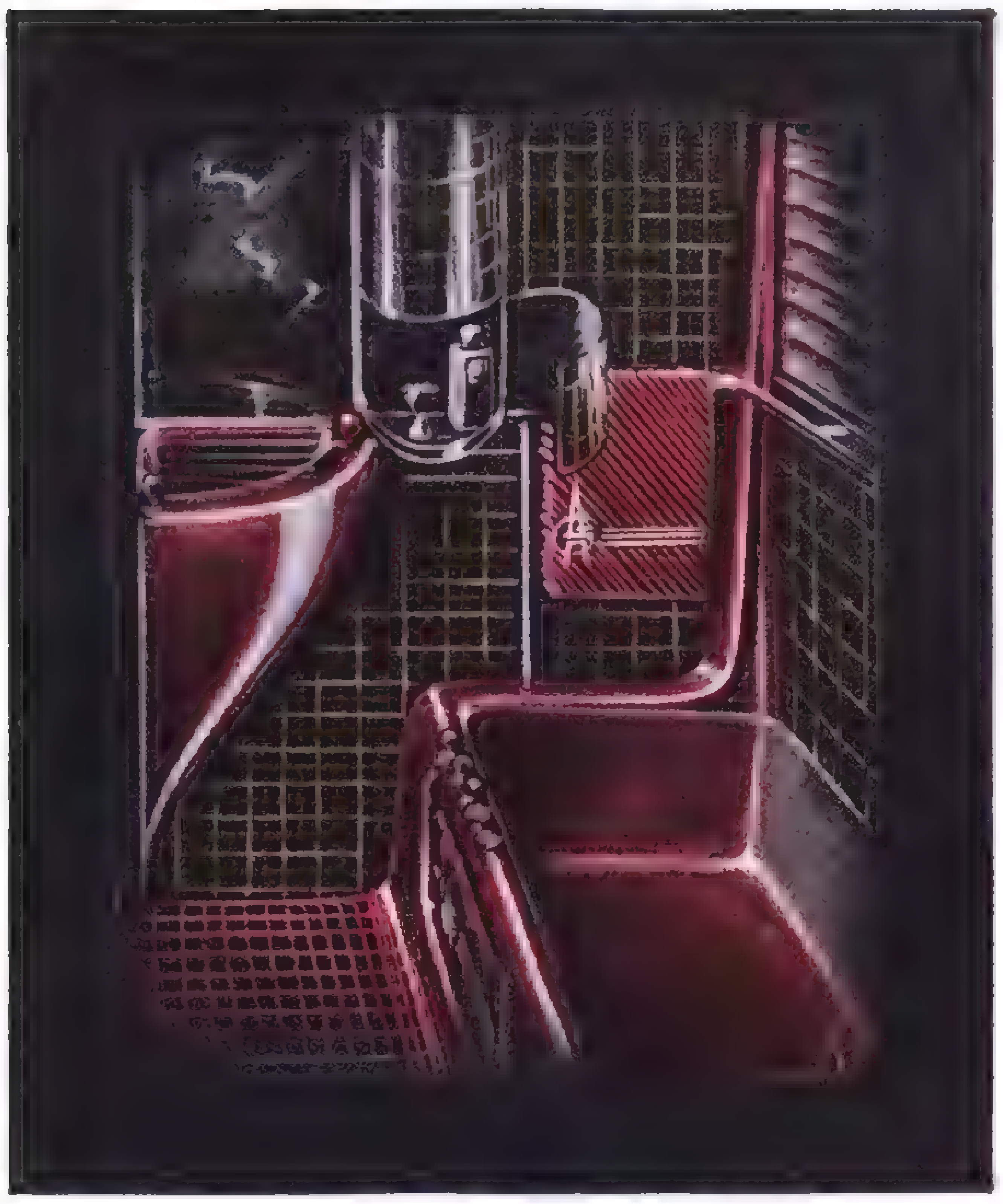
"Don't pay any attention. It's just my husband hinting that the party is over"



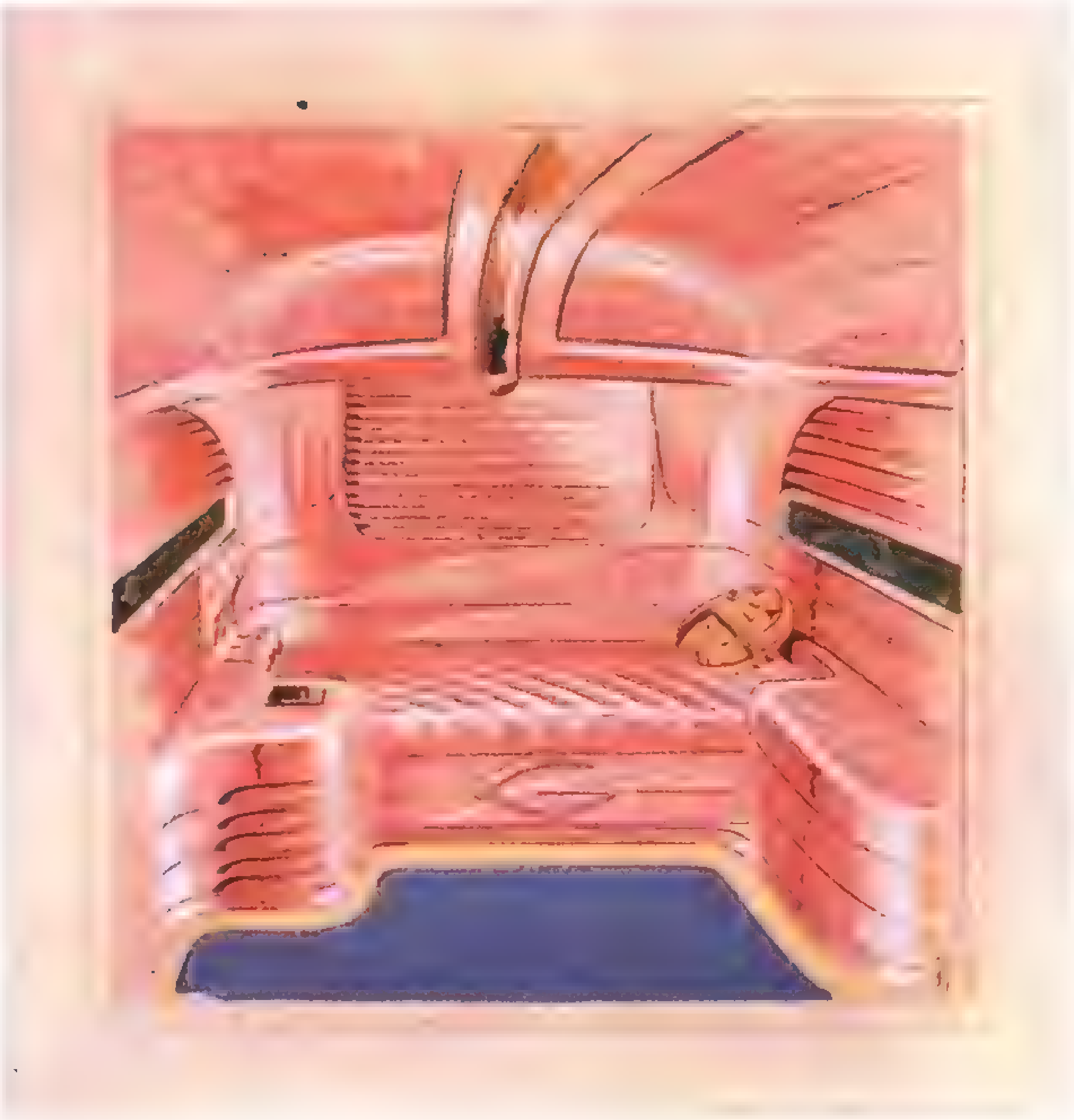
They say the natives of darkest Africa are getting kind of blasé, what with everybody swooping down on them to take their pictures, study their habits, and explore them generally. But they're in for a terrific jolt when they see the three trailers Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky has designed for the tenth Gatti African Expedition. These luxurious caravans are constructed of stainless steel. They're air conditioned and ultra-insulated against heat, humidity, insects and even the pollen of tropical flowers (often the cause of deadly fevers).

Caravans for Jungles

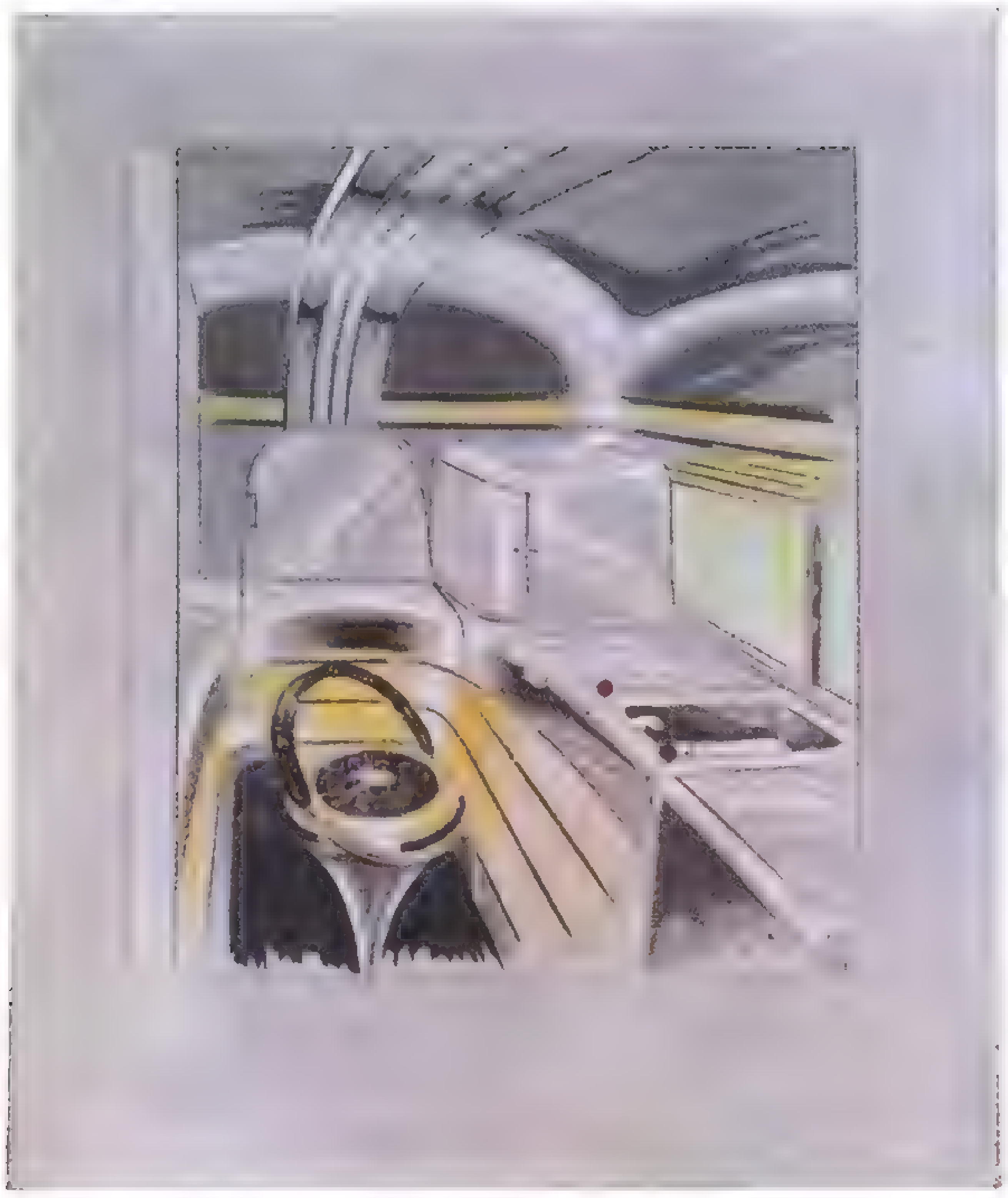
DESIGNED *by* ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY



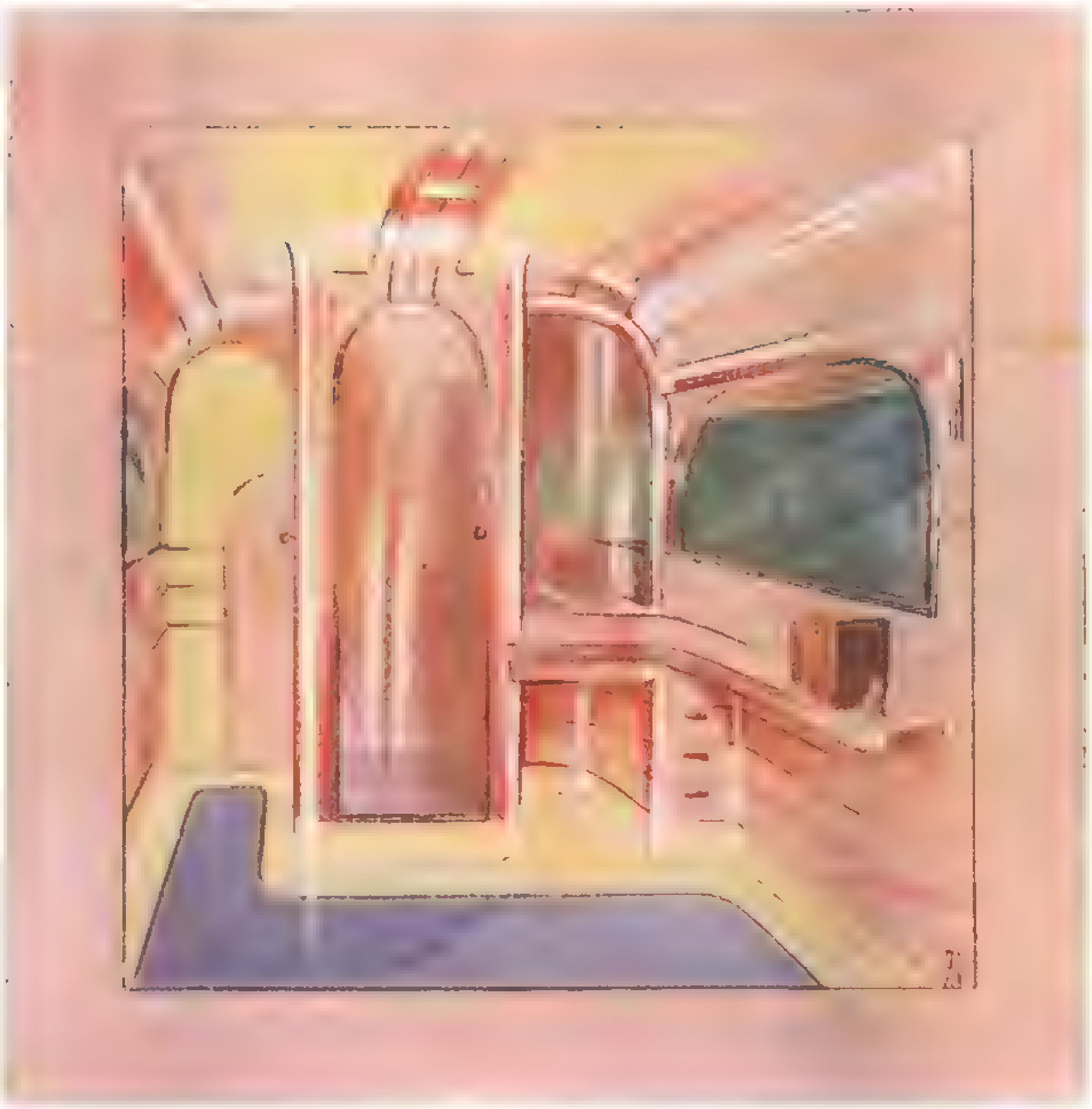
Trailer No. 1 is a sleeping car, composed of a room for Mrs. Gatti, one for Commander Gatti, and (illustrated above) a bathroom. This room is self-explanatory, for the most part. The two gadgets on the side of the tub are a thermometer showing the temperature of the bath water and a control for a radio set. (Count de Sakhnoffsky can't bear to think of anybody taking a bath without music.) A small hallway connects the bath with both bedrooms. Mrs. Gatti's room, one end of which is shown at right, is decorated in dusty pink. Over the bed in a special niche is a night light, in the form of an African precious idol.



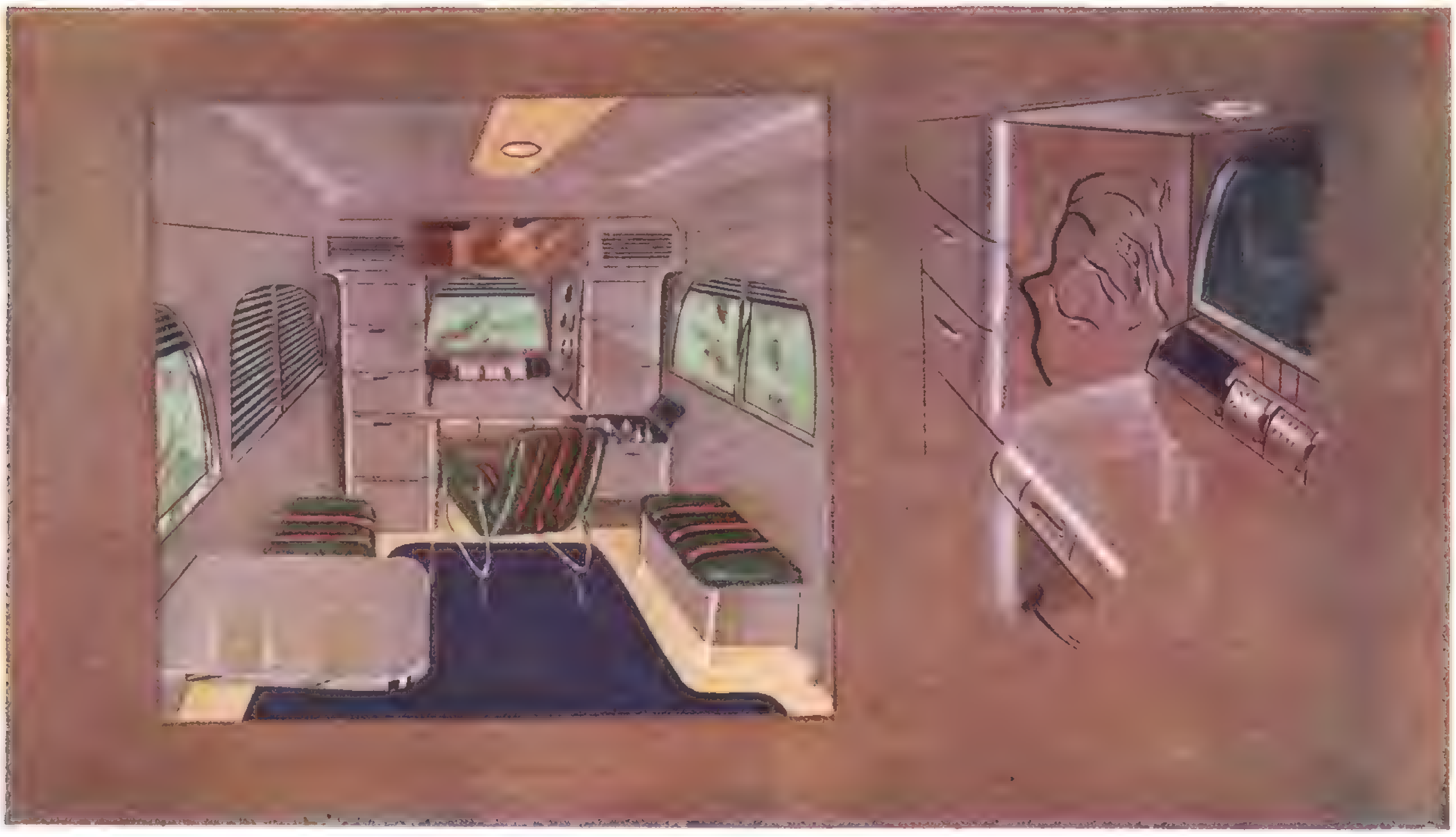
On the left there is a built-in air-conditioning plant, the top of which can swing around and be used for a bed tray. On the right is a chest of drawers. Just over the bed is a rolling door to a receptacle in the rear of the car, which is especially insulated for the preservation of dry foods, camera negatives and other perishables.



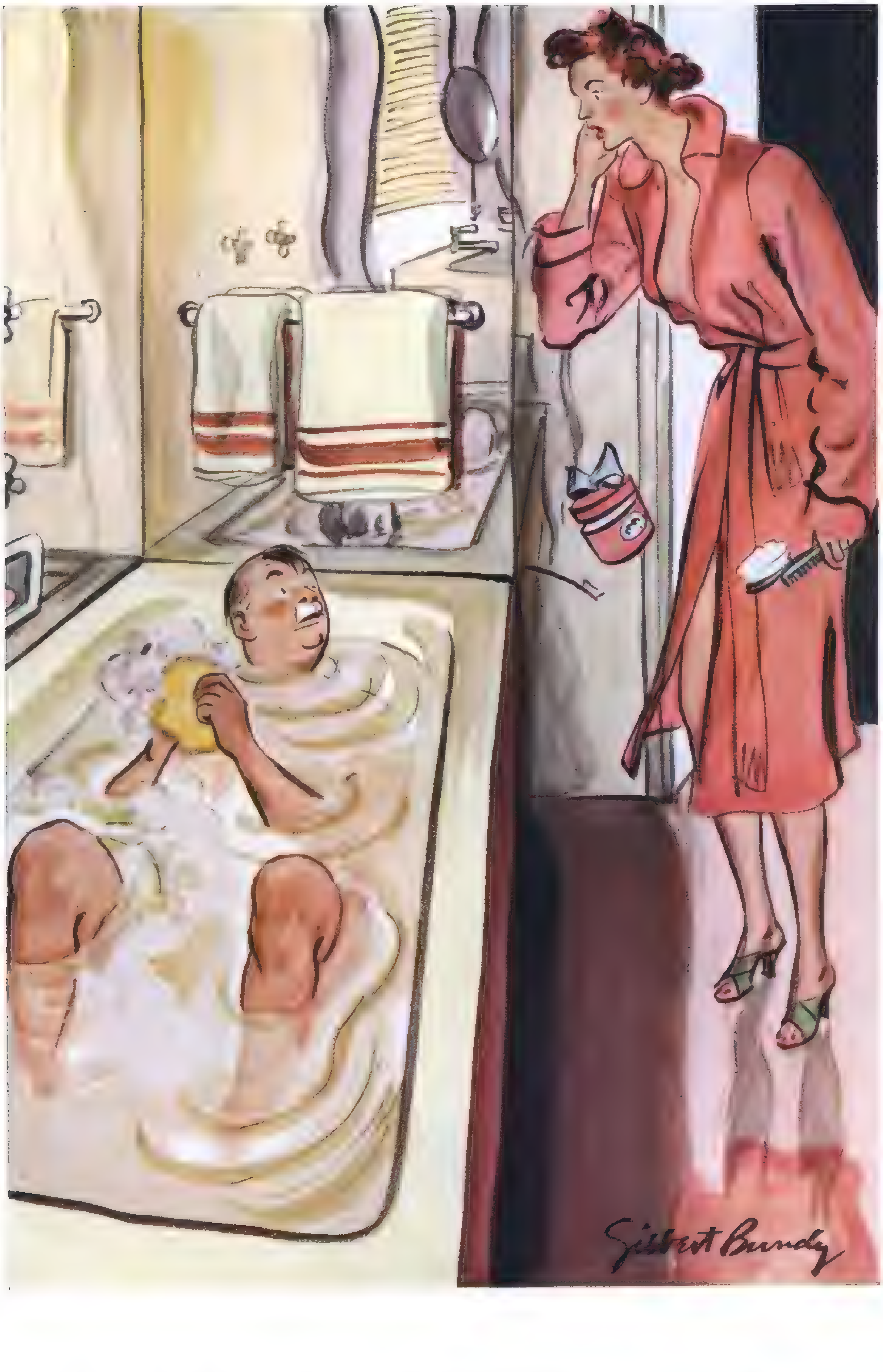
Trailer No. 2 contains the kitchen (at left), and the living room and observation car (below). Trailer No. 3 furnishes living quarters for two cameramen and a dark-room, complete with photocinematographic library. The kitchen is so compactly designed that Mrs. Gatti, sitting on the stool in the center of the room, can reach the refrigerator (extreme right), the sink, the stove (covered), the oven, the door to the insulated receptacle, the table (left) and lockers and drawers which the yellow linoleum conceals.



The wardrobe in Mrs. Gatti's bedroom, shown at right, is lined with chromium and automatically lighted, so that not even the smallest insect or a speck of dust can sneak in. The vanity table, with drawers and an extension for writing, is indirectly lighted. The illustration below shows the dining room-observation car, where the Gattis will travel during the day in comfortable armchairs, dine and entertain friends for cocktails and dinner. The two seats hide the wheel boxes. The folding table will serve for breakfast and lunch; a bigger table accommodates six people.



The *pièce de résistance* is the library desk, shown in closeup at right. There's a two-way radio which allows easy broadcasting between trailers, within a radius of sixty miles. There are receptacles for guns, cameras, etc., and a bar (seen open). Over the desk at right is an instrument panel, and at left, a metal relief map of the Belgian Congo. This end of the trailer is in gun metal, giving a smooth, widening effect.


Gilbert Bundy

"Why, Mr. Gilmore! I thought you had gone home hours ago!"

The President's Report

Continued from page 54

Since his wife was blonde, his mistress had to be brunette for the sake of balance. Her hair Indian-blue; her complexion ski-tan, snow-tan, sunoil-tan; on her face ochre powder. She had famous, slim hands; a gorgeous figure; and a temperament befitting a psychopath. During dinner the woman made a nervous, hissing scene.

"Where have you been all day? What have you been doing? You deceive me! You have a *liaison* with your wife!"

The President laid his three-pound paw on the woman's ring-covered, restive hand:

"Don't be foolish, Alice! You know I can't stand jealousy!"

No, he couldn't stand it. But still, he enjoyed it. This little effervescence belonged to the other delights of his life, just the same as the way people bowed before his artistic judgment and in his club even "front-line individuals" asked for his political opinions.

It was two o'clock in the morning when he went to bed. He took a sleeping powder, although he was not a bad sleeper. But in his greed he had no patience to wait twenty minutes for his lids to become heavy in a natural manner.

II.

One morning, before his tea, ham, grapefruit, and two-minute egg, while he was scanning the papers, his eye was caught by some advertisement which called the attention of the reader to Paul Helmecy's private detective agency. The ad was composed in such good taste, with such discreet elegance, that it intrigued him.

He laid down the papers slowly and began to muse. Then he smiled.

What would happen if he asked this agency for information concerning his company's standing? Of course, he already knows everything that is worth knowing. He knows well what his person and firm mean to the world! But still, it would be amusing to come upon little details which are hidden from him. Is there harmony among his subordinates? Are there any little flirtations going on behind his back? Is his office boy stealing his cigars? What do his clients think of him? What society?

The more he thought of it, the more the thirst of curiosity possessed him. Quite frankly speaking, the incessant flattery to his face no longer satisfied him. He was yearning for something new: to have an impersonal voice sing toward him the hymn of his glory and might from an unknown place, as if from the outer spheres of the universe, like the music of some faraway radio station.

He slyly ordered the information through an indifferent third person, so that Paul Helmecy's discreet investigating agency might not even suspect by whom it was engaged. He even arranged it so that it might seem as if some competitor had given the commission.

Two weeks passed. Finally, one morning he saw the clean, virginal, sealed envelope in his mail. In it the discreet report. It was only natural that his intermediary, who had ordered it, would forward it unopened. That pristine delicacy was for the President, in person. He slit the envelope open with his elegant paperknife.

He was the first one to see the twenty-eight closely-typed pages, the result of an ambitious private detective's long, discreet investigation.

It must be conceded that this time the President was not greedy.

First he made himself comfortable for reading, just as one prepares oneself for an immersion into the most delicate pleasures. He swallowed a glassful of French vermouth. On top of it he drank a gulp of *Giesshübler.* He lighted a cigar. Then he leaned back in his armchair and lifted the first page.

He read about twenty pages, and then his eyes began to sparkle. This is how the document began:

"*The Luvois & Brandt Steel-plate Mfgr. Co., Ltd.* has a firm standing. The sound economic policies of the firm's founder are still exerting a beneficial influence. The splendidly assorted old office—engineering, and sales departments—for the time being successfully counterbalance the stupid business principles of the company's new owner and president, and that unpopularity which has rendered the above-mentioned person one of the most universally disliked individuals of the business world . . ."

Cold sweat began trickling down the President's forehead. He wiped his hornrimmed glasses, nervously swallowed three glasses of water, and continued reading. The document, which the ambitious agency had composed in an almost poetic language, but on the basis of indubitable data, opened the gates of hell before him.

He learned that they laughed at him, despised him, hated him, ignored his orders. And he could not even rush out into the outer offices, shout, and dismiss the whole personnel. Because those people who leaned above their desks out there through unpaid hours of overtime, self-sacrificially, were serving the company which "had been something" before his ascension.

He searched through the lines greedily. If he could only find a little embezzlement! If he could only fire one man! Just one! To take his revenge on him! But there was no such man. The record of each officer was immaculate according to the report. All were struggling heroes of the epoch of unemployment, who filled with awed respectability the positions which they had been able to fight out for themselves.

The President now drank all the vermouth that was left in the bottle.

Next on the report was his private life . . . But is the world this wretched? Everybody groveled on the earth before him, while behind his back . . . ! *Pfui!* He began with the filth of ugly gossip circulating about him in his casino and in the salons of the industrial aristocracy, continued with his chauffeur who had made a whole little fortune on tires and benzine stolen from him, and finally reached his mistress and his wife. That was the most bitter of all.

The criminal record of each woman contained about thirty names. It was somewhat alleviating that ten names were identical on the two lists of lovers. At least they deceive each other as well, not only me—the President thought, clenching his fist. In his imagination he conjured the gallery of the paramours. All the thirty men grinned into his face insolently. Among them his best friend, the elegant gynecologist, turned gray from blond, who had really stuck by him, because, according to the confidential report, he had been the lover of three of his *maîtresses*, one after the other, besides his wife.

The President's limbs became heavy. As if ants were crawling in his head. He was warm. But one cannot even start a purge here! Whom should he smash first? What is there to be done? If he opened his mouth the whole hostile world crashes down on him.

He gnashed his teeth in rage. All the water he had drunk in his excitement, the alcohol, the nicotine, began working on him. He felt with silent horror the flight of threatening heat waves over his brain, and that his left eyelid impotently descended over his syrupy, walnut eye.

At this moment, having lightly knocked, the "dear Mr. Fekete" entered the presidential *sanctum sanctorum*, under his arm the album in which the letters to be signed were sorted between clean sheets of blotter.

The old officer approached humbly and noiselessly the desk behind which sat immobile his lord and master, his face crab-red from the great rush of blood.

What could the "dear Mr. Fekete" do? He had long been accustomed to the necessity of flattering in such situations. Therefore, glancing at his chief's paralyzed face, he remarked in a honeyed voice:

"Your Excellency is in a divine color!"

That was too much. The President groaned and wanted to say something horribly brutal, but only a short, inarticulate shriek escaped from his throat. His tongue had all of a sudden turned to stone. The burning hot curtain, the swish of which he had just felt, now completely enveloped him.

And, losing his balance, he keeled over with his chair behind the desk.

There was bustling and telephoning. After an hour the President was lying in the most expensive room of an exclusive private sanitarium, in his heliotrope silk pajamas. He was in the middle of the most beautiful paralytic stroke. Immured, collapsed, impotent.

His hands did not move; his tongue did not turn. One of his eyes was frozen shut, but the other one was flashing at the world with so much greater hatred. Perhaps it was well that he could not speak, move, command. Because, if it had been possible for him, he would have exploded the whole planet, or at least would have bitten to the bone the hand of the nurse who was washing his face with a wad of cotton saturated in alcohol.

The blonde woman meanwhile, dressed semi-coquettishly (as befitted the sad occurrence), was talking to the head physician in the director's office.

She raised her beautiful eyes meekly to the man.

"I am strong, Professor! You may speak openly to me. Will he ever be a man again?"

The professor answered her softly:

"Alas—I am afraid not . . . Impossible! In cases like his—" He shrugged helplessly.

The woman's relieved soul surged over its fear-valves, just as gaseous substances expand under favorable conditions. But she naturally did not reveal this emotion.

On the contrary: she was so talented that she could even cry, beautifully and convincingly. Only one or two tears, of course, just as if she were putting perfume on her handkerchief. She inquired further:

"And is his life in danger?"

The professor calmed her as to that.

"There is no immediate danger. In his present condition he can live even ten more years."

"My God! Ten more years!" the woman cried in a very prosaic voice, and slumped against the wall, frightened. Her talents had failed her.

The professor was a rather sarcastic but very warm-souled, clever man.

He could put himself in the place of afflicted people. Now he looked at the woman with deep sympathy. All he could remember of the President was a threatening, open eye, following him with fierce hatred as he examined the sick man. ###

Indoor Quarters for Outdoor Men

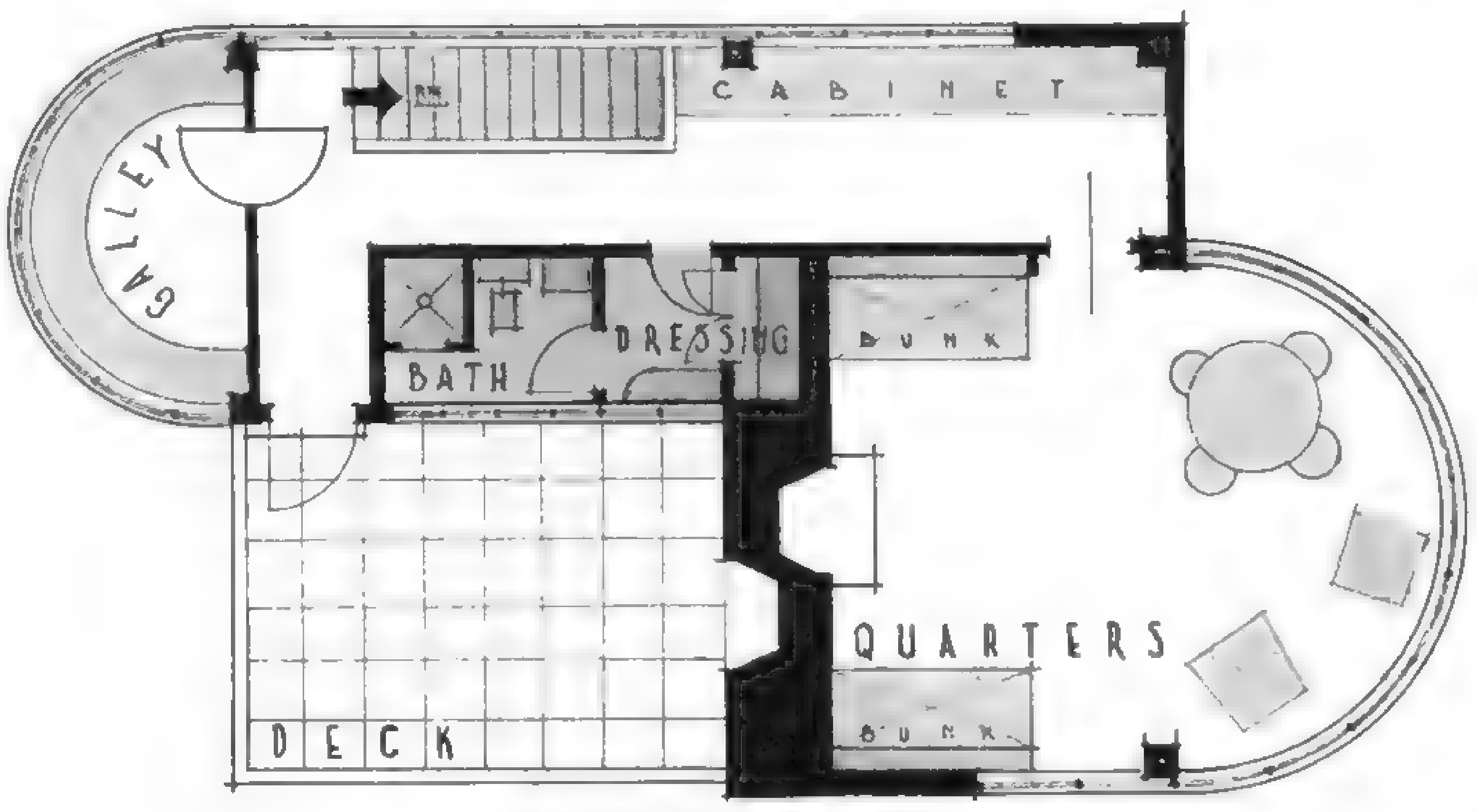
A design for a hunting lodge, serving as more than a place in which to come out of the rain

by G. McSTAY JACKSON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

PRIMITIVE man was a great big outdoors type of fellow for the simple reason that he had to be. There was virtually no such thing as indoors in his time. But today the shoe is on the other foot. We are mostly indoors fellows because the outdoor life has become a pretty scarce commodity and only the ones who make a special effort to track it down get a man-sized taste of it.

For those who have savored the outdoors flavor and found it good, there is nothing that compares to a reasonably extended expedition into some such natural setting as the North Woods. On these forays, however, the caveman spirit must sensibly make a concession to the civilized flesh, and there must be provided some sort of indoor quarters within the outdoors—a more or less comfortable and efficient headquarters as a base for protracted and varied outdoor activities.



MAIN FLOOR PLAN

Having made this much of a concession, it is suggested that the outdoor man go a step further and select more, rather than less, comfortable and efficient headquarters. Out in the woods he can always rough it as much as he likes. But the return to the amenities is distinctly limited by what he has provided himself with, or conversely what he has let himself in for, in the way of accommodations. There is no more point in a man's putting up with a leaky shack, assuming he is able to do better for himself, than there is in his carting around a muzzle-loader when he could have a modern rifle.

The photograph on the opposite page and the plan on this page show an original design for one of these indoor headquarters in the outdoors. It was conceived as a hunting lodge for the North Woods, but both the descriptive title and the location are subject to individual interpretation. It will serve not only the purpose of the shooting enthusiast, and the fisherman, but also that of the man who just wants to stand on the sidelines and kibitz Nature. But whatever we choose to call it, those interested in such things will want to take two glances at the lodge—one at the exterior and one at the interior.

Not even a full-fledged glance at the exterior view is required to communicate the thought that here is a design for a modern structure. Why not? Rough-hewn logs and knotty-pine paneling are all right for the gun shop in a metropolitan department store, since it is their legitimate purpose to create, in the heart of civilization, an illusion of the outdoors. But no illusions are needed when you get out in the woods. It would be silly to put on an act when you are right there in the middle of the real thing. Any of the traditional styles would also have been an affectation, since this is a simple structure to serve a simple need and nothing captures the essence of simplicity as does modern.

But the lodge is modern in more than appearance. The appearance is merely the outward result of a functional plano—ne that functions in the most efficient manner possible to meet the purpose for which the building is erected. We will see how this is accomplished as we begin a point-by-point survey of the features of the lodge.

Still glancing at the exterior, it is observed that, to a large extent, the lodge is a framework with a glass "skin." The glass is utilized in the form of generous sliding windows, casements and doors. The reasons for this treatment are obvious. When the weather invites, the lodge can virtually be thrown open to receive the invigorating air and sun of the woods. And at all times the glass "skin" permits a maximum enjoyment of the view and an abundance of natural light.

With a few exceptions, whatever portions of the exterior that are not glass are reinforced concrete. In addition to the question of satisfactory construction, this is suggested as the ideal material with which to express the simple purpose of the lodge. Not as a concession to the "rough-hewn" idea but because it would seem out of place as a superfluous bit of manicuring, the board marks of the forms have not been finished off smooth.

Taking advantage of the possibilities in modern design for utilizing the sun-deck principle, an open flat deck has been provided over the garage as an ideal place for lounging. The proximity to this point of the enclosed semi-circular galley and the fireplace makes this a convenient, as well as a sensible, spot for the slightly odorous fish fry.

The orientation indicated for the lodge is of course a purely theoretical suggestion. Here it is shown fronting on the water, which is a good setting if you can get it. But it would be difficult, on the other hand, to find any site reasonably remote from civilization that does not contain the germ of some interesting and perfectly natural idea for a setting.

The glance at the interior should be taken with the plan on this page as a point of reference. The word "Quarters" labeled on the plan means exactly what it says. This is *the* interior quarters. Anything more might be nice, but it would be superfluous. This will do amply for the living room, dining room, bedroom and every other room except bathroom, kitchen, dressing room and storeroom.

This area, which we might as well call "the room," is walled on almost two complete sides by large curved glass windows, commanding a splendid view of the lake or what have you. On either side of the huge native fieldstone fireplace, which is there to ward off the chill of frosty nights, are bunks accommodating four people. During the day, two of the four bunks can be conveniently folded away under the two permanent bunks, while the permanent bunks themselves can be converted into a sofa arrangement. The round table, with its four chairs, serves as a game table and also is available for meals when inclement weather obviates using the deck. Two lounge chairs complete the simple furnishing of "the room."

In the passageway off the quarters are sectional cabinets, located under the windows. These contain drawers for linens, blankets and other articles, with a special section for clothing. Across from the cabinets is a dressing room with built-in mirrors. This room connects with the bathroom. The galley at the rear is a circular culinary workshop, completely equipped for the men to try out their latest brainstorm in the art of cooking.

On the ground level of the lodge there is a boat landing and storage place for racking the boats in winter. Provision is also made for guide's quarters and a gun and tackle workroom.

That about covers the subject, inside and outside. Oh yes, there is the two-car garage. Well, the manner in which this fits into the plan is self-explanatory from the photograph. But it might be added that this feature should not be taken as an index of the income bracket of a potential owner of the lodge. Rather, it is a convenience for the several individuals of average income who might want to collaborate in building the lodge, or for the single individual of more than average income who might want to invite a few friends up. #

NOTE: *Actual working plans and specifications can be obtained at the nominal cost of $10.00 from the General Design Corp., 840 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

DESIGN FOR
A HUNTING LODGE
by **G. McStay Jackson**
Model by **L. Nolan**

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHICAGO
ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPHING COMPANY

Carolina Fish-Fry

Continued from page 72

rice and a small quantity of water, steamed slowly at the back of the fire until every grain stands out white and distinct as a star. A good layer of rice with the stew poured over it like curry is something! The first mouthful makes you realize that the sons of heaven have been at the daughters of men again. The last mouthful makes you believe that even if you go without food for the next week you will not go hungry.

You realize that this is a mistake when the fried fish and "red horse" bread appear. The fish, cleaned, are fried in deep hot fat and come out golden-brown and so dry that they can be eaten in the fingers like sandwiches. Red horse bread is a kind of pop-over made by mixing a thin batter of seasoned corn meal and condensed-milk and spooning it into the fat in which the fish have been fried. When it strikes the fat, the batter fairly explodes into round light balls which go just right with the fish. And all the time, the corn-licker circulates and men rub shoulders and relax beneath the mellow magic of the Southern moon.

An orgy? In the South? Nonsense. This is the region where there is a cult of individual dignity and social decorum which is general among all walks of life. The talk is steady, salty, man's-talk—about politics, the weather, business, crime, people—the same sort of talk you can get in a cross-roads grocery store in New England during the winter months. Perhaps one of the reasons women regard these affairs with suspicion is that sex is not a general topic of conversation when Southern men get together. There is little of the dirty story, bawdy limerick stuff that goes at smokers in the North. For, strange as it seems to those who wear skirts instead of trousers, grown men do not spend all their time talking about women. If women want to take comfort in this reticence, they can point out that people don't talk about rope in the household where a man has been hanged, but the fact remains that there are other things to talk about when men get off by themselves.

The fish-fry keeps on and on, until the corn-licker has vanished and the men, one by one, have slipped away, as quietly as Indians, as mysteriously as they came. Then, with the stars burning overhead and the red embers of the dying cook-fires reflected in the dark waters of the river, the Negroes sit down for their share, which has been scrupulously reserved for them, and finish off the food

Finish? Not quite. For after the last human has left the fish-fry grounds another party of guests arrives: minks and skunks and other creatures of the forest whose eyes have circled the pool of fire-light for hours. And as dawn breaks grayly over the cypress-swamps there is nothing left but a few circles of blackened ashes and a few white fish-bones to show that for several happy hours the men of the Carolinas have been feasting in the forest.

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 87

lishing long runs with *Carnet du Bal* and *Les Perles de la Couronne*. It's as if the Music Hall, the Roxy, and all the big houses along Broadway were full of foreign product. It just doesn't seem right. Americans can get all the fine playing dates they want in summer, when things are dead—but come the season, and France is seeing French films.

Just what are they seeing? If the foregoing seems to suggest enthusiasm for the native product, I should make clear that there are few masterpieces here. There are no *Wintersets;* if there is a *Lower Depths*, it is matched by *Dead End*.

Actually, most French films are "good" because in technique and in simple entertainment value they have caught up with Hollywood. These films equal the average "program picture," when classes A and B are mixed together. When entertainment value is more or less equal, the Frenchman will naturally prefer the film in which he sees familiar localities, in which he recognizes his own streets and cafés, and his own actors.

There are no subject cycles, as in the States. There is no farce cycle following the success of a *My Man Godfrey*, no gangster cycle following a *Public Enemy*, no musical cycle at all. (Incidentally, American musicals are not very popular here, Bing Crosby means nothing, and gagsters like Burns and Allen have no following. A picture like *Artists and Models* is shown in the English version in a small theatre favored by the élite, who think it smart to go to English-speaking pictures. Oddly enough, they think *Artists and Models* an intelligent film! The French have other curious preferences: the dubbed version of the *Jungle Princess*, class B in America, played here as *Hula, Fille de la Brousse*, is a terrific hit, and Dorothy Lamour is ranked a major star.)

The French strive rather for variety in their films; this may be due to the production structure. Instead of a few huge companies controlling the business and imitating each other, there are hosts of small producers, each trying to break through with something striking. The 56 films produced during the first half of 1937 were made by 33 different producers; Tobis ranked highest with four pictures to its credit. Though Paramount found the forty-hour week impossible, and claimed production would no longer pay, French picture budgets run from $25,000 to $150,000—the top here is where Hollywood starts. The maximum intake on a French film is said to be about $500,000.

The most important selling point about a French picture is not the star name but the ensemble idea of the production—the story, and the director compete for first attention. A known director, like Jean Renoir or Duvivier will outrank any star in box-office appeal. While American film stars still have glamor and draw, few French actors have a very strong personal following; oddly enough, these are mostly men. The country with the greatest tradition of coquetry hasn't a single outstanding young woman actress. This may be due to the fact that Hollywood snaps them off as soon as their heads stick up above the first step; Danielle Darrieux, Annabella, and Jacqueline Laurent are among the most recent departures. Still, they could come back to make occasional French films, as does Charles Boyer, if they were really in demand.

Among the men, there are some quite strong players. Yet even Jean Gabin, the most popular lead at present, would not be considered a draw as a Robert Taylor or a Clark Gable is a draw; the French movie audience would have to be drawn first to the movie as such.

Gabin, incidentally, is an actor of the finest capability. He may be seen in the States in Jean Renoir's version of the *Lower Depths;* also, soon, in Renoir's *La Grande Illusion*, a war-prisoner film of very high quality. But he is not a one-director actor, as may be seen from his performance in Duvivier's *Pepe le Moko*, a current hit.

Of American actors, Gabin is closest to Spencer Tracy. But the Frenchman combines a certain romantic softness with his quality as a "heavy"; his method is earnest and simple, as is Tracy's; his appearance lends itself to a greater flexibility in moods, and to a simpler type of woman-appeal

An older French actor, somewhat known to American audiences, is Harry Baur, who played the inspector in the French version of *Les Miserables*. Baur is comparable in age and position to Emil Jannings; to my mind he is at present a better artist. French motion picture actors come mostly from the stage, which is in an awful state of decline here; no new playwrights, no new ideas of any consequence. But being theatre people of long experience, these actors have an aversion to being typed; I've seen Harry Baur in half a dozen parts of wide variety. In *Samson*, a trite film about a financier who wrecked his own stock in order to ruin his wife's lover who was following his market tips, Baur does an Edward Arnold role, with as much power—in spite of his age—and much more depth than the American actor can command. In *Carnet du Bal*, he plays a small part, that of a priest, with great suavity and with a manner so different that it takes moments to recognize him as the same actor. Baur is a bit too old to start a career in another language; otherwise, he would go great in American pictures.

There are a few character actors whose work is so outstanding that they are used in practically all important French films, so that one gets the effect that used to be given by the Warner Brothers "stock company"—an effect of known, familiar types, rather like small town neighbors. Many of these stock types are the counterparts of the Hollywood types: an excitable barber who is like Eugene Palette, a gangster who is like Bruce Cabot, a fussy businessman who is like Hugh Herbert; the existence of such duplication gives one the feeling that there is, actually, such a thing as a cinematic world, distinct from the real world.

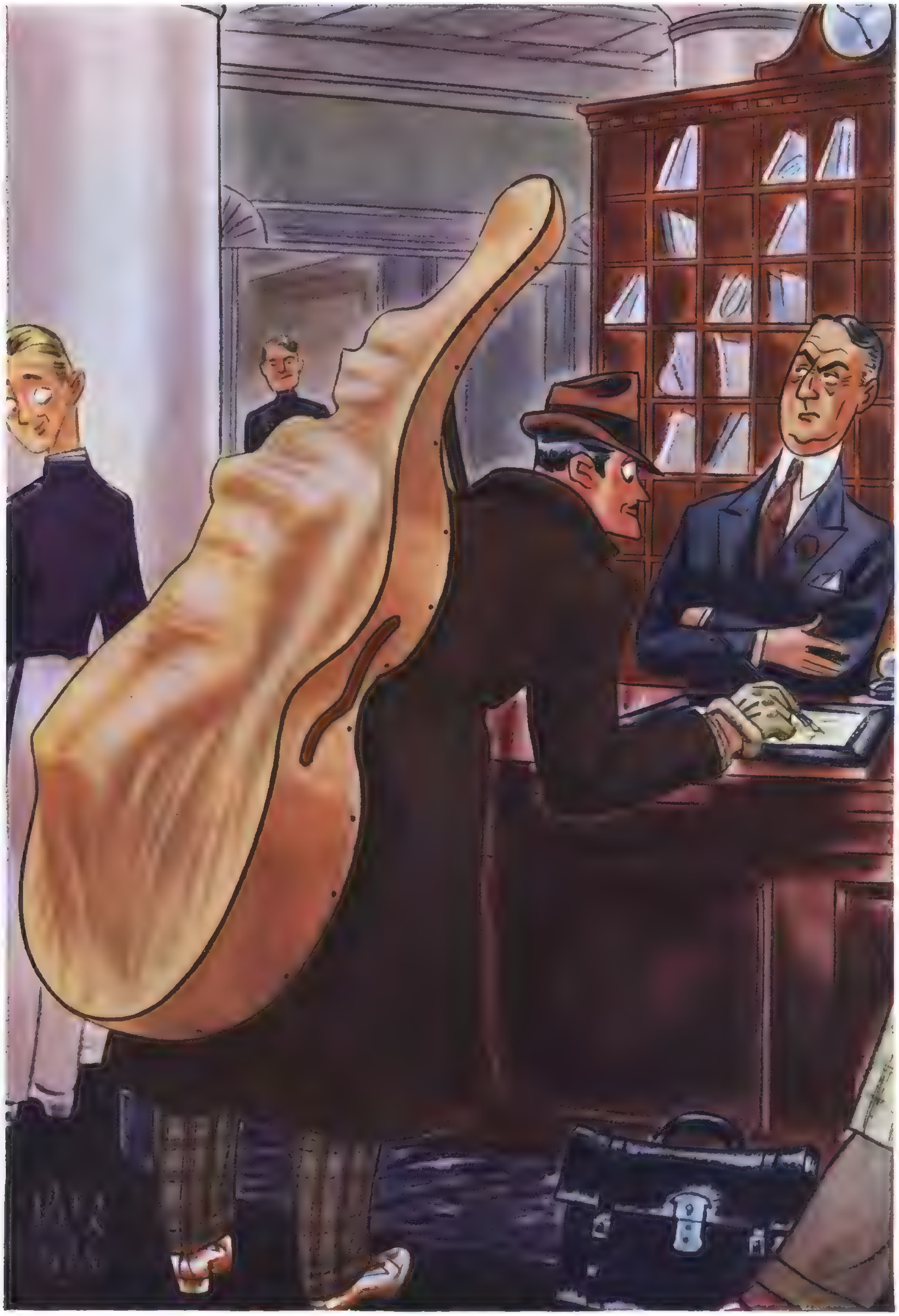
There is a clue to the difference between French and American tastes in the fact that in at least two cases Hollywood actors seem to be caricatures of French actors who play the same type-role. There is no suggestion of imitation here, as their arts were developed separately; it is simply interesting to notice that the French players are a bit more subtle. Louis Jouvet, one of the foremost actor-producers in the French theatre, plays the Baron in the *Lower Depths*. In appearance, in manner, he is a refined Mischa Auer. Again, there is Raimu, who sometimes seems to be a double of Hugh Herbert, and who does the same giggly, muscle-bound butter-and-egg-man characterizations, more subtly, less comically.

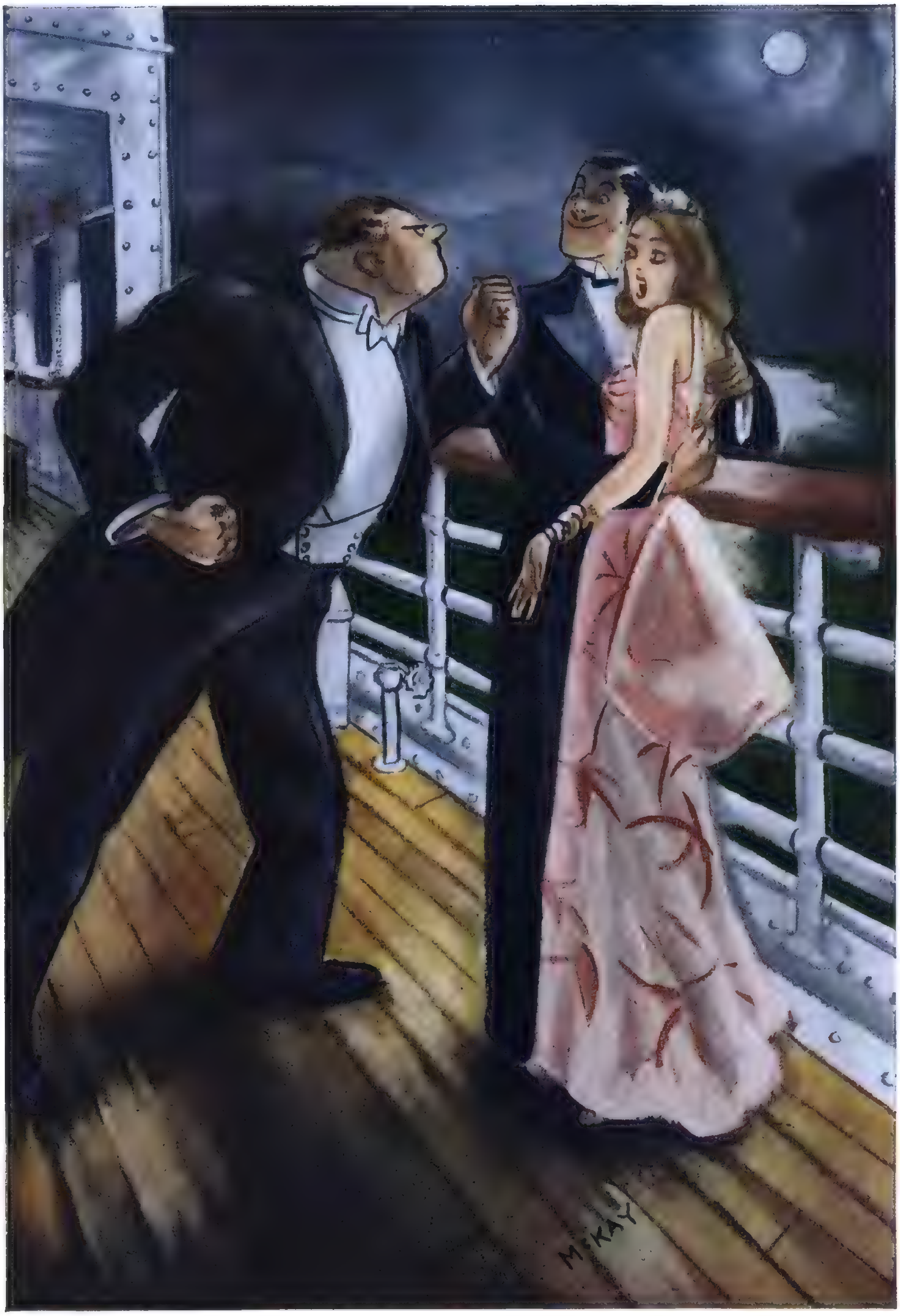
Raimu is a real instance of the difference between French and American movie methods. At the moment, Raimu is highly in demand. He may be seen in more than half of the current films. Were he in Hollywood, Raimu would immediately become scarce, husbanding his popularity, in order "not to wear out his draw." Here, instead, he becomes versatile. He does a Hugh Herbert bit in *Les Perles de la Couronne*, he does a half-serious portrait of a provincial mayor in *Carnet du Bal*, and he does something very close to a Will Rogers part in *Gribouille*, playing the good-hearted, folksy owner of a bicycle shop, who gets into a mixup by trying to help out a pretty murderess.

That's not all. Raimu shares the lead in a Harold Lloydish farce called *Rois du Sport*, playing with Fernandel, a big-toothed comic who is very popular here. And in all the neighborhood theatres Raimu may be seen as *Cesar*, a fat, shrewd Marseillan, owner of a little café.

Cesar is a good back-door en-

Continued at top of page 113





"He doesn't speak English, dear!"

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 87-110

trance to the gallery of film directors and producers. For *Cesar* is a characteristic film by Marcel Pagnol, whose play, *Topaz*, was not a hit in New York. Pagnol is the best-set-up of the author-director-producers in that he has a complete outfit from studios to releasing company. In that respect, and in that respect only, he compares to Chaplin. Everything from conception of the film to counting the profits is within his own hands.

But Pagnol's films, judging from *Cesar*, are not cinema at all. They depend greatly upon the lovable presentation of small town types, especially of the Marseilles region. There is a flavor of folk humor, and good-will about them, but they have very little action, and hardly any pictorial quality. *Cesar*, for example, is largely a series of dialogues over a café table. The Will Rogers pictures, also dependant on folk humor and friendly type-characterization, are the nearest parallel to Pagnol's works.

Apart from Pagnol, no director seems to have a distinct genre. Consider Duvivier, who has just gone to Hollywood, where he may remake *Carnet du Bal*, winner of the Mussolini cup as the best film of the year. Duvivier first won international attention with *Poile du Carrotte*, a tender, sensitive photoplay about a red-headed boy. He has a huge success in *Pepe le Moko*, a crook play set, I believe, in Alexandria, and a thing obviously intended as Hollywood entertainment. In camera angles and pictorial composition it is first class; the gangster element of the picture is derived from Hollywood even to the extent of having one of the bodyguards continually juggling little balls, à la George Raft tossing coins in *Scarface*.

His prize-winning film, on the other hand, has some extremely original stunts, and shows development along the lines one would expect from the traditional idea of the French. That is, in prettiness, in cleverness of visual treatment, in luxury, and in trick-psychology. There are stunts that verge on such experimental methods of suggestion as surrealism: but here refined for popular consumption. *Carnet du Bal*, written by Duvivier, gives the director opportunity to display his facility with every type of background, as, in a series of episodes, it goes from beautiful Italian lakes to Alpine scenes, to Paris, to small towns, to slums. There are really stirring industrial compositions, in Paris, as well as excitingly baroque compositions around an Italian villa. The story is of a widow, around forty, who finds the program of her first ball, and goes in search of each of the men whose name is written there. One is a half-blind abortionist who provides a scene of Grand Guignol horror, another is a mountain recluse, another a small town mayor marrying his maid, another she finds long dead, a suicide when she married, his mother since insane. The film drags, as the episodic structure quickly reveals the idea and kills suspense; nevertheless it affords the director a series of magnificent opportunities. Duvivier handles the whole first portion as a dream, never using a sharp cut from one scene to another, but finding transition by wipes, dissolves, even by double-printing. He has some new ways of presenting dialogue, too, as he will break up a scene by giving a few lines at a table, a few lines in the garden, a few lines on the lake—and yet all with inner continuity.

As may be seen, the main idea is "Frenchy"—essentially coquettish. The close, too, has a strong dose of the kind of cynicism which the outside world identifies as French. Having missed all her girlhood lovers, the woman finds the son of one of them, just seventeen. He becomes her escort, going to his first ball, almost in gigolo relationship.

This may be typical of the worldly French, but such films cannot give one a real idea of the French people as a whole; though Duvivier, in an interview, said French films were really "much closer to the people" than were American films, and that he wished to occupy himself with social problems. I could find no example of that in his current films, and little of social content in all the current French films.

With the country in a state of turmoil, with ideas and mass-movements churning the air, one finds French pictures, like Hollywood pictures, to be almost entirely occupied with romantic themes. *La Dame du Malacca*, by Marc Allegrett, is the forty-year stale problem drama of the white woman in the colonies, marrying a native prince. In great excitement, the French are remaking *The Cheat*, with Sessue Hayakawa still around. There is a spy film called *Double Crime sur la Ligne Maginot;* there is a film about an incident in Polish history, with Annabella involved in the Polish fight for independence, and with some interesting scenes in a jail where prisoners are not permitted to talk.

Jacques Feyder, one of the leading directors, is represented by *Mayerling*, which, to my mind, was much over-rated in New York, and in which the miscast Charles Boyer gave a bad account of himself as a pretty princeling. Another leading director-producer, Sacha Guitry, of stage fame, turns out films of elegance and sophistry; his *Perles de la Couronne*, which won the Mussolini prize as a best story, is a historical pageant with a lot of theatrical wit, and touched up with French sex-cleverness, nothing vulgar, but Frenchy.

There is, however, something really native about the unpretentious films set in small towns; these usually have a tang of satire that is quite Gallic. *Guerre des Gosses*, by Jacques Daroy, is such a film—a gayly cynical thing about the war between the kids in two different schools, one taught by a girl, one by a man. This picture will undoubtedly be remade by Hollywood, though one can scarcely hope for such intelligent handling of child actors as was shown in *Guerre des Gosses* and in Benoit-Levy's *La Maternelle.* By the time the latest crop of Shirley Temples is put into the picture—

Aside from this light type of thing, and the Will Rogers folk pictures in which Raimu appears, there seems to be little that really expresses the life of the French people. I have saved the one exception—Jean Renoir, who consistently makes important films of real social content. His anti-war film, *La Grande Illusion*, was another of the international prize-winners which the French produced this year. His *Lower Depths* is a sincere and strongly handled photoplay; and he is at present making *La Marseillaise*, with the backing of French labor unions. Renoir is conceded to be in the top spot as a director; he may really give national expression, in cinema, to the French people. #

He Thought Twice

Continued from page 76

regularly for a while, but the first time she forgot about it and he had no money to go down to O'Connery's he remembered where he had put the gun. The man he held up this time knew him too, as most people in Pinkney did. Biggins went home and hid the gun, but the police picked him up before he got down town.

They sent him to the State Penal Farm for six months, because they thought it might put some sense in his head. Biggins did not like the State Farm. Some of the bosses wore coats and were rough with him, and he did not like the people there. But he did not learn any bad tricks. He learned to shave and wash his hands and face every day, and that was all.

When he came back from the Farm his mother was married and on relief. Biggins did not like his stepfather. The first time the relief investigating woman came out to the house Biggins' stepfather took him in a back room and primed him full of things to tell her. Then, after she had gone, he swore at Biggins and slapped his face for getting everything mixed up.

Biggins' mother managed to scrape up a little money to give him so he would not get into trouble, but his stepfather knew about it and took the money away from him. For several days the fellows at O'Connery's who liked him gave Biggins money so he could buy his drink, but before long they forgot about it. Biggins did not feel that he belonged there unless he had a drink in his hand like everybody else. So one day he remembered the gun again.

That night when the man saw Biggins he said, "Why, hello there, Biggins." Then he saw the gun and said, "My God! Don't you know they'll send you back to the Farm?" But when Biggins said his rigmarole from memory, in the slow, thoughtless way he had of speaking, nothing more was needed to make the man nervous about the gun, and he did not try to argue, especially when Biggins told him to run. He just ran.

Before he got home Biggins did the first bit of thinking in his life. It was on his twenty-first birthday. He figured out that the police always got on his tail because people knew him and told the police to arrest him. Biggins decided to go to Chicago. That was the only town he could think of, except the place where the State Farm was.

He asked at a filling station the way to Chicago and started walking. When he got sleepy he slept in a ditch by the side of the road. In the morning one of the fellows who gave him a lift was a salesman who talked a lot about himself and finally asked Biggins what he did for a living. Biggins told him he just went out and got some money when he needed it. The man could not seem to understand, so Biggins took the gun from his pocket and showed it to him.

The man thought Biggins was crazy, and started saying, "Oh God, don't shoot." Biggins was surprised. He would not shoot anybody. If you shoot a fellow, he blows up all to pieces. He would not do a bad thing like that. The man let Biggins out at the edge of the next town. He got a ride on a truck that was just pulling out of a filling station. The truck was not going to Chicago. That is why the police could not find Biggins on the road to Chicago.

He finally landed in Hammond, Indiana, where he stayed two months. He did not like Hammond because there were no pool rooms like O'Connery's. They were all tough places. He held up three men in Hammond. Then one day he found out he was not in Chicago. That worried him, because he knew that he had started out to go to Chicago. So he moved on to Chicago.

He did not like Chicago either. They did not want him around in the pool rooms because he looked like a bum in his overalls and blue shirt. Another trouble was that he had to wait so late at night before a man came along when there was no one else around. Sometimes he got so sleepy he had to give it up

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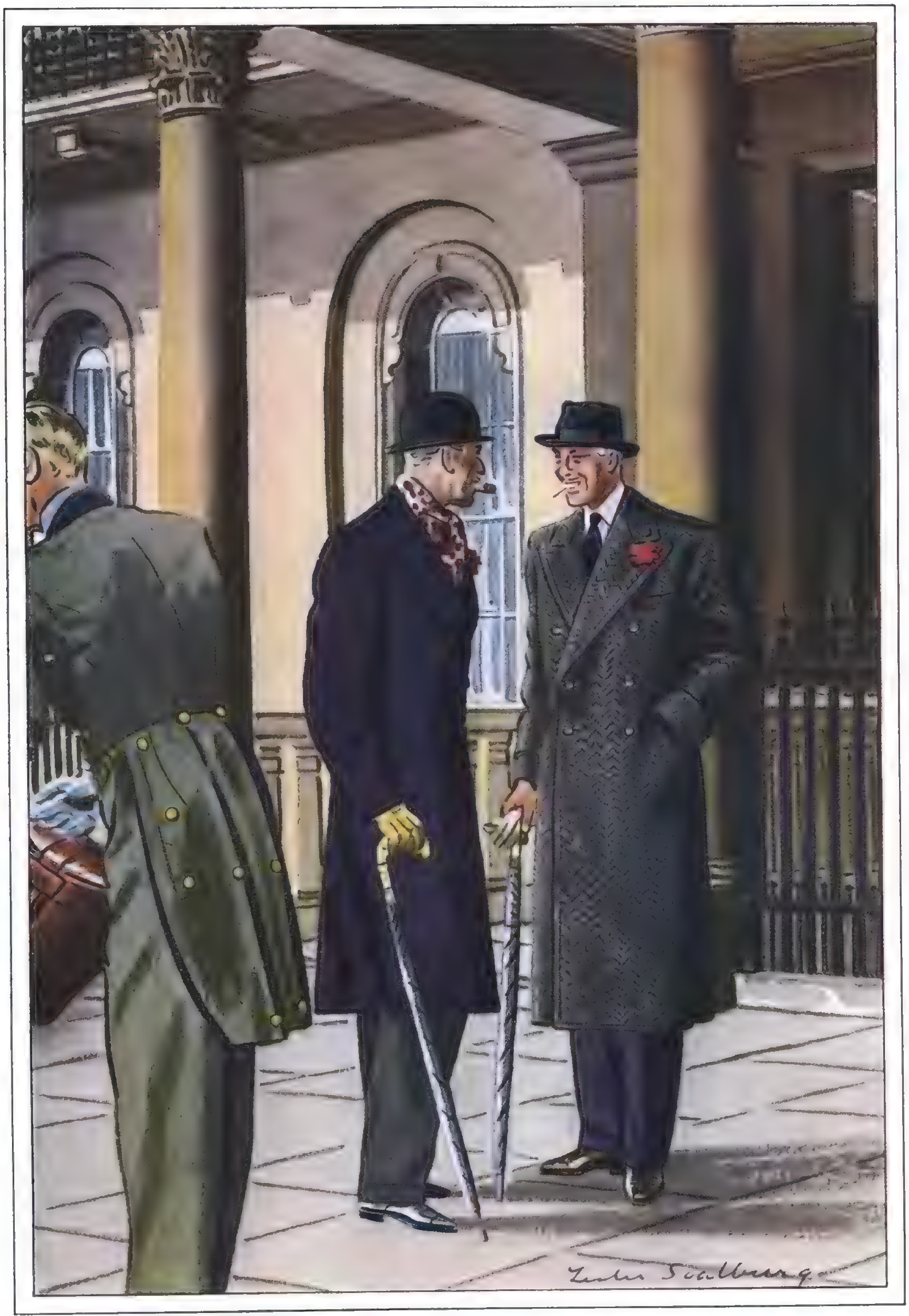

Sketched in Belgrave Square, London, where all the architecture is typical of the English Regency period. Belgrave Square, where T. R. H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent live, is a long fashionable residential section below Buckingham Palace.

PAINTED IN ENGLAND FOR ESQUIRE BY LESLIE SAALBURG

LONDON TAKES TO THE BLACK LORD'S HAT

The black Lord's hat is an important fashion in England, where it supplements the black Homburg without supplanting it. The crown is invariably pinched, the raw edge brim worn turned up all around. The grey ulster of herringbone tweed, like one recently made for King George VI, is cut on heightening lines with slanting unflapped pockets and a belted back. Note the striped broadcloth shirt with starched collar, satin tie with diamond sporting motif stickpin, striped unfinished worsted suit, brown calf town shoes, heavy buckskin gloves and clove red carnation. The other outfit consists of a double breasted blue overcoat, cut rather short, with a four-button front, worn with a paisley scarf, bowler hat, heavy yellow chamois gloves, plain sharkskin suit and black town shoes. Both men, though turned out in differing manner, would be well dressed in London, Leipzig, or Logansport.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

He Thought Twice

Continued from pages 76-113

and go to his room to get some sleep. Occasionally the man he held up did not have any money. That always confused Biggins so much that he had to go to his room and wait until the next night before trying it again.

Biggins did not really like to hold people up, because he was always afraid when the man had a coat on. He never could stop a man who was wearing a coat and smoking a cigar. So the only time he held anyone up was when his landlady asked him for the room rent and he did not have money to pay her.

Biggins moved every week until he found a neighborhood where there were several pool rooms he could loaf in if he did not go to the same one every night. At one of the places a man was teaching him to play pool, which cost Biggins a lot of his money.

Biggins had a room on the fourth floor of a tenement. The landlady got him to buy some clean trousers and shirt, and tried to look after him because she liked him. One day the landlady had to tell Biggins that he had not paid his rent. He said he would go out and get her some money that night, and when she asked him what he did for a living he told her, just as he had told the traveling salesman. The landlady was frightened and said Biggins would have to move immediately. She told him the newspapers had been writing about him. They called him the Gentleman Robber, because he always said, "Good evening, sir."

Biggins found another room, and that night he went out to get some money. He had to wait a long time in an alley for a good chance. While he was waiting he had a thought. If people knew about him, like the landlady said, then these men would start telling the police to arrest him and they would send him to the Farm. That was the second time Biggins thought.

While he was thinking this a man came down the street. There was no one else in sight. Biggins held him up and took his money. Biggins did not want to do anything bad, but he did not know what else to do. When he finished his memorized rigmarole by telling the man to run he shut his eyes and pulled the trigger, as he had seen people do on the Fourth of July.

The man did not blow up all to pieces at all. He sat down hard on the sidewalk and fell over. That was not so bad after all. Biggins walked down the alley and went to his room.

He remembered to pay his former landlady. When she came to the door he grinned because he liked her. He said, "I guess he diden' tell the police he knowed me and to arrest me, all right." The woman was badly frightened. She had read in the papers about the man being held up and killed in the neighborhood. She looked into Biggins' friendly, collie-dog eyes and saw she could not talk any sense into him. She made him promise he would never come back and would not tell anyone he had lived there. She was scared of cops.

The man who was teaching Biggins to play pool was giving him lessons every afternoon. He was also borrowing money from Biggins. Before long Biggins was out of money again.

This time Biggins pulled the trigger as part of the routine. He did not know enough to shoot before he told the man to run, instead of shutting his eyes and pulling the trigger after the man started to run. The man fell, wounded but not dead, and started screaming. Biggins was frightened by the screams and ran away. When the police came the man told them the Gentleman Robber had shot him. By this time the police had a pretty good description of Biggins.

One morning three policemen caught Biggins in his room. He was scared when he saw the officers in the big blue coats. He said, "Aw, I won't never do it no more." One of the policemen hit Biggins over the head with his club. Biggins backed into a corner and squatted down and tried to hide behind his hands. He remembered what O'Connery used to say when he wanted to stop an argument.

Biggins said, "Stop arguin', boys, 'cause I'm red hot now," and the policemen hit him over the head with their clubs. They did not have any trouble with Biggins. Afterwards, after they got a kind of a confession out of him, they thought he was a pretty tough criminal because after that he would not say anything but, "Aw, go t' hell."

Now it looks to me like Biggins got into trouble on account of his thinking. For twenty-one years he did not think at all. Then in less than one year he thought twice. The first time cost Pinkney a voter just as he came of age. The second time cost a man a killing and another fellow a trip to the hospital. That was what got Biggins into trouble.

Some wise guys I was telling this to in the barber shop where I go said that at the rate Biggins' thinking was improving maybe in fifty years he would have been smart enough to be a big-shot like Napoleon or that other Italian, the Chicago gangster, and the worst they would have done to him would have been to send him to Elba or Atlanta, instead of sending him to the chair like they did.

But I have been thinking that if I was a kid like Biggins I would wish they would send me to that State School, like the second grade teacher said, where they teach boys like Biggins. Then maybe he would have learned to think better, or they might have taught him some way to make a living without doing any thinking, which would not be a bad idea either.

I read in the papers that when they were ready to electrocute Biggins they asked him if he had any last word he wanted to say, like they always do, and Biggins said, "Aw, stop arguin', 'cause I'm red hot now." They said he was pretty tough and incorrigible. I guess he did not know what was going on, but in about a minute he was red hot all right. #

When I Was a General

Continued from page 62

three guns, and Private Carter made two swords. I carried one, and let Jack carry the other. We got Ed Purvis, and William Wolfmire to join. I was very glad to be general.

At supper Mama asked what I was doing, and I said we had an army, and that I was general. She looked pleased. I had been leader of the Red Wolf Gang because I had made it up. And I was leader at the cave, because the cave is on our property.

We drilled Saturday all day, and I made another gun. Private Carter made three swords. The reason I made only one gun is that a gun is harder to make because there is more carving to be done, and all you have to do to make a sword is whittle the end to a point, and nail a crosspiece on at the handle. I gave one sword to Corporal Carter, then I made Private Masse a corporal and Private Wolfmire a corporal and gave them swords.

Monday I went to school, and got along all right except that at recess a big guy named Ray came up behind me and kicked me, and when I turned around he slapped me in the face, and said: "No back talk!" and went away laughing. It made me cry because he was too big for me to fight, but I didn't cry enough so anybody would notice.

When school was out some of the boys stayed at school and played Dare Base. One of them was Scrappy McCullough. He is a little freckled kid who is supposed to be a fighter. He is a fast runner but every time he tried to run through I tackled him. I didn't let him get through once. He got mad, and said if I tackled him again he'd beat me up. At first I was going to tackle him again, but then I decided not to, and went home.

I walked home because my bicycle was broken. When I was almost home, Carl White and William Gar rode up to the curb on their bicycles. Gar had a piece of a pole.

Gar said: "We been hearing you got an army."

I said: "Yes."

"That little kid, George Gell's been telling around school you can lick anybody in the world," said Gar.

Gar and Carl looked like they were going to get off their bikes and jump on me. I looked around, but there wasn't anybody anywhere to help me. I couldn't run and get away, even if I cut across a lot, because they had their bikes.

"He oughtn't to have said that," I said.

"You going to back him up?" asked Gar.

I said: "If he said that, I'm out of it; I won't have anything to do with it."

When I said that, Carl White rode on right away. Gar waited a minute, and said: "You're out of it?"

I said I was, and he rode on. I walked home, feeling pretty bad, and wondering what to do about the army. I guess we'd just have to quit having it, because if we didn't Carl and Gar would get a lot of big guys, and beat us up. A lot of our army was kids littler than me even. It was George Gell's fault, because he ought to have known better than to brag.

When I got in front of my house, I saw Tom standing on the walk in front of his house. There was about eight kids on bicycles sitting at the curb. Gar and Carl were there. I thought a minute, then I walked down there.

Tom was just standing on the walk, with his arms folded, looking at them. None of them were looking at him. They were all looking down toward Jack's house, and they weren't even talking to Tom. I asked what they were doing, and Tom said:

"They've dared Jack to come out of his house, and come up here."

I thought: "Oh, well, he's safe. They can't do anything if he's in his house."

They didn't pay either Tom or me any attention. They were watching down the street. Some of them had clubs, like Gar had. Pretty soon Jack came out of his house, got on his bicycle, and started riding up the walk toward us. He came riding up slow, slouched back on his seat, and he didn't even look scared. He rode onto the parking when he got to us, and stopped and sat on his bike in front of Gar and Carl. They started talking, and acting tough.

Tom said to me: "If they start picking on Jack. I'm going to wade in."

I clenched my fists, and said: "Me, too."

But I hoped they wouldn't. Still, with Tom on our side, I wasn't afraid of them.

Jack talked right back at them. I couldn't hear what he said, but I could tell he wasn't going to give in.

"He's sure got nerve," said Tom.

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When I Was a General

Continued from pages 62-115

I said: "Yes." But I thought he was lucky to have Tom and me there to help him when I didn't have anybody anywhere to help me. Tom hadn't said anything, but the way he was standing there you could tell he was liable to wade in.

Carl and Gar talked a while, and Gar raised his club, but Jack talked at them and didn't even look scared. They talked a long while. After a while they quit looking tough, and Jack talked the most. Tom and I walked over closer. Carl looked at Tom, and said: "Are you in the army, Tom?"

Tom looked at him, and said: "Yes. I'm going to be in it."

"We are, too," Carl said. He looked at me: "Do you want to join?"

I said I did.

"You'll have to be a private," said Gar. "Jack's general."

"No, you can be a corporal," said Jack. "He's the gunmaker, too. Tom, you can be a swordmaker."

"We're only privates," said Gar. "We're not going to let him be any corporal."

"I'm the general," Jack said. "I say who's going to be who."

"Well, all right," Gar said.

"We'll have drill tomorrow night," said Jack. "You all come to my house."

They said they would, and they rode off.

At supper Mama asked: "How is your army getting along?"

I said: "It's lots bigger now." I said: "I'm the only gunmaker."

After supper, I made a new list:

16TH INFANTRY

1. General Smart . . . Promoted from Corporal
2. Private Gell . . . Flag Carrier
3. Private White
4. Private Gar
5. Private Larson
6. Corporal Masse
7. Corporal Carter 1st
8. Private Carter 2nd . . . Swordmaker
9. Private McCall
10. Private Purvis
11. Corporal Wolfmire
12. Private Stuart . . . Swordmaker
13. Private Martin 1st
14. Private Martin 2nd
15. Private Hallowell
16. Private Smith
17. Private Van Zandt
18. Corporal Redding . . . Resigned from General . . . Official Gunmaker. #

How Dim-Brained Can a Star Be?

Continued from page 57

already has a minstrel show complexion, and unless Jim Crow proceedings enter into back-stage management the white boys will be definitely in the Golden Gloves minority. Caucasians can console themselves with the thought that a prize fight is basically an animal show in which a developed higher intelligence is a positive handicap.

Bards in countless press-pens have whanged their lyres in praise of the brainy Babe Ruth who never threw a ball to the wrong base, and have clicked extravagant laudation on the lightning-minded Tris Speaker who started the instant the opponent's bat connected with the ball, toward the spot where the fly ball was going to land. Messrs. Ruth and Speaker now have retired from active athletics and can think with safety. Both being frank and honest fellows, they will disclaim any recollection of having strained themselves consciously thinking while performing their amazing feats. Their denials ruin the accuracy of many a grand piece of sports reporting but confirm the analysis of the physiologists who attribute the marvels of Ruth, Speaker, et al., to the functioning of the proprioceptive nervous system and not the higher intelligence.

This proprioceptive nervous system is the athletic brain. It's the team of the spinal cord, medulla, cerebellum and the middle ear. That organization carries control in athletic performance, and when the athlete is so smart he has an overly intrusive cerebrum to mess the routine of the proprioceptive nervous system, the athletic performance is seriously retarded.

Take the case of a shortstop fielding a fast ground ball. The player starts toward where the ball can be fielded, timing his leg and arm action so he will adjust himself to the speed and hop of the ball, catch the ball in the right position for a throw, set himself for a swift, accurate throw, and get the ball away with the proper force, aim and trajectory in time to beat the runner to first base. Frequently the chain of operations is longer and more complicated, as in the case of another infielder also attempting to reach the ball, or in the case of a runner on second making a false start toward third. If the link of impulses leading to the higher psychic centers were employed the time required by them would be too great to allow the put-out at first. The "brainless" but skilled proprioceptive system by-passes the thinking cerebrum and the put-out is made.

The case of the nineteen-year-old Bob Feller, Cleveland Indian strikeout prodigy, is one the physiologists present as showing the risk involved in trying to make an athlete use his brain. The boy is phenomenal physically but, claim the scientists, was brought along so quickly that his higher brain centers were too strongly introduced into the job designed for his proprioceptive nervous system and his muscles. Complications ensued resulting not only in wildness—definitely a loss of muscle control because of higher brain center interference—but in a muscular soreness that some doctors suspect may have been akin to a hysteria.

Jitters, the athletic ague that has seized suddenly many an athletic performer, is the manifestation of conflict between the mentality and the muscle sense centers. The suspicion certain gentlemen have voiced about being able to play better golf with a few drinks in them is not altogether a far-fetched alibi for taking something that tastes and feels pretty good. The alcohol can block off the higher brain from butting into the athletic work muscles and nerves can do better without presumptuous bossiness from the intellect.

Athletic form is a conscious achievement mainly during the training period. During efficient performance in competition, form is mechanical and thoughtless. There is somewhat of a parallel to the unconscious excellence of athletic performances in fortunate cases of drunken driving. This investigator, while Fighting the Good Fight for Human Liberty and Repeal, motored many a cargo of burn-belly gin, rye, Scotch and bourbon and twilight-sleep beer to his little rose-covered cottage from distant speakeasies. The feats were accomplished without consciousness. In the morning this investigator would awaken wondering, "where am I?," "where was I?," "how did I get here?," and "why are those cute little fellows with tall green hats playing leaping games between the foot of the bed and my toes . . . or are those my toes?" This experience in successful brainlessness is too frequent among mankind as an illustration of how the body can function automatically with the brain blocked off. It is a dangerous demonstration of what frequently happens in efficient athletics, because in drunken driving the mighty Allah probably accounts for successful performance fully as much as does the proprioceptive nervous system.

Much is made of the apparently dramatic situation when some kid stands with chilled fingers to receive a twisting punt. Six to eight young men impelled by primitive instincts are rushing toward the solitary sky-gazing youth, and lusting to do a dandy little job of mayhem. Scores of thousands watch breathlessly as the potential drama develops.

Obviously, the spot that one boy is in is no spot for a brainy guy. If the punt receiver is as thoughtless as he should be that punt will be well handled by the dependable, unthinking proprioceptive nervous organization of the fullback. So there really isn't the drama in this situation that the keen imaginations of the sports writers and announcers build up.

Consider one of the thrilling fight situations like that in the Dempsey-Firpo engagement in 1923 when Dempsey was batted out of bounds and scrambled back to take charge of Señor Firpo. You don't have to carry M.D. after your name to come to the conclusion that Dempsey wasn't using his intellect when he bounced from the laps of the ringsiders to take another chance of catching what Firpo had pitched into him.

A thoughtless impulse and adrenal glands brought Dempsey back into the ring hammering furiously and strong. Adrenalin strengthens muscular activity. Actually Dempsey was stronger when hit, due to the functioning of the adrenal glands. Fear—that conscious warning type of fear that reasons "the other guy will hurt me"—isn't always the spur to adrenal gland activity. It's the athletic brain, the proprioceptive nervous system, that throws the adrenal glands into high.

Take the case of Harry Cooper as an example of adrenal gland activity. Cooper's adrenal glands undoubtedly become hyperactive while he's in competition. He fights a thousand battles within himself. He might be the meanest, most inconsiderate of competitors while he's battling for prize money but his conduct is no more a deliberate and conscious exhibition of the civilized, gracious Cooper, out of competition, than would be the act of a man who suddenly drove a speeding automobile into a crowd on a sidewalk.

Dr. Robert Dyer, authority on the anatomy of the nervous system and a sportsman with extensive acquaintance among athletes, points out that during keen competition the bridge of Cooper's nose gets white and that Harry also gets white around and below the eyes. The adrenal glands, unduly active in reaction to Cooper's competitive temperament, produce adrenalin that shrinks blood vessels and accounts for Cooper's whiteness. The Doctor, like other eminents of the medical and surgical professions, is coy about hazarding opinions for publication. However, in a private lecture on the mental and nervous factors in athletics, Dr. Dyer expressed his belief that Cooper's blood pressure while the stimulus of a golf tournament is on, rises 40 points above normal. That increase, the Doctor mentioned, was typical of a man about to be hanged.

Many golf spectators have marveled that experts of the game miss so many short putts at critical times. The physiologists have a valid explanation for these misses. The putter has gone brainy on himself instead of being a mental blank. The higher brain processes of the player become responsible for deadening the tactile sense. The tactile sense is the putting touch plus a sense of muscle control.

It is inability to be dumb that makes difficult the job of teaching

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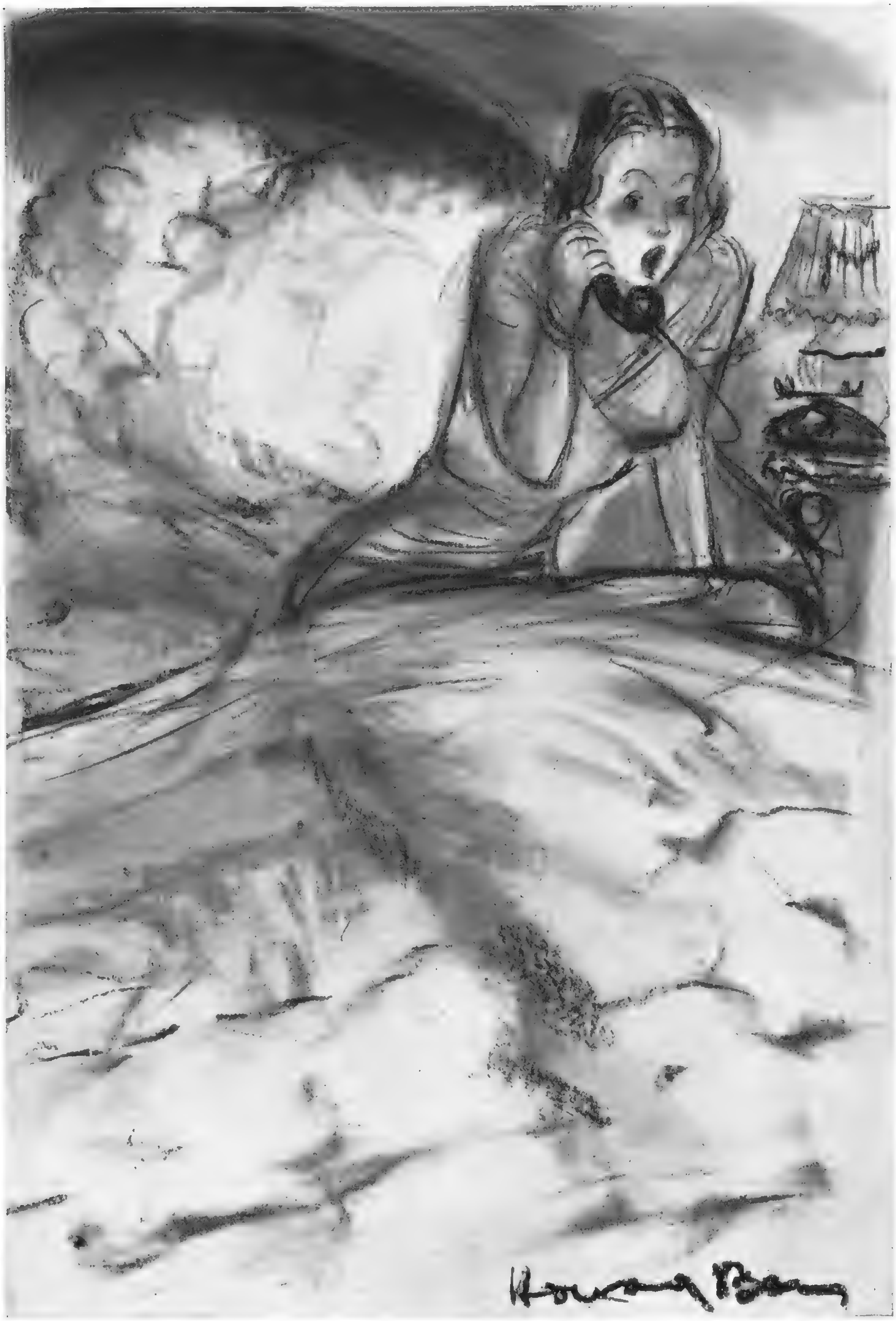

Howard Baer

"But dear—don't you find it hard to work with that orchestra in your office!"

How Dim-Brained Can a Star Be?

Continued from pages 57-116

golf to educated men and women. Embarrassment and fear resulting from over-activity of the higher intelligence almost paralyzes the tactile sense of the thinking pupil. The tactile sense is more important than thought to an athlete.

The sharp decline of the athlete rarely is due to atrophy. It is not deterioration of muscles and nerves, not a matter of age greasing the skids, but getting smart and trying to think that speeds athletic oblivion. The brain interferes with muscle control.

The intellectual giant and athletic false alarm who writes this exposé long has been interested in the ritual followed by many tournament golfers as these experts prepare to putt. They will parade back and forth along the line of putt, fall prostrate and draw a bead along the line to the cup, scratch the green to investigate the nap of the grass, practice a few putting strokes and as dusk draws nigh eventually putt. It has amazed this writer that no one of those tedious putters can be identified as a reliably great putter. Well, that discovery doesn't amaze scientists like Dyer who have studied golfers. The authoritative comment on these only fairly good putters who take but three minutes less than forever per putt is that these players are trying to use a brain which has merely a minor place in the athletic plan.

There is an animal look on the faces of great athletes in successful performance. In the case of strenuous sports, grimaces of physical strain and fatigue are seen, but expressions revealing a cerebral connection are rarely evident during an effective competitive performance. The late Harry Vardon, indubitably the greatest golfer of his time and the mold of form for stars of the links who followed him, gave but little evidence of being bothered by brains when he was playing.

Dr. Stephen Lewis, a well-known British scientist and sportsman, wrote of Vardon:

"From a medical standpoint the feature (of Vardon) which struck me as being of interest to golfers was his power of complete relaxing; he had a face like a Chinese mask—not a frown or a wrinkle."

The placid pans on Hagen, Jones, Armour and Evans—when they were good—were in marked contrast to the strained visages of these fellows in unsuccessful competition now.

Ralph Guldahl, in winning the 1937 National Open, had the simple look of a nice big country boy who was not going to take any more than four strokes to a hole because if he did he would have to go through the conspicuous embarrassment of using his fingers to count with. On the eighth hole of the 1937 championship at Oakland Hills Guldahl heard a cheer coming from the gallery of Sam Snead who was playing considerably in advance of Guldahl. Guldahl thought the cheer meant Snead had won the title. Ralph turned to Cooper, with whom he was paired on the last day and remarked, "That's great for Sam; winning the first National Open he ever played." Then, relieved of strain and relaxing into the mental fog that aids athletes, Ralph holed a 60-foot putt. On the ninth he holed another long one.

When Guldahl reached the tenth tee he was told he had a chance to beat Snead's mark, whereupon he played the tenth and eleventh holes in a manner that wouldn't have won him the Class B championship at the Pleasant Pasture (Neb.) Country Club. Having, so he thought, thoroughly disposed of his titular chances on two holes by trying to play thinking golf, Guldahl on the twelfth hole returned to normal intellectual blankness and let his muscles and nerves play the rest of the route, which his muscles and nerves did remarkably well.

Coming along the final fairway Guldahl reached into a hip pocket, pulled out a comb and groomed his disheveled marcel. He was thinking about getting his pictures taken as the champion, and not thinking about his golf. If he'd been thinking intensely about his golf he could have easily blown his chances for the title.

Walter Hagen once told this writer that Hagen's thoughts when his first British Open was practically within his grasp were not of the golf shots that remained to be played, but of the way the newspapers back home would carry the story and what the fellows he knew would have to say. Hagen and Guldahl were blessed with ideal golfing temperaments, which called for their brains minding the brain's own business, and the muscles and nerves attending to the golf, which is very little of the brain's business.

This reporting of instances of athlete's dumbness figuring prominently in the success of the athletes is not to be considered slanderous. There are athletes who are very brainy, but they are successful athletes despite their brains, not because of them.

College athletic squads are including with increasing frequency youths who are above average in scholarship. Nevertheless, the performances of these superior students on the gridiron and other athletic fields is dependent for success on detachment of the intellect as a dominating factor in physical work.

One of the Big Ten football teams for several recent seasons had a record that did not rise to expectations warranted by the extent and caliber of the team's material. Coaching was expert, so the team's failure to perform according to the dope mystified football authorities. The failure did not baffle the physiological and psychological experts though, when it was learned that the team had from 175 to 200 plays. Instead of the proprioceptive nervous system being allowed freedom for efficient functioning as the athletic brain, the cerebral strain of trying to remember the routine involved by any one of the many signals, disconcerted and disorganized the kids. Teams that whipped the super-smarted outfit were teams that had about 20 basic plays, with possibly ten more plays for each game being drilled into a fixed physical status involving no special burden on the brain. During the entire season such teams used no more than 90 plays.

A youngster who has a thorough command of football fundamentals but who is properly thoughtless otherwise on the field, is the All-American. The most successful coaches don't want their kids tired from thinking, for they know that when the brain is tired the player is tired all over.

John McGraw of the old Giants, as manager of his ball club, did the baseball thinking for his players. The record of McGraw teams confirmed the M.D.s' declaration that the higher brain centers should not interfere with muscular action; that the athlete is best when he—or she—uses about as much of a mind as an animal uses for defense, in acquiring food, and in protecting its young.

In the process of civilization the intellectual upper brain has attained dominance at the expense of the unthinking and spontaneous reflexes of the athletic lower brain centers. The problem of the athlete in modern society is to keep the upper and lower brain centers in balance. Gene Tunney seems to have achieved that balance as well as any athletic luminary of recent times. Vincent Richards is another whose physical qualifications, while superior, did not over-rule the exercise of his intellect as required. Both Tunney and Richards may be presented as cases of being retired from first-class athletic competition by the development of their brains.

Dr. Dyer and other medical men have noted a marked tendency toward hypochondria among prominent athletes. This, the doctors explain, is the result of the mistake made by athletes in thinking of themselves as human beings instead of as animals.

The distinction these athletic notables have won—and of which they are aware—is interpreted by the athletes as magnifying them in comparison with their fellow featherless bipeds. Therefore their minor aches and pains are magnified, too. That is the penalty the athlete pays for the self-importance he assumes. His vanities and egocentric limitations are valuable in building a protective wall around his proprioceptive nervous system, but when his intellect labors with the idea that something adverse might happen to his dominantly physical nature he is upset beyond a rational degree. Hagen was an outstanding exception to the hypochondriac generality of star athletes. Until his athletic decline had well advanced nothing ever ailed Walter except a hangover and he took that gracefully in stride as a gentleman should.

It is especially noteworthy that golf should furnish, in Hagen, an exception to the frequent occurrence of hypochondria among the better athletes. Golf gives its players more of a chance to deliberate in the intervals between muscular and nervous expressions. The opportunity for the intellect to horn in is a dangerous one, so far as athletic performance is concerned. In tennis, boxing, football, baseball, swimming and polo there can be constant action or emotional releases to prevent the higher brain centers becoming unhelpfully dominant.

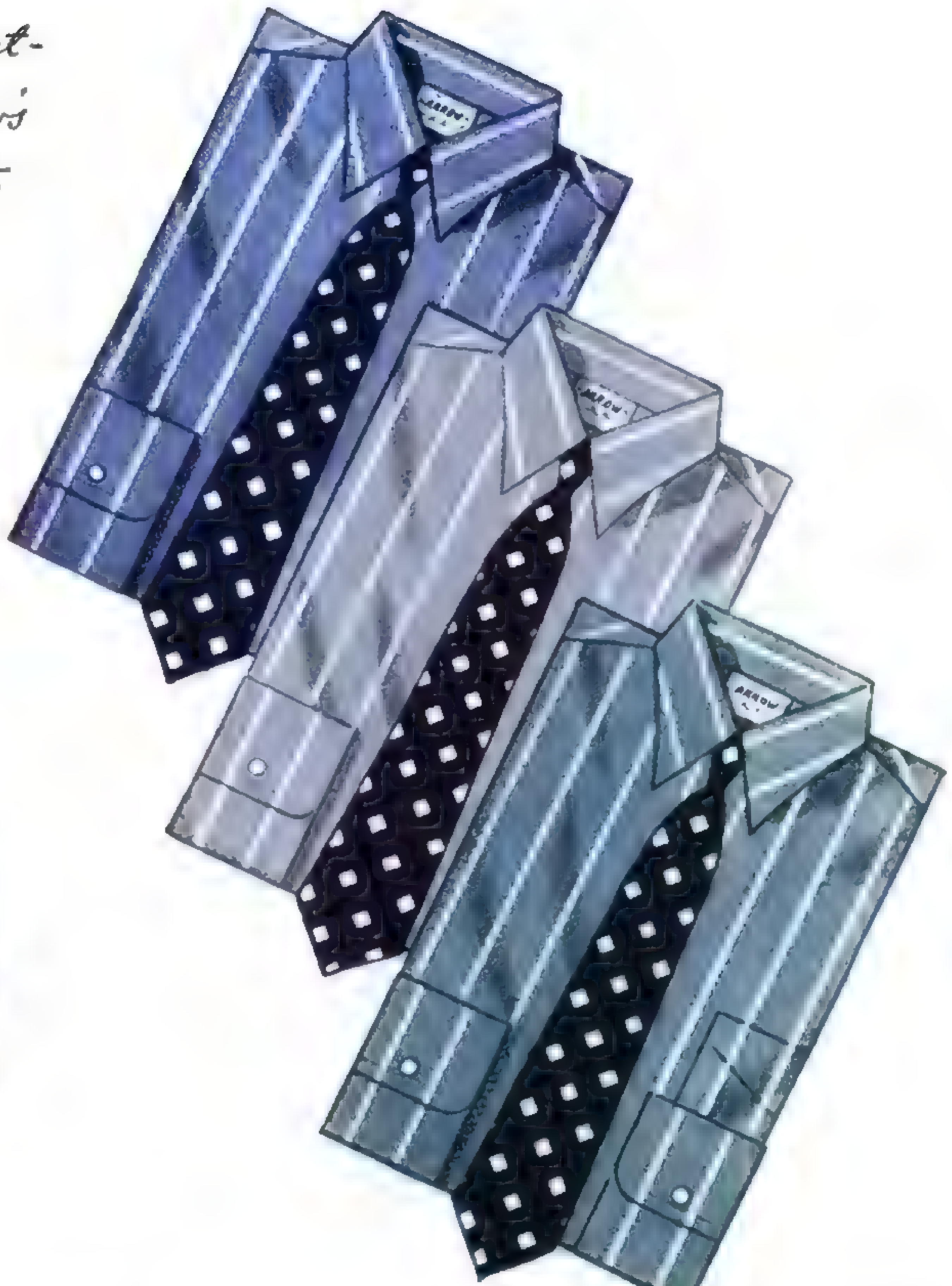
Pithing of a frog, whereby the higher centers of the batrachian's brain are cut off, does not stop the frog's movements when electricity or other stimulation is applied. All frogs react substantially the same to the stimulus. Likewise, in the human, the thinking organization is not vital to movement, which is the fundamental of athletics. An idiot can be a good athlete. But we are getting deep enough into this matter. There is no sense in a writer practically asking for an irate athlete to walk up, snarl "wise guy, huh?" and slap the poor little old frail writer around by way of protest.

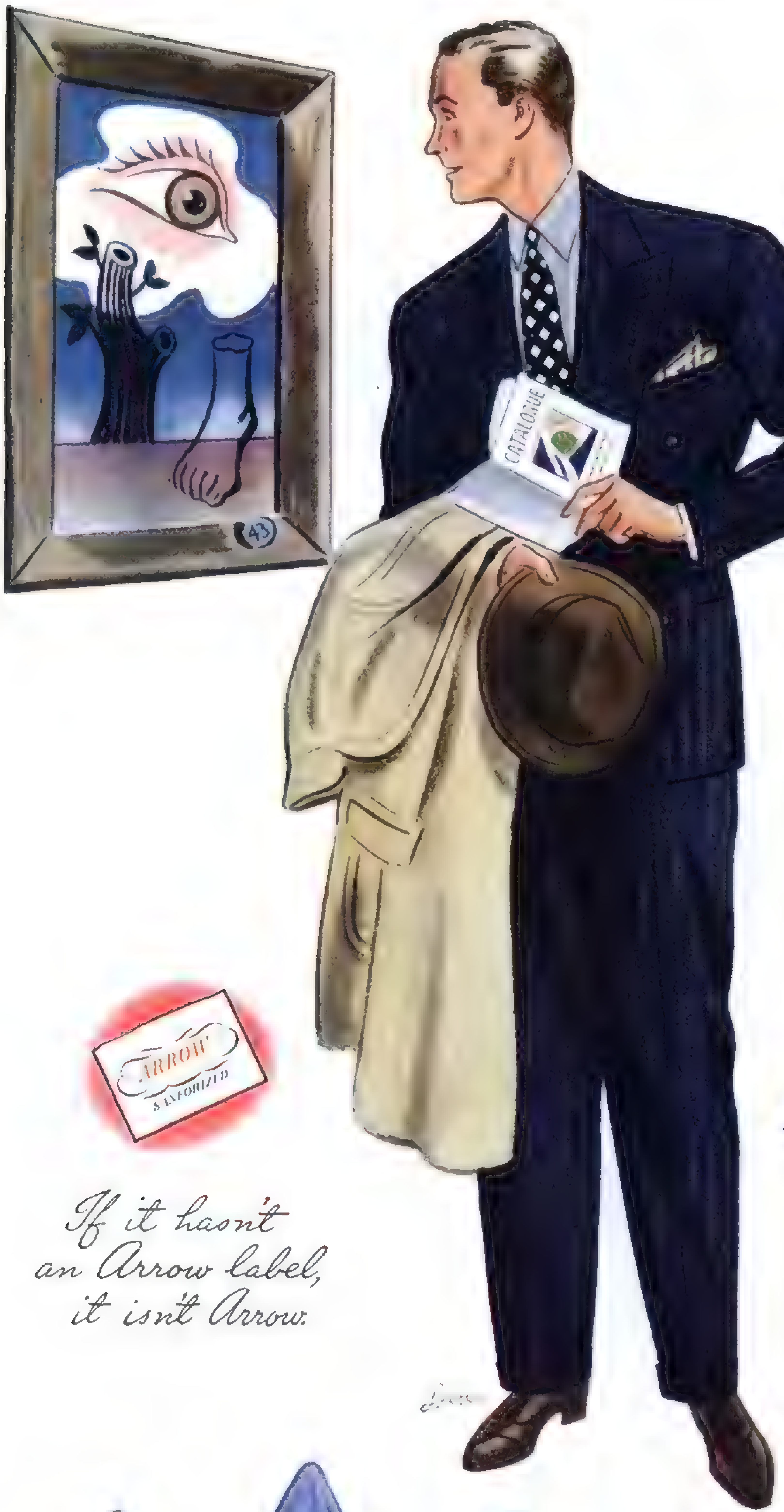
A simple parallel set forth by the doctors is that the cerebrum—the higher intellectual center—corresponds to the Supreme Court, the cerebellum—the lower center—to the executive brand of government, and the medulla with its centers and spinal cord, to the legislative brand. There isn't often occasion for the Supreme Court of the system to deal itself a hand in the physical operations of the athlete, so the physiologists say. When the Supreme Court does mess in there may be hell to pay, so say the physiologists and the regular Democrats.

It all adds up, according to the doctors, that over-coaching to try to put brains in an athlete is a serious error, for all the brains an athlete needs are not truly brains but the vestibulo-spinal and the vestibulo-cerebellar organization. The physiological authorities agree that trained chorus girls often perform more complex athletic feats than do the footballers, baseballers and golfers, although the chorus girls make no brilliant claim to brains.

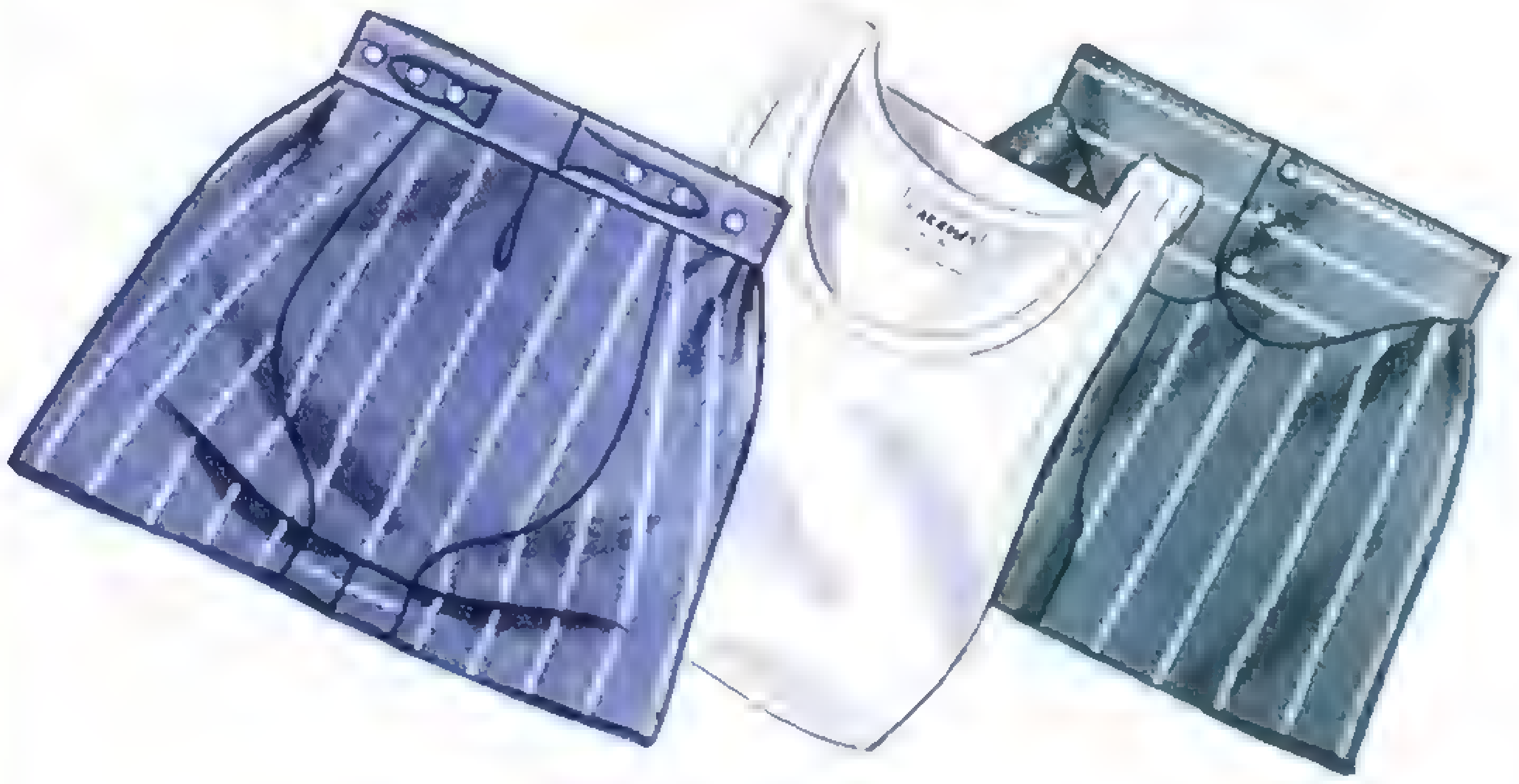
That is a worth-while and welcome tip for the athlete who is bothered by thinking ambitiously about excelling. He might give the alibi of "doctor's orders" to his coach, get himself a competent chorus girl, haul off with his proprioceptive nervous organization and learn how the gal does it.

Stripes spaced wide apart—always a front-rank fashion—are tops for 1938 Arrow's Cable Stripe Shirts give a fresh turn to this style. Madras. $2.75.



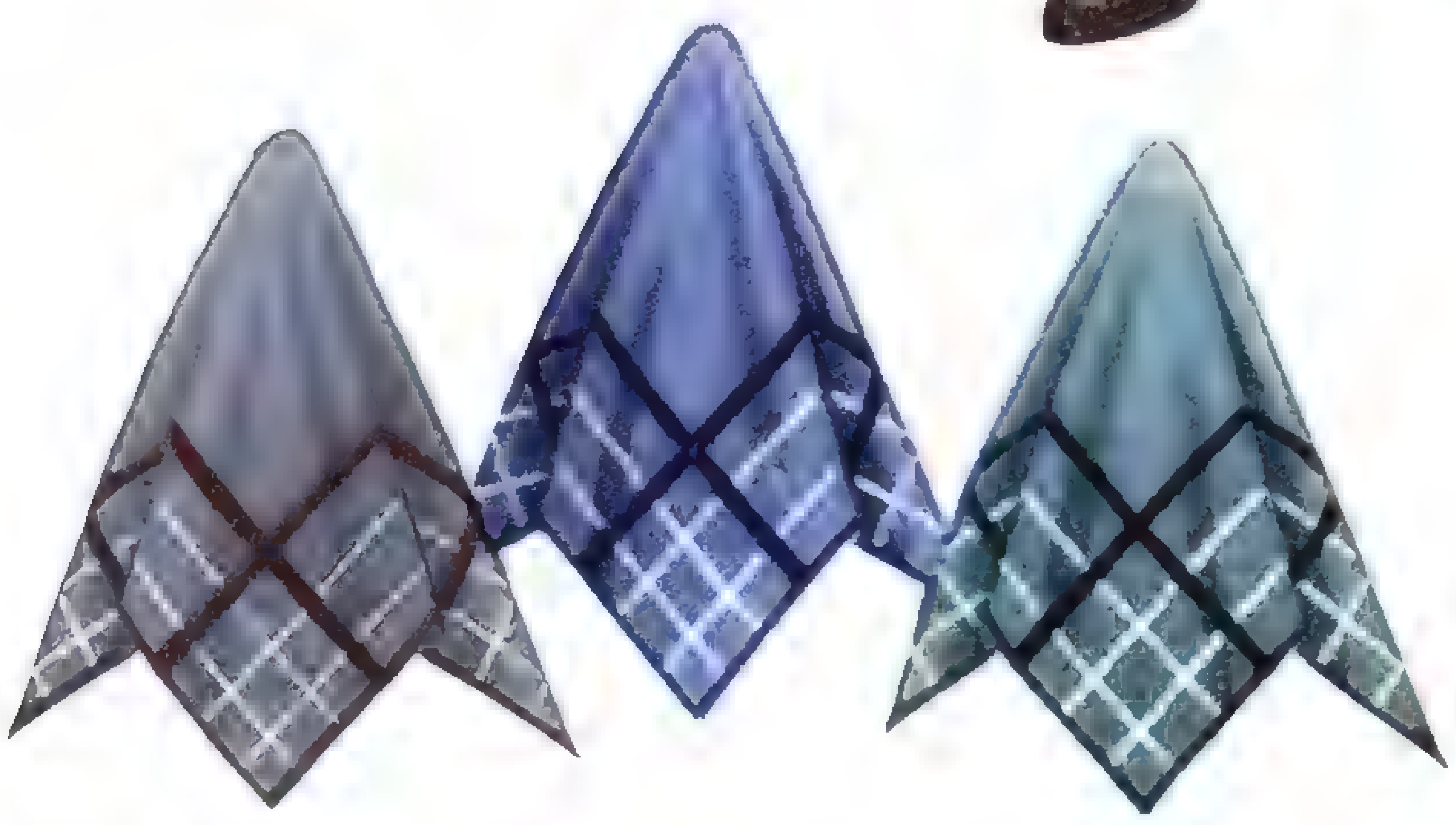


Cable Square Ties bred and raised for the shirts. Backgrounds have the same color tones as the Cable Stripes. The square pattern makes an agreeable contrast with the stripes. $1.50.

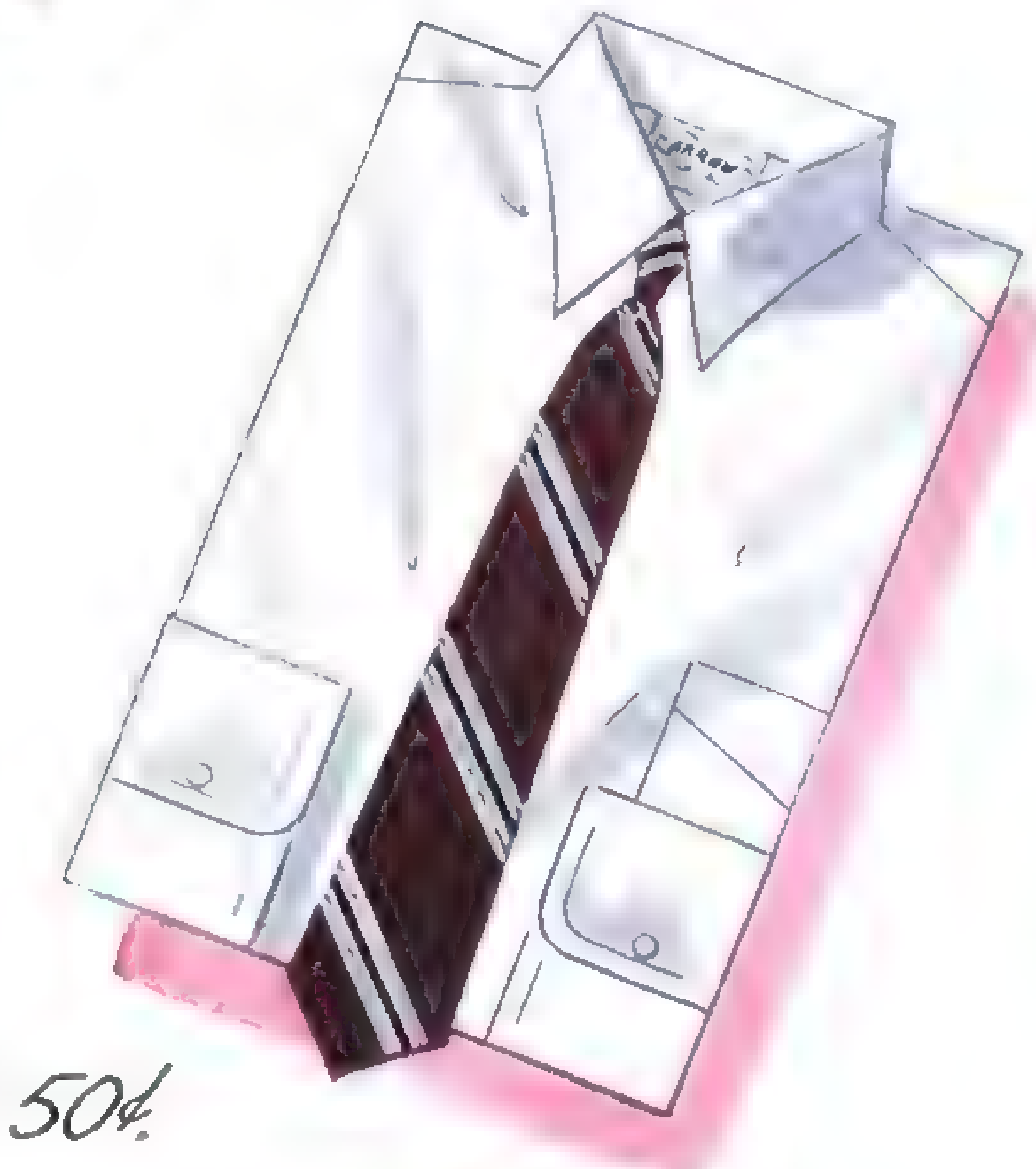


Here's the Cable Stripe cloth of the shirts, starring again in Arrow shorts. These shorts have extra room aft and no center seam to chafe or bind. $1. (Undershirts, 50¢ up)

If it hasn't
an Arrow label,
it isn't Arrow.

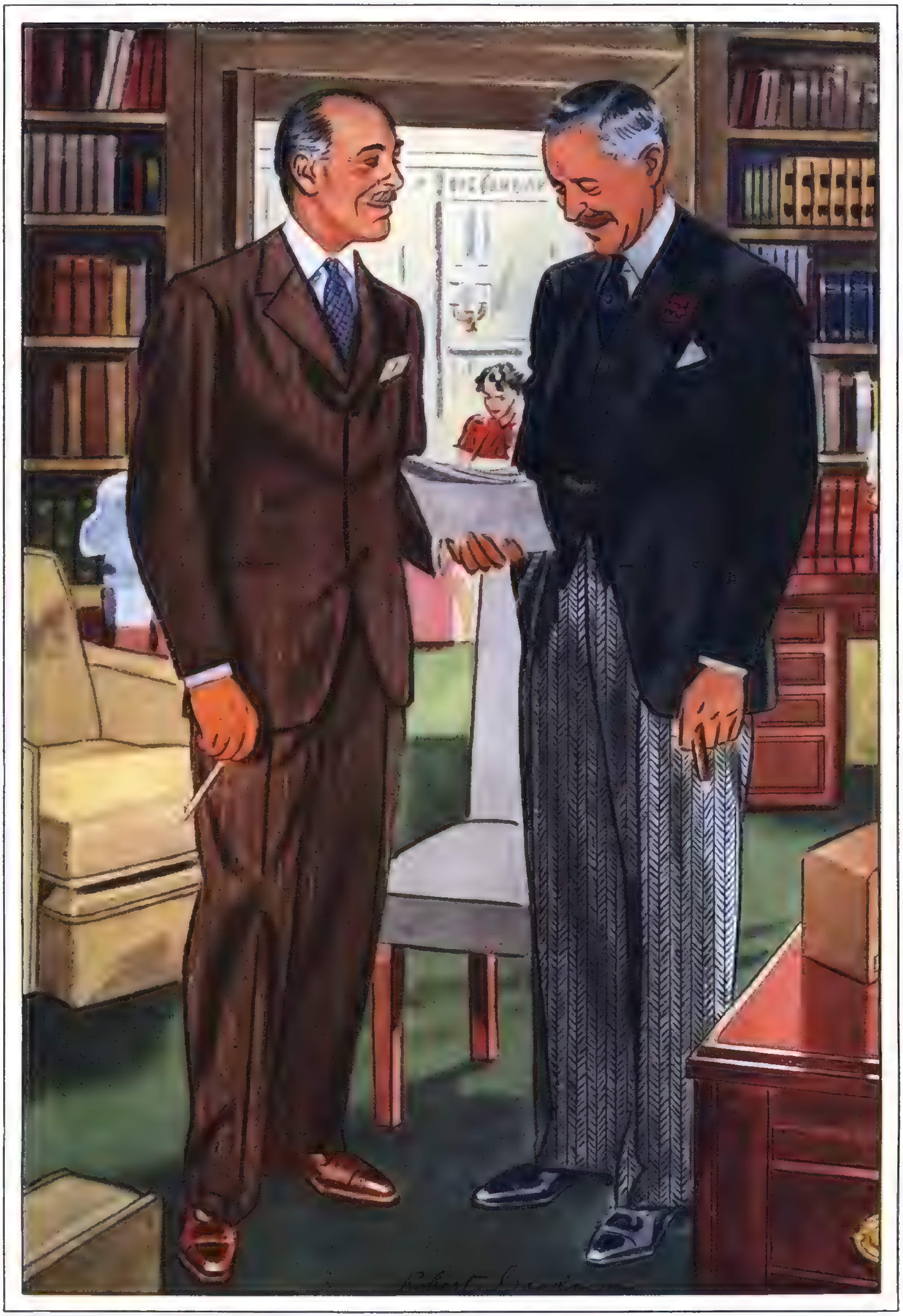


To Cable Stripe shirts and ties, add Cable Stripe Handkerchiefs for perfect harmony. They have colors and stripes similar to the shirts. 50¢.



Hitt, the shirt whose collar stays well-groomed even unto midnight — looks starched, but isn't — never rumples. Like all Arrow shirts, Hitt is Mitoga Form-fit and Sanforized. $2.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.

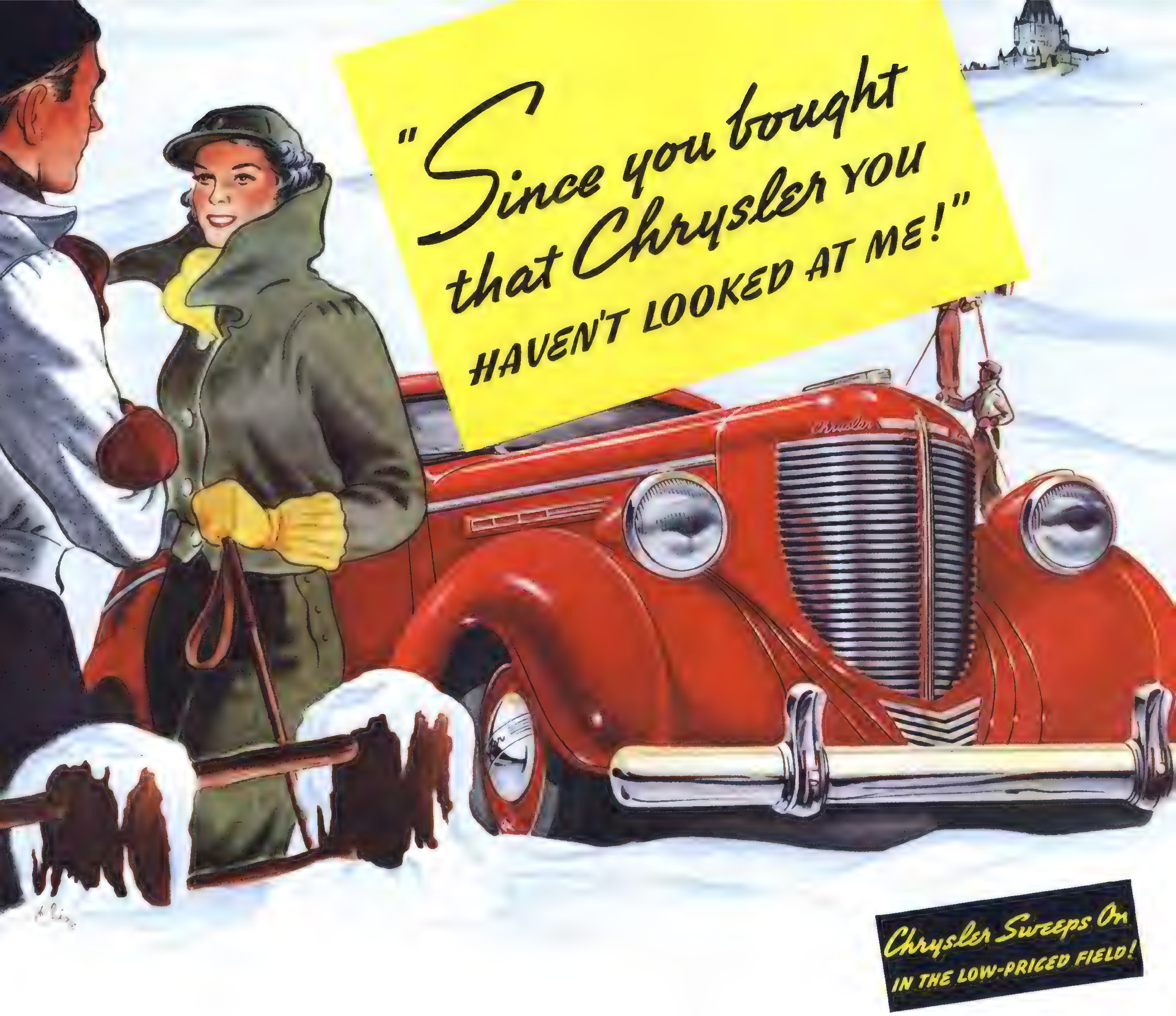


PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN NEW YORK BY ROBERT GOODMAN

THE DRESS-UP TENDENCY OF BUSINESS MEN

Owing to the over-popularity of the tweed jacket and grey slacks that are now being worn in town by English clerks, well dressed English business men have begun to appear at their offices in black jacket and striped trousers, as shown in the sketch on the right. The fashionable oxford grey jacket is this single breasted two-button peaked lapel British blade model with single breasted matching waistcoat, worn with cuffless cheviot trousers of grey herringbone. The details include several departures from the once somber semi-formal day garb; the shirt may be ivory colored, blue, grey, tan or pink, with tie in a harmonizing or contrasting color. Note the ubiquitous clove red carnation, the newly fashionable heavy gold watch chain and the stickpin. The other man wears his coat fully buttoned, an individual touch, since the prevailing manner is to wear the top two buttons fastened.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)


"Since you bought that Chrysler YOU HAVEN'T LOOKED AT ME!"
Chrysler
Chrysler Sweeps On IN THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!

SHE MIGHT have said it to him . . . and he might have said it to her. For the handsome, winsome Chryslers for 1938 are boon companions for men and women alike.

The sparkling new Chrysler Royal is the beauty of the low-priced field. Its spirited 95 horsepower engine makes short work of hills and grades . . . mows down the miles on the open highway. All with Floating Power smoothness . . . and the silence of Chrysler's fine-car designing and building.

The Royal ride is a glorious ride . . . on chair-high seats . . . cradled well between axles on a lengthened 119-inch wheelbase . . . with synchronized springing and scientific weight distribution . . . with Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.

Chrysler's latest and best engineering advantages. Chrysler's most effective new styling, within and without. Chrysler's customary safety leadership.

See this great new Royal. It's more for the money in the low-priced field.

★ ★ ★

☆ **NEW 1938 ROYAL** . . . Coupe, $918. Four-Door Touring Sedan with trunk, $1010. Eight other body styles.

☆ **NEW 1938 IMPERIAL** . . . Coupe, $1123. Four-Door Touring Sedan with trunk, $1198. Four other body styles

☆ **NEW 1938 CUSTOM IMPERIAL** . . . Five or Seven-Passenger Sedan, $2295. Seven-Passenger Sedan-Limousine, $2395.

All prices quoted are delivered prices in Detroit, with Federal taxes, bumpers, spare tire and tube, and preparation for delivery included. Any state or local tax must be added.

*To ascertain price in your city, simply add transportation charges . . . local and state taxes if any. Additional accessories available at prices to be quoted by the dealer.

★ Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

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ROYAL	$1010
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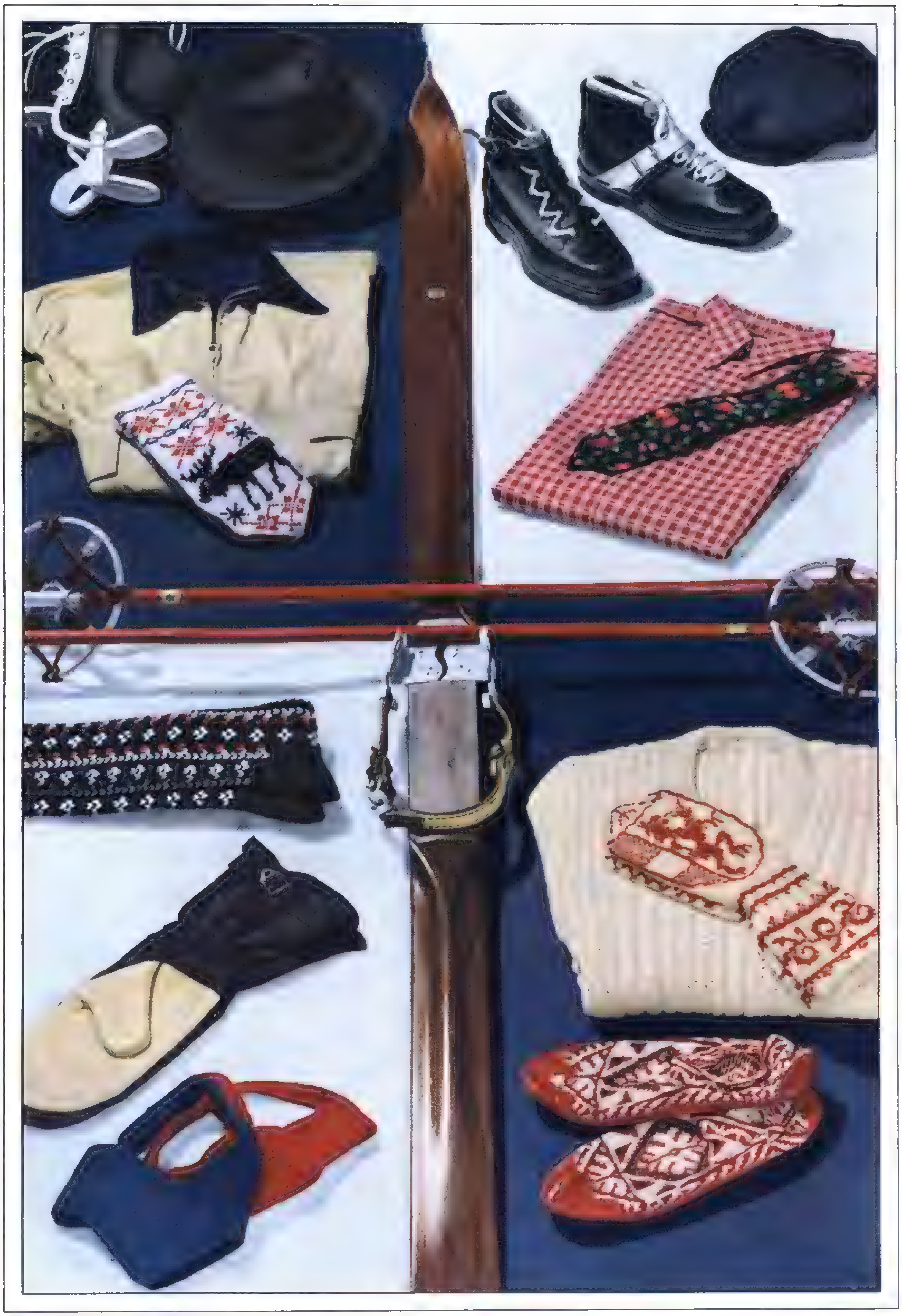


COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITING-FELLOWS

PAGING THE SKI-CONSCIOUS OUTDOORSMAN

Whether you go in for downhill or cross-country skiing, racing or touring—or even if you're one of those Ski-golos who excel at the waltz, you must give pause for your accessories. Among those found eminently practical at fashionable resorts are (beginning at the top, counter-Algerwise, and working our way down) a black Tyrolean hat, a reversible wind jacket with flap pockets, Norwegian mittens, Austrian ski hose, wind mitts and colored headbands. Forming the cross are a downhill ski, fitted with proper harness, and colored ski poles. In the upper right-hand corner, a blue ski cap of ever-popular gabardine, adjacent, a two-tone ski boot with ankle strap and one of the new double laced ski boots. The red and white checked cotton shirt is Tyrolean and so is the tie, which is of challis. The white pullover sweater has long sleeves, the ski mitts are Austrian and the peasant slippers are for after-skiing.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Yale Boy's Mother

Continued from page 96

provocativeness over her bright eyes. We were sitting pretty close together and it required little effort to take her in my arms. She did not protest when I held her against me and kissed her; but after the initial moves the game was all hers. In the middle of the kiss I opened my eyes and looked at her tense, passionate face; then I closed them again. She caught her breath sharply and I could feel its effect ripple through her body. It was all rather strange and potent, but when it was over I felt callow and inadequate.

She gently disengaged herself, pushing me away from her. She raised her arms and fussed with her hair. Her gesture indicated neither anger nor annoyance nor regret, but simple consummation.

"We'd better go inside," she said, with perfect composure. Her voice was quiet and matter-of-fact.

"Yes," I said.

When we got back Benny Goodman was playing *Remember* and most of the couples were still dancing. We paused just inside the door.

"Would you like a drink?" I said.

"Oh, I'd love it!" she said.

"Wait here and I'll get you one."

But when I came back, delicately balancing the two glasses, she was gone. I felt like an idiot standing there with two martinis in my hands. So I finished one off and the Jap materialized from nowhere and took the empty glass.

"Thank you!" he said.

"Don't mention it," I said.

While I was standing there she danced by with a gabardine jacket and a crew haircut. "Silly!" I heard her exclaim in that girlish voice of hers. "Why, I have a boy who is a sophomore at Yale!" #

Subject: Resignation

Continued from page 51

native youngster recognized Rauson by his picture."

From the moment he had laid eyes on Sully the boy had determined to dog his footsteps wherever he went, and no amount of bullying or bribing was effective in discouraging him. Sully had hired an old coughing and consumptive flivver in which to explore the city; the little black ragamuffin leapt up beside the driver, in full possession of the situation.

"Best all-over guide on island, 'sieur," he hit his chest. "Take you best places, golf field and residences reech mens, and also for to see plenty theengs white gents maybe never see."

"You mean, where tourists don't usually go?"

"*Oui!*" he cried enthusiastically. And without pausing for permission: "*Aller chez soi, rentrer, brouillard!*" he exclaimed to the driver, who shrugged his shoulders. "*Vite!*" he instructed.

The touring car rumbled up over the rocky hills along a road which twisted through lanes of plastered shacks and finally gave out altogether. Sully thought it was interesting; it would be pleasant to travel when he retired. Naked black urchins ran after featherless, worm-eaten fowls in the dazzling sunlight, and old men with crinkly grey hair sprawled in the shade of crazy banyans. Shredded pieces of clothing hung about drying. "Nice place where I leeve, 'sieur. Like to see somettheeng where no tourist looking? Please to descend, no?"

Sully got out of the car, wondering what he was to be shown. Perhaps some of those ancient voodoo rites which had been described so often by professional travelers.

"*Aller,*" the boy said to the driver. "*Se coucher!* Ah, 'sieur. Come weeth me, so. We go up in the hill to meet man ver' interesteeng, tell all friends back Unite Stapes about. Best all-over guide whole island. *Venir voir.*"

Sully followed, amused. It was a relief after his long weeks of inaction. He put all thoughts of the elusive and damnable Rauson out of his head and followed along the narrow pathway. The heat dug into his body as the sun scorched down in the western sky; his shirt clung to his skin in clammy folds as he tried to keep up with the youngster darting uphill through the thickly foliated undergrowth. At last they came to a little clearing and a hut of matted cane-straw.

The boy whistled shrilly their approach.

"You follow," he said. "This is greatly surprise to tourist, no question." Sully bent down to enter the narrow doorway of the hut. A man with smiling dark eyes and a ragged beard sat at a crude table. Sully stared into the shiny barrel of a black automatic.

He paused in his thoughts to re-read the sentence he had just incorporated into his report: "A native youngster recognized Rauson by his picture." Well, let it stand that way.

The man at the table said, "Open your shirt."

Sully unbuttoned it, obeying mechanically.

"Unhook the strap and let the belt fall."

Sully would have been foolish to chance a draw. He unloosened the leather strap and the gun-belt dropped to the ground with a thud.

"Kick it under the table," ordered the dark man. Sully kicked it. "Have a chair." And the man's eyes smiled again as he reached down and picked up the gun.

"Rauson," said Sully.

"And yours is William Sully. Department of Justice." He nodded his head at the kid standing grinning in the doorway. "Beat it." He turned to Sully. "Little protégé of mine."

Sully sat down. There was an awkward silence.

"Have a drink," said Rauson, putting his weapon in its holster. "Lousy place to get stuck in."

"Thanks," said Sully. "I think I will. I don't suppose it's poisoned or anything."

"Not that I know of," Rauson laughed. "But it doesn't take much to kill a white man around here. I'll have one with you." He leaned back in his chair. "You get used to it after a while. Even the heat. It really isn't so bad." He smiled widely again. "Not after Atlanta."

"Wasn't it mail fraud?"

"Ten years. That's a long time. Nearly potted in that break. But inaction cramps my style. Get damned bored. I'll be shoving off from here in a little while."

"How did you figure me out?" asked Sully.

"Had a report from Raoul every day for almost a month. Pretty cute lad. Had him stick to you, and finally persuade you to come up here. Very cute boy."

"Very," said Sully. "But why?"

"I couldn't get off the island with you snooping around."

"What are you going to do with me?" Sully asked.

"Let's go outside," said Rauson. "Sun isn't so bad now. The 'doctor' will be along any minute, too. That's the off-sea wind, you know. We have some very nice evenings up here. Well, I'm going to kill you, mister."

Sully wet his lips. "I— I see."

"I've been trying to think of something else for a couple of weeks. I'm not so crazy about killing people. But I'm not going back to that madhouse in Georgia. Not if I have to pull the trigger on myself."

"Well, it's not a very good break for me, is it?" said Sully slowly. "I was certainly a rube to walk right into it. I'm generally a better cop than this."

"Do you like fish? Mamma Didonc will probably have fried fish for supper. If you can think up some other way of doing it mister, it's all right with me. I'm free, and I'm staying that way."

"We could—er, shoot it out, man to man."

Rauson grinned, rubbing the stubble of his black beard. "When you bloodhounds track down criminals there isn't much man to man sentiment about it, is there? Go get 'im, Rover! No, mister. There's a little island I know of, south of here. With a little money I can buy the place. Paradise. Traveled them all in the old days. Yes, sir."

"As you say," said Sully, staring at the vultures hovering in the sky, "you can't very well have me snooping around. But if I gave you my word—"

"I wouldn't take your word or anyone else's for anything. I've had a long time to think about it. You're a cop and I'm a fellow who likes his freedom. That's two and two, and it seems to make four."

Sully was suddenly tortured with the idea of dying. "How— How long. . . . I mean, when does this murder take place?"

"When you admit there's no other solution of the problem. That shouldn't take so long. But there's no hurry. I'm not afraid of you, and there aren't any tricks you can pull up here. I've made friends with these people. They're fugitives, too. Fugitives from the human race, so to speak. You're up against it, Sully. I know what it is to be cornered like a rat. I feel sorry for you. Not very pleasant, is it?"

"No," said Sully. "No. It isn't."

"Why anybody wants to be a cop," Rauson shrugged, "I never could figure out. Takes all the risks and gets none of the gain. Works all his life for doughnuts. Ah, there's the 'doctor' coming along. Feel it? Quite a relief after a hot one like this."

"Well," said Sully, angry at the casual tone of this glib-tongued criminal, "we clean sewers, too. It's just so much work that's got to be done. Somebody has to get his hands dirty."

"The old tripe," Rauson grunted, amused. "Have one of these ropes. They don't look like much, but they smoke pretty good. You guys are like dumb soldiers hopped up on killing for a good cause. As long as it's for God, or Democracy, or Fatherland it's okay. But what the hell! There's Mamma Didonc. Supper must be ready. Let's go and put on the old feed bag."

From here in it wouldn't be much good thinking of the facts in connection with his report. Sully lit another cigarette, re-read what he had written, and started a new paragraph. "The native boy led me to the retreat in the hills Rauson had retired to. I surprised him at supper, disarmed him, and informed him I was taking him back to the States after the extradition formalities." That would have to do.

Rauson's booming voice even now interposed itself upon his consciousness. The big man had wiped his mouth with his sleeve gustily and leaned back in the rude cane chair. His huge head of black hair seemed to outline itself against the walls of Sully's room.

"Superb cook, Mamma Didonc," he blinked with great satisfaction. "Beautiful evening, too. Let's go out and look at the stars." Rauson adjusted his pistol belt more comfortably as they stepped out and looked down upon the twinkling city now inky purple in the sudden tropic darkness.

He waved his hairy black arm. "Never been cooped up, have you, mister? Something swells inside you until you think it's going to bust. Body gets too big for the cell and begins to press against the walls. Then, after a while, you shrivel up. Another cigar? You can see your soul, and it looks like

Continued at top of page 124

Subject: Resignation

Continued from pages 51-123

those tiny black mummified heads you come across down in Central America—wizened, ugly, dead. Here, sit down in this hammock."

Rauson held a match to his cigar. The dancing pink shadows of a fire glowed somewhere up in the hills above them.

"You've got to be able to see the stars, Sully, if you're like me. You've got to have the trees and jungles. Or the jungled mazes of great cities if you're like some folks. Ever stalk a tiger?"

"No," said Sully.

"They haven't got any morals, either. When their bellies are empty they'll hunt and kill a calf. If you corner 'em they'll turn and spring, and you don't want to be in the way of those claws. They are enemies of society—that precious society we've got to preserve at all costs even if we have to become sewer cleaners to do it. Just a minute. I'll get some Sarthe. It's a magnificent drink if you don't tackle it in the morning."

Rauson came back with the liquor. "I guess this business about freedom is old stuff," he said, pouring out the rum liberally into broken tumblers. "But it's pretty hard to convince a tiger that he shouldn't have killed the calf. His sense of property rights is very badly developed. Do you understand what I'm driving at, mister?"

"I suppose you're trying to justify murdering me. Well, Christ Almighty! Why don't you get it over with? If I was afraid to die I wouldn't be in this business."

"That's the outline of La Gonave over there," said Rauson. "Lots of voodoo going on—you can hear the drums, like gentle thunder, sometimes, late at night. And here's our moon coming up. A genuine Caribbean moon. Soft and yellow and full of the earth's reflections. Nice to be free, mister, looking down on all the dreams and hungry desire and love and wonder in the world. Very seldom see the moon from a prison cell."

Sully shook himself. The man meant to drive him crazy, he thought. "Good God, even when they execute a criminal they don't harp on all the things he's going to miss. Let's finish it up now, one way or the other. Why prolong the agony? Why rub it in!"

"You're nervous," said Rauson. His voice dropped to a whisper as he said softly, "What would you say if I figured an out for you, Sully? Feel pretty good about being free and clear again, wouldn't you?"

Sully's eyes burned hotly. "What do you mean?"

For answer Rauson handed him the gun. His white teeth shone in the moonlight. Sully pushed down on the safety catch instinctively.

"It's loaded, all right," said Rauson, sighing. "Sorry about making you squirm—a fellow thinks of those mummified black heads and figures it's worth a bluff."

"And you didn't have any intention of—" Sully felt silly standing there limply holding the weapon.

"No, but it was a mighty tempting idea, I can tell you. Well, do you still remember what it feels like to be cornered like a rat, now you're behind a loaded gun again?"

"I feel like a damned fool, if that's any satisfaction to you."

"Not very much." The big man raised his eyebrows into the unstated question. "Well?"

"You're asking me to let you make the break, is that it?"

"Look, why don't you put that thing in your pocket. Yes, that's about it, mister. It's nice to be free, as I've been telling you. Very seldom see the moon from a prison cell. Nice to be alive, too, Sully, don't you think? Nice to—" He saw the jaws of Sully's face harden. "Oh, well," he said. "I might as well argue with a stone lion. A cop's a cop. Isn't that right?"

Sully dropped the automatic into his pocket. "You know I've got to take you in."

Rauson laughed mirthlessly. He scratched his head. "All right, have it your way, mister," he said. "But listen. While I'm missing the jungle and the moon and the sea and the stars you'll be remembering what a bastard you are. You won't be able to sleep nights. You'll remember that I could have gotten to that island if I'd killed you." Sully started to speak, but the dark man cut him short. "Yes, and I'll lie on my back in that cell and think of you, mister. It'll be something to amuse myself with. You'll know what I'll be thinking, won't you? You'll know, and you'll have to run every time you see a mirror. You—"

"Damn you!" he found himself shouting aloud. He looked up at the clock and saw that an hour had gone by since he had written a word. With a tremendous effort he drove himself to finish the report.

"—informed him I was taking him back to the States after the extradition formalities. He was made secure in the Constabulary guardhouse. I cabled immediately, and on July 29th I took the prisoner aboard the northbound Clipper, arriving in Miami July 31st, where I turned him over to the Regional Officer."

Sully pushed the sheets away and looked back again at his letter of resignation. He thought perhaps he might try again to make the wording sound a little less stilted. He didn't want them to connect it in any way with the Rauson business. ⌗

Three Strings of Pearls

Continued from page 42

and mentioned a small unknown town in Texas. This was her home.

"Will you be long in town, Madam?"

"No," she said. "We will start driving back tomorrow. But I do want to go in and see the Five and Ten. They say it is so wonderful in New York."

"And you are stopping at . . .?"

"At the Ritz." And with these words she bowed her way out and as she bowed the eighty-five thousand dollar string of pearls swayed on her bosom.

The store detectives followed her to the door and they saw two cowboys in the front seat of a large touring car that bore a Texas license. The manager called up the Ritz Hotel and there was no mistake about it. Mrs. Victor Clark was registered and she had arrived only yesterday. And what was more there had been other inquiries made that morning and detectives from Wall Street had visited the hotel. But everything was all right. "A little unusual, but all right."

The bank notes had to come from the Federal Reserve, for Mrs. Clark suddenly appeared and presented a certified cheque for a hundred thousand dollars. She identified herself and there was nothing to do but pay the money. The duplicates had been in the bank for sometime and they were expecting her arrival, but they did not imagine that she would demand the cash. While she was waiting for the currency to come to the bank, she told her story.

"Victor and I had been busy ranching and for many years we took care of a lot of cattle, but four or five years ago they found oil on our lands. And so we sunk one well and then we sunk another, and then we sold some of the land, and we drilled two more wells, and all the time, there I was in the kitchen over a hot stove making the ham and eggs and grub for the boys. And Victor would say to me, 'Mary, for God's sake why don't you get someone to help you?' And I told him, 'You know yourself what help is like. If you don't do it yourself it will never be done.' And so last year we bought another big ranch down on the Mexican border and we had the prospectors go through and they found some more oil down there. And as we were getting ready to drill five new wells Victor said to me: 'Now, Mary, before we start drilling, I want you to take a trip around the world, or get yourself anything you like.' I told him it would take too long and, who would feed the boys the whole time I was gone? Then he said: 'What would you like?' And there is only one thing I really wanted and so I said to him: 'Victor, some day when we're fixed up all right, what I'd really like is a nice string of real pearls.' 'Gosh!' he said. 'Why didn't you tell me that before? We're fixed pretty good now for you to have the best string of pearls there is!' He wrote out a cheque and had the bank certify it. 'Now you come back just as soon as you can.' I took two of the boys who'd been working hard around the place, and one of them was just getting over an accident he had, and I said to them: 'Fill up the car with gas and brush yourselves up, guess we'll take a ride to New York! I want to buy something I've wanted all my life, and also I'd like to visit the Five and Ten'."

Mrs. Clark had a good time in New York and so did the boys. They took in some of the sights. But the pavements were hard and they were glad to get back to the big open spaces.

The Second String

The second string of pearls was taken out of a wicker basket that stood on the counter of a department store. The sign on the basket read: "Recent importation. Paris. $2.98."

A girl by the name of Alice looked at several of these small strings and picked out the one that she thought had the rosiest complexion. She paid her two ninety-eight and brought them home. Her mother looked at them and called them Teclas, which they really weren't, but she thought they were worth two ninety-eight, especially the clasp—the clasp seemed a very good one indeed. But it was due to this clasp . . .

Six months later as Alice and her mother were walking down Fifth Avenue the clasp parted and the string of pearls fell to the sidewalk. The girl picked them up and was about to put them into her bag when her mother said: "Let's take them in here to Tiffany's (or whatever the name of the place happened to be) and let them fix the clasp."

"Why," exclaimed Alice, "not in here, they'd charge too much!"

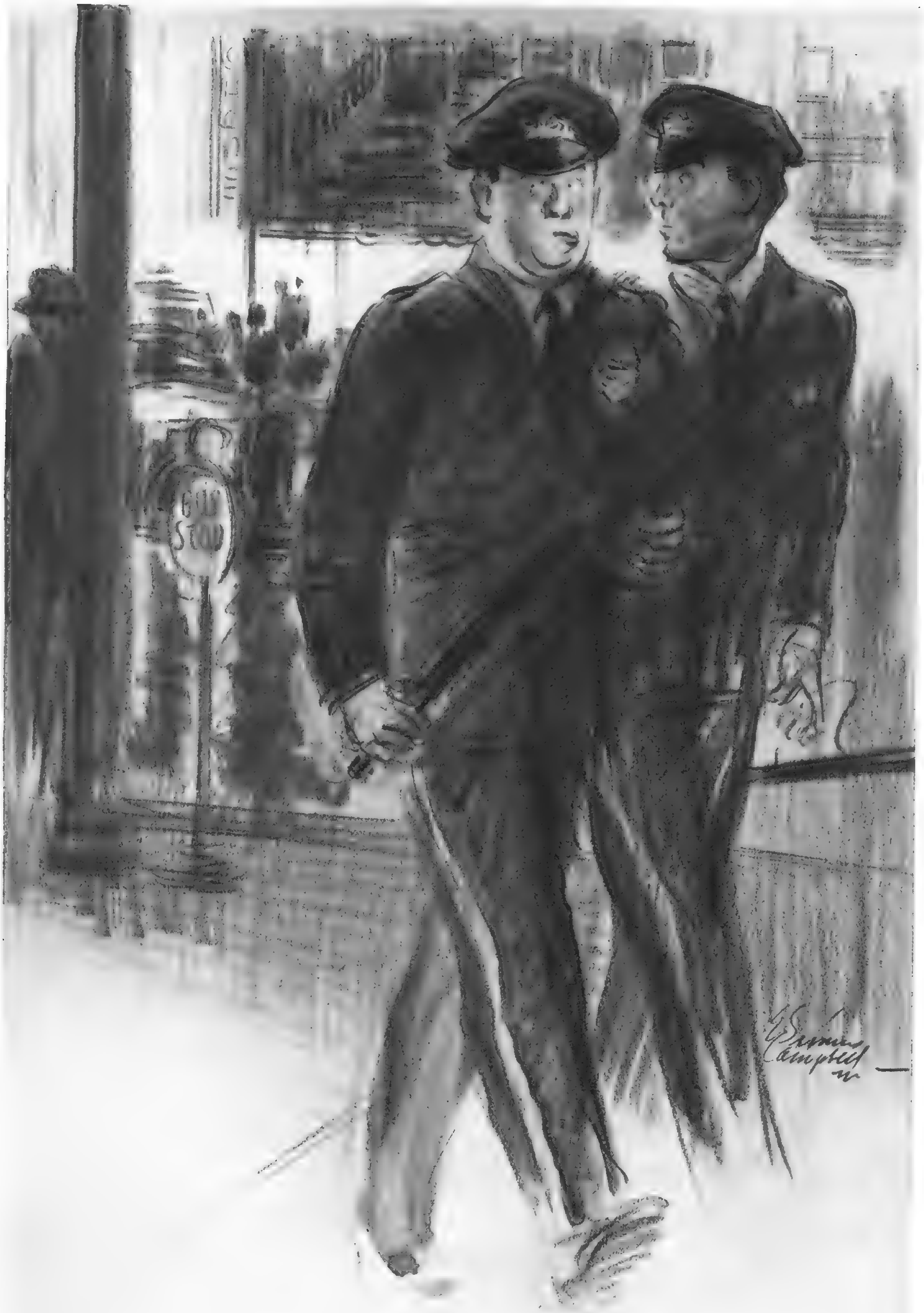
"Well, I don't think they charge any more than any place else. Your father always has his watch cleaned here and it costs no more. Besides, the whole string was only two ninety-eight." With these words they walked into the jewelers and dropped the pearls carelessly on the counter.

The clerk examined the catch and said that it could be repaired very easily. In fact, they could have it in a day or two. And glancing over the pearls he said very seriously: "We will make out a receipt for these, and count them."

Realizing that there must be some mistake and fearing that it would cost a great deal to repair this catch if they made so much fuss about it, Alice said quickly: "But these are only imitation and you needn't bother about the receipt."

"Just a moment, Madam," said

Continued at top of page 126


GO
STOP
E. Simms Campbell

"My wife is having me watched"

Three Strings of Pearls

Continued from pages 42-124

the clerk. "I would like our appraiser to look at these pearls."

After the pearls had been properly examined and counted, the appraiser said: "If at any time, Madam, you would be willing to accept twenty-five thousand for these I hope you will let us have the opportunity to buy them." With these words he bowed and asked the clerk to write out the receipt. In the meantime the two women merely stood at the counter and looked at each other.

Now when the clasp was fixed—and it cost eight dollars—the two women went back to the department store and asked to see the general manager. They drew the pearls out of the handbag and placed them on the desk before him.

"These pearls," they explained, "we bought on your counter for two ninety-eight, about six months ago. We have had the catch repaired in Tiffany's (or whatever the name of the place was) and they have offered us twenty-five thousand dollars. Has there been some mistake?"

Before they could finish these words the manager threw up his hands. "My God!" he cried. "It is true, and we did not believe it! We have fired three of our girls because of these pearls and now we know that their story was true. Let me explain to you how it happened.

"Mr. X, the proprietor of our store, was in Europe last summer and he bought two strings of pearls so that his daughter might pick the one she liked best. This she did, and the second string was placed in the safe of our jewelry department and charged to the store. Soon after, a shipment of artificial pearls arrived from Paris which we proceeded to mark down and feature for two ninety-eight. One of our salesgirls was very anxious to see how closely these pearls resembled the real string in the safe and so, accordingly, they got out the real string and compared them. Evidently their story is true, although we were certain that a deception had taken place. The real string was left in the basket, and a string of artificial two ninety-eight pearls were placed back in the safe. It was a week before this substitution had been discovered and the police in New York were notified, but we were never able to solve the mystery. And now it is all very clear. Thank you very much. I will take your name and address and see that a proper adjustment is made."

The next day the delivery wagon from the department store brought a small box and when Alice opened it she found her proper string of pearls, which were brand new and had a small tag marked $2.98. There was also a note enclosed to thank her for her honesty and a credit slip made out for the amount of one thousand dollars, good for any merchandise in the shop. The shop considered this a substantial reward and Alice said later that she was just as happy with the artificial pearls and the thousand dollars extra as she was with the real pearls and without the thousand dollars.

Alice has an aunt who often relates this story and she is of the opinion that the pearls lawfully belonged to Alice and that Alice was a fool for bringing them back.

The Third String

The third string of pearls was bought by a gentleman in New York who made a lot of money in the stock market. He bought them for his wife. These were real pearls and as it turned out later they cost something in the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars. But his wife's constant carelessness fretted him.

He would discover the pearls in the bathroom on the washstand, or another time in the kitchen, or carelessly thrown on the dresser. And often she would come to him and say very sweetly: "John, have you seen where my pearls are by any chance?"

And he would exclaim, "My God, woman!"

And so, accordingly, he had the pearls insured with an insurance company and he was very frank and honest with them and told them that his wife did not realize that these were expensive things and she was indeed very careless.

But she liked her pearls and she wore them often and he was glad she had something she liked, even though it was an added source of worry.

About a year or so later they decided to take a trip to Europe and one night he said to her: "I hope you're not thinking of taking your pearls along with you?"

"Why, yes, of course I am! I've gotten so used to them I couldn't do without them!"

"But darling," he reasoned, "we're going to be in all kinds of hotels and out-of-the-way places and we'll have to check our bags at railroad stations and you know what Europe is like!"

"Oh, John," she exclaimed. "I just couldn't do without them."

"Well," he said, "then let me have them now. I will take them down in the morning and have a duplicate set made. I have read that this is often done and nobody will be able to distinguish the difference."

He took the pearls to the jeweler from whom he had bought them some time ago. And he asked that the duplicate set of pearls be strung together exactly, or as near as it was possible to match. After a week or two, when the duplicate set was delivered, he placed the original pearls in the safe and they went off to Europe with one big worry less.

Now, it often happened that when they came back from the theatre in Paris, or some night club and he turned on the light in the bedroom he saw the pearls lying under the lamp beside the bed or some other place. At these times he would exclaim: "You see, my dear, what a lucky thing it is I had this duplicate set made for you. Do you think they would have been here ten minutes if we had brought the real ones?" And he was very proud of himself.

And so they tore through Europe, and the pearls tore after them, and they arrived home weary from so much traveling. But at least one worry he did not have and that was the pearls.

An accumulation of mail awaited them on their arrival and after it was all sorted out into the three usual piles—advertising matter, personal, bills—he discovered a bill from the jeweler. This he expected, of course, but on opening it he was greatly astonished to see that the amount he owed was twenty-two thousand dollars! He went to the telephone at once and called up about it but the jeweler explained very carefully that he himself had come in and ordered the duplicate string.

"My God, man!" he cried. "When I said duplicate I meant artificial, not real!"

"Oh," came the reply, "I didn't understand. The pearls we sent you are exactly the same quality and color as the originals. We had a difficult time to match them."

This misunderstanding was finally adjusted between John and the jeweler. The duplicate set was returned. But now every time John recalls the way this real string of pearls was carelessly thrown about the hotel rooms of Paris, a cold shudder goes up his spine. His wife, believing they were false, treated them with the contempt they deserved. He was certain they were false and therefore he did not worry. And one must suppose, as honest as all chambermaids or porters are, they also looked at this string and were certain that they must be artificial, otherwise who would be leaving them about? ⌗

Don't Tread on Me!

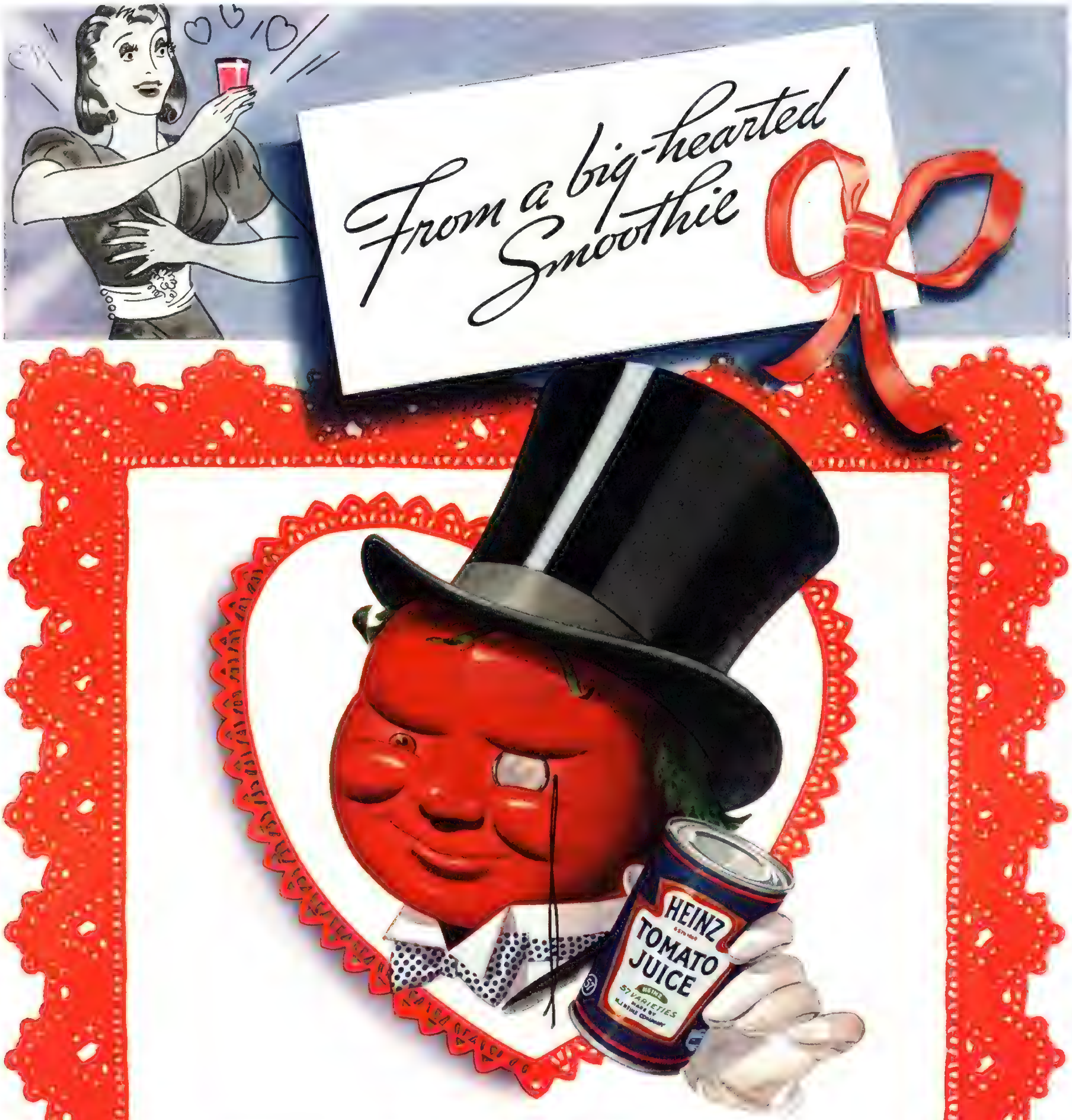
Continued from page 75

not mistaken—that these enormously popular enterprises had merit, often equal to the merit of the more imposing arts. My interest now is not the interest of a critic, but of a citizen. I wouldn't mind if nine-tenths of the movies made in Hollywood were either vastly improved or entirely destroyed; but I don't want Congress or the President or any dictatorial successor to both of them, to have the power to improve or destroy what Hollywood makes. As a citizen I'd rather have fifty bad pictures made by busy little commercialists, than five good ones made By Order. Just because the sponsor wants to sell you something, he has to please you. And incidentally again, you have driven him half-crazy, brought gray hairs to his noble head, and worried him within inches of his grave, because you aren't reliable in your tastes. There was a time when you wanted crooners and he gave you crooners and what happened? You wanted comedians. You sent the boys in the advertising agencies scurrying around to read Bergson on *Laughter* and Max Eastman on *The Enjoyment* of the same and a lot of more obscure texts, because they had to become specialists in humor. And then you callously switched your devotion to a lot of amateurs. Heaven knows what your next enthusiasm is going to be; at the moment you seem to be equally divided between a marionette and a general information test; but if the sponsors brought you a dozen Charlie McCarthys and Professor Quizes, you would be chasing some other attraction.

If your entertainment were supplied from a government source, without responsibility to you, you'd take what you got. And you would *not* leave it alone. Compulsory listening is an established system. You might, someday, find yourself with a radio in the house which you couldn't turn off and weren't allowed to throw away.

Everyone who has put the American citizen under a microscope in the past few years has come up with the observation that the citizen has lost his power of reacting; he takes what's given to him; he has grown used to being shoved around. One reason for the unanimity of this observation is that it has been limited to comparatively few functions of the citizen. It hasn't been occupied with the citizen's simpler pleasures. In that field, the American has had more and more offerings. When other countries gave over their radio to governments and their movies became either direct propaganda or grim intellectual exercises, the two new methods of communicating with millions of people became, in America, sheer entertainment. It was disgraceful from any high ethical, social, or intellectual point of view, but it made the American accustomed to having the most expensive amusements in the world. (Every *minute* of a feature film you see represents a cost running between $600 and $3000.) We're not likely to give up that much fun without a struggle.

It has been noted before that the Marx Brothers are more fun than Karl Marx. I only add that they are also more powerful friends of freedom. ⌗



I bring you health, my love—drink deep!
The glow of summer sunshine's mine,
My vitamins are yours to keep
If you'll but be my Valentine!

Long lazy months in the fields I lay
Becoming plump upon the vine,
Storing up goodness for the day
When you should be my Valentine!

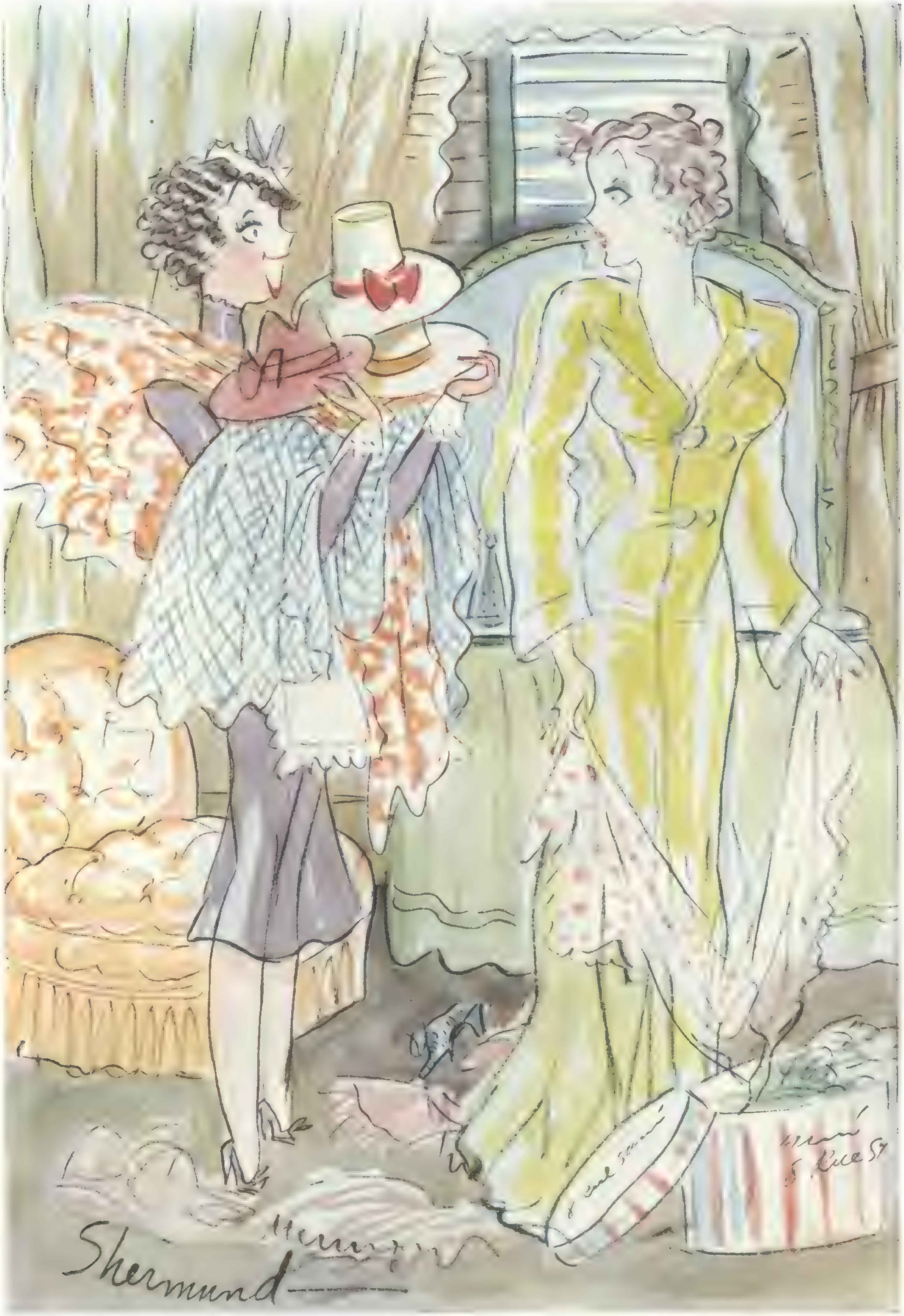
My ancestors? Aristocrats!
Mine is indeed a noble line—
My forebears all wore high silk hats,
And so do I, dear Valentine!

Just lift a beaker to your lips
And taste this scarlet juice of mine,
And you will murmur, 'tween your sips,
"At last—the perfect Valentine!"

Copr. 1938 H. J. Heinz Co.

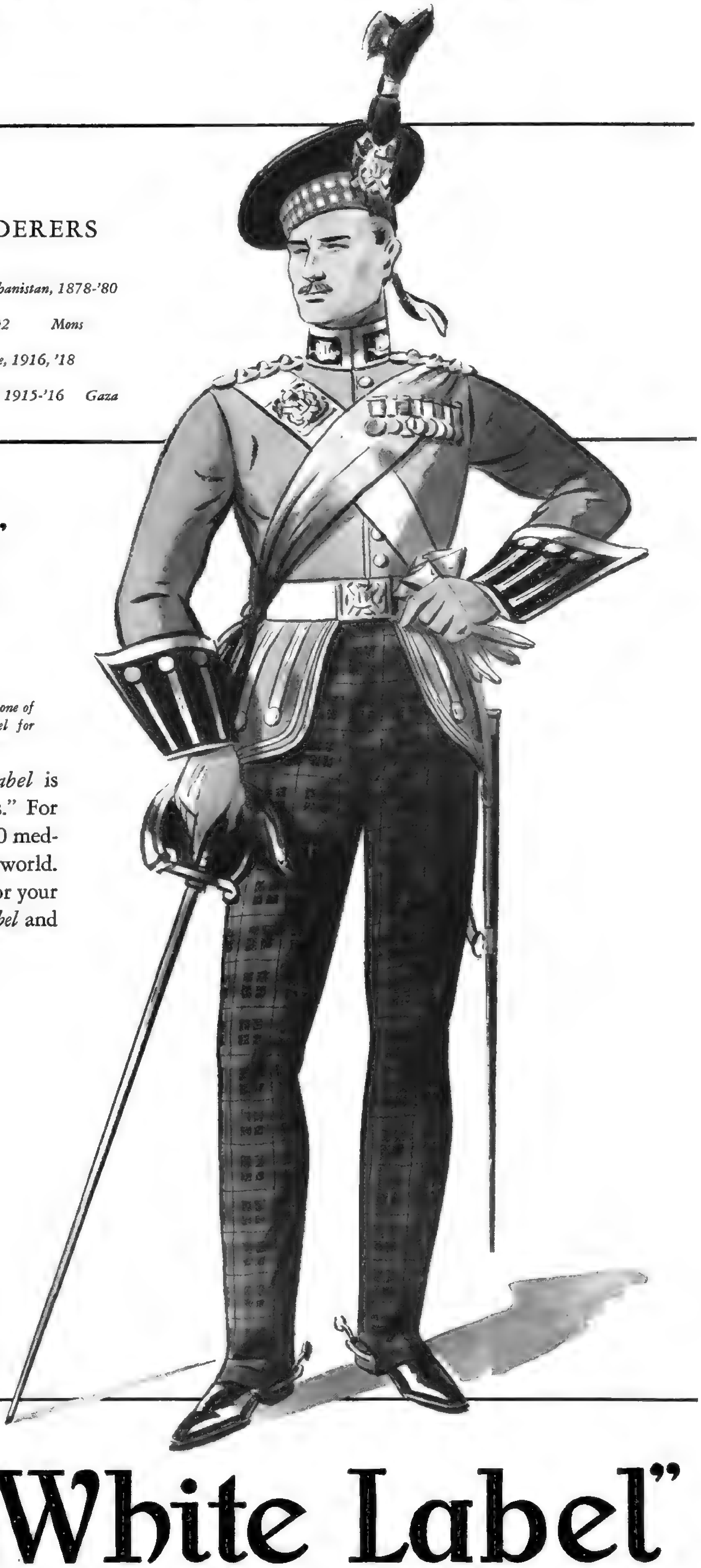
Heinz Tomato Juice

57



"Oh, thank you, mademoiselle—and if you have any old brokers you don't want any more, I'd appreciate them, too."

For Distinguished Service



HONOURS OF THE

KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS

Namur, 1695 Minden Egmont-op-Zee Martinique, 1809 Afghanistan, 1878-'80

Chitral Tirah Paardeberg South Africa, 1900-'02 Mons

Aisne, 1914 Ypres, 1914, '15, '17, '18 Loos Somme, 1916, '18

Arras, 1917, '18 Soissonnais-Ourcq Hindenburg Line Gallipoli, 1915-'16 Gaza

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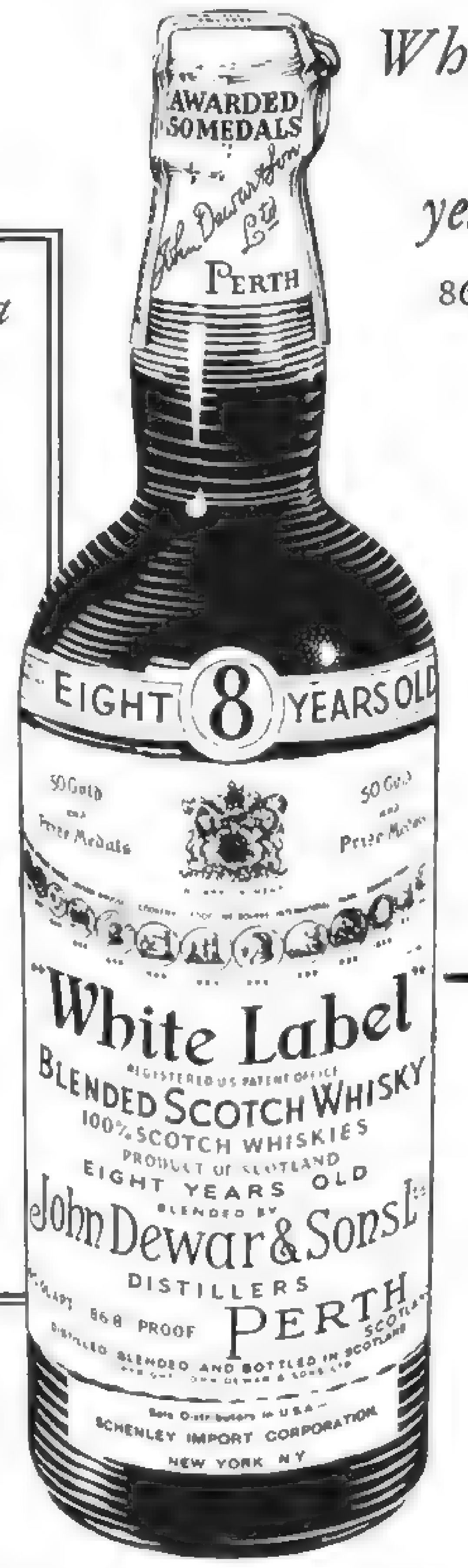
HONOURS OF DEWAR'S

"White Label"

MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

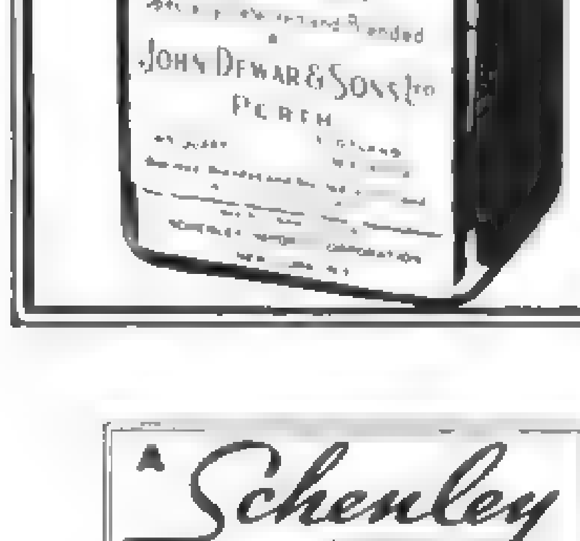
Medal of the International Exposition of Brussels, 1893...one of more than 60 medals awarded to Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

At home and overseas DEWAR'S *White Label* is known as "The Highball of the Highlands." For distinguished service it has won more than 60 medals of honour throughout the Empire and the world. Because it wears its honours well we cite it for your consideration. Command DEWAR'S *White Label* and soda and be . . . "At Ease!"


AWARDED 50 MEDALS
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH
EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
"White Label"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
EIGHT YEARS OLD
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH
86.8 PROOF
SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION
NEW YORK N.Y.

White Label
8
years old
86.8 PROOF

Ne Plus Ultra
12
years old
86.8 PROOF
Blended Scotch
Whisky


"Ne Plus Ultra"
Blended Scotch Whisky
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH

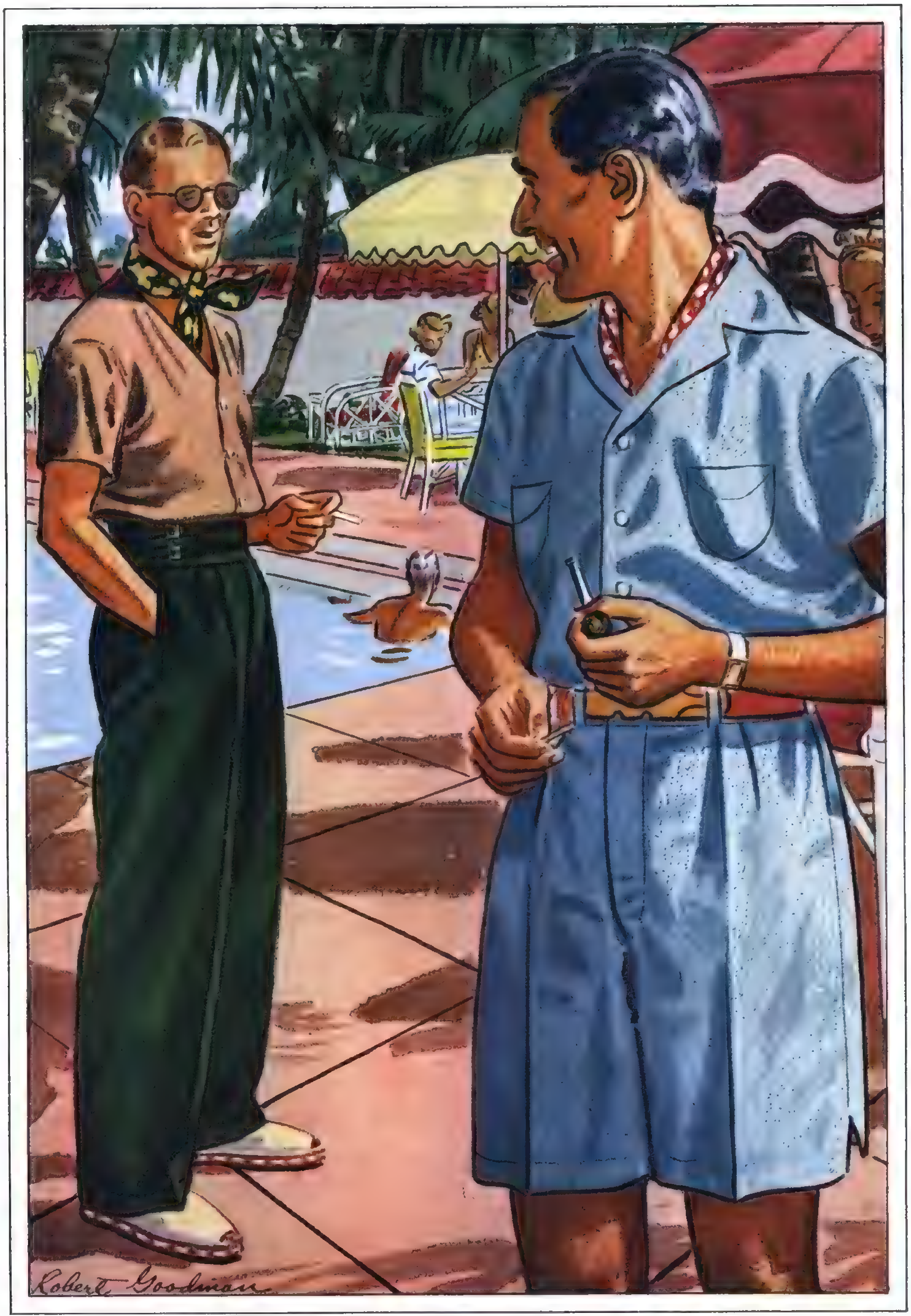
Schenley IMPORT

Dewar's "White Label"
(Pronounced Do-ers)

The Medal Scotch of the World

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Copyright 1937, Schenley Import Corp., New York, N. Y.



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN PALM BEACH BY ROBERT GOODMAN

TO PALM BEACH VIA THE FRENCH RIVIERA

Here are two important new fashions in beach wear. On the left, the combination of the new mocha colored linen and cotton mixed beach shirt, made in collarless style, with seaweed color beach slacks that are as new in cut as they are in color, distinguished by the four-inch waistband with self straps and buckles. The sandals are of natural color twine with leather soles and heels. The other sketch shows the new beach suit in côte blue, of which the shorts are cut rather full and long, with a vent at the side, after the Tyrolean shorts from which they originally derived. The color is that worn by the French militia, a flattering shade to men of all ages, particularly to the suntanned. The suit is two-piece, the shorts in a linen or mixed linen and cotton and the shirt in a lighter weight of the same material. The shirt carries a high set collar, four-button front, half sleeves and two patch pockets.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 82

portment, including the results of the much publicized good influence the duchess has exercised over him in getting him to cut down to a moderate amount of drinking, all these things had endeared the "Prince Charming" to the whole romantic and sentimental world. There can be no doubt, if I haven't got my facts wrong that he was the most idolized prince and king of Britain since Richard the Lion-hearted. And the attitude of his subjects toward him, especially among the common folk, was one of warmth and sympathy. In America his part was taken wholeheartedly against the premier.

The Leeds' book hints mysteriously throughout that the duke has an ace in the hole which he is waiting to play in the stud game in which he has been losing with the reactionary ruling classes of England. Leeds suggests that the duke is watching for a chance to come back to the throne with the duchess as queen of England in a new liberal monarchy which will squash forever the great landholding nobility.

Leeds is the American newspaper correspondent who, because of connections through the marriage of his aunt, Mrs. William B. Leeds to Prince Christopher of Greece, was the only newspaper man to meet and talk with Mrs. Simpson when she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Herman L. Rogers during the tilt with the ministers which ended in the abdication.

This Mr. Leeds writes like a Hearst-trained reporter who has had a sudden rush to the head of the toxins of George Meredith's worst stylistic faults complicated with the virus of the ailing Proust's inability to remember what he might supply as a predicate to the subject, verb and periphrastical modifier in the sentence he started out with. . . . Only Mr. Leeds is a little worse. He ends his book with the abject admission that he has completely forgotten what it was that he started out to tell us when he made his publishers yell out "Hear ye! Hear ye! Here's the only guy in the newspaper racket that knows the little lady of 'is 'ighness personal. He is a tin-pot scion of the tin-plate millions —*nearly!*"

That is not fair to Mr. Leeds' publishers. Forgive me, Messrs. Lippincott and Henry, but Mr. Leeds brung it on himself: he tells us how as a newspaper reporter, being a friend of the Rogers' and an aunt of the lady who married Prince Christopher of Greece, he got right past the guards at the Rogers' estate and had the laugh on all the rest of the newshounds who wondered how he got that way. . . . I wonder, too.

The sensational inside story Mr. Leeds was able to give the world (because of his royal connections), amounts in all to about five sentences, i. e., (1) Mrs. Simpson tells her secretary that she won't answer that long letter and Christmas card from that bitchy old girl from Baltimore from whom she has not heard in fourteen years but who now presumes to ask personal questions. . . . (And who is not with Mrs. Simpson on that? I am, me boys, and to hell with the bitch from Baltimore who high-hatted a future Duchess of Windsor because her Mama ran a boarding house and who now wants to cash in on the gag of "I knew her when she was washing greasy skillets.") . . . (2) Mrs. Simpson was not paid off by the British government under agreement that she not capitalize her romance with the king by writing about it or by appearing in the movies—a persistent rumor; (3) the duchess is not managing the duke's financial affairs—she told Leeds that she would have seen to it the duke got a better settlement out of the crown monies if she were; (4) the duchess never was given any of the jewels that were presents to the duke from his grandmother, Queen Alexandria: such trinkets are with the crown jewels in the Tower; (5) the duke isn't broke, as some of his enemies among the British hereditary nobles thought and hoped he would be: he has plenty by way of capital assets and income, the duchess indignantly informed Leeds.

In modern Greek there is a sonorous little poem, compact as a Japanese hoku and like a hoku expressing a single idea: the idea is that Napoleon had the world in the palm of his hand but he used it like a pair of dice and shot it away in a single throw in a craps game at Waterloo. It looks as though the Duke of Windsor had handed over his dice and let somebody else make the shot for him. It looks a little as though the play called for him was one that looked like a honey of a set-up: he was to be a friend of labor like Mussolini and Hitler when they started out and that, with a build-up plus his charm, would give him a dictator's power as Labor Leader of the World. Chuck Bedaux had only one little idea like that and now he draws royalties on every extra drop of sweat from a worker in a plant that uses the Bedaux system and from thousands of such sweat royalties he lives as owner in the magnificent French Renaissance château de Cande.

The duke has taken a worse fall than any he ever had from a horse. Even Beaverbrook, his best friend among the British newspaper barons, tried to tell him that THAT was a mount he could never ride, Fascism.

But, at that the duke, the duchess and Bedaux may be the instruments of destiny in showing to the Britons and the British crown subjects that they don't have to pay out all that money in taxes because they don't have to have an animated Christmas tree like the royal family all the year round. The Cecils and the Cavendishes and the other hereditary nobles use the King as a front and when they rubbed out Edward VIII and put up another number there was a brief interval in which the British commoner may have caught on to the act.

The Irish have been on to the act for a long time, hence *Death In Dublin*. The book is the story of the red leader, Michael Collins, who for so long bore a charmed life. When he was under sentence of death and the black and tans were scouring Dublin for him, he walked the streets freely. Once, so a story goes, he saw a squad of black and tans marching up the street. He went out to the corporal who had a warrant for Collins' arrest in his hand and asked him where he was going. The corporal gave an address down the street of an apartment house Collins had just come out of and said he was going to raid the place and arrest Collins. The leader of the Irish revolutionaries asked the corporal if he knew what Collins looked like, and when the corporal said he didn't, Collins said, "I know him. I'll go along to identify him for you." They didn't find Collins. As O'Connor depicts him Collins was a fine figure of a man, rangy, reckless, restless, domineering, a born leader.

"A born leader." When that is said of a man, look out for the man. Underneath O'Connor's great admiration for Collins you detect that in his heart O'Connor feared Collins and hated what Collins might become if he ever got great power in his hands. For the very quality that makes a man a leader of men is destructive to all the subtler qualities of life. It is destructive to the individuality of all others, hence destructive to free and independent thought, art, literature and the amenities. I don't say that Collins would have been a ruthless dictator if he had a chance, for no one who has written about him including O'Connor seems to have known much about him except that he was magnetic, secretive and remote.

Hitler is apparently one of those "born leaders of men," for Kurt G. W. Ludeke, who now hates him, once worshiped Hitler as the Savior of the German Race, and he testifies volubly to Hitler's personal magnetism and to the emotion-stirring quality of Hitler's oratory. He thinks that Hitler is a changed man, that he is a traitor to an ideal he fostered which disciples like Ludeke believed in and still believe in; that Hitler is now sadistic, power-drunk, evil and treacherous. But that is because Hitler threw Ludeke into the can. And that's where I think Ludeke ought to have been all along; for, in times of great poverty, unrest and anxiety in Germany and all Middle-Europe, he was animated by the principles of a Prussian *Junker* and the main attraction Hitler seems to have had for him was that Hitler wanted to harass and get rid of the Jews: Ludeke is patently a passionate anti-Semite. It is very instructive to read this book, if you can laugh when Ludeke wants to squeeze a tear in his behalf about the horrid way Hitler treated him. It took just enough men like Ludeke to put Hitler where he is. If Hitler shoots enough of these buddies or throws enough of them into the can, our hats will be off to Hitler. He will be out, but he will have redeemed himself.

The other books on the list I started out with, I recommend to all of you, but I should specifically recommend to the Duke and Duchess of Windsor *England Expects Every American to Do His Duty*, *You Have Seen Their Faces*, and *The Saga of American Society*.

Recommendations:

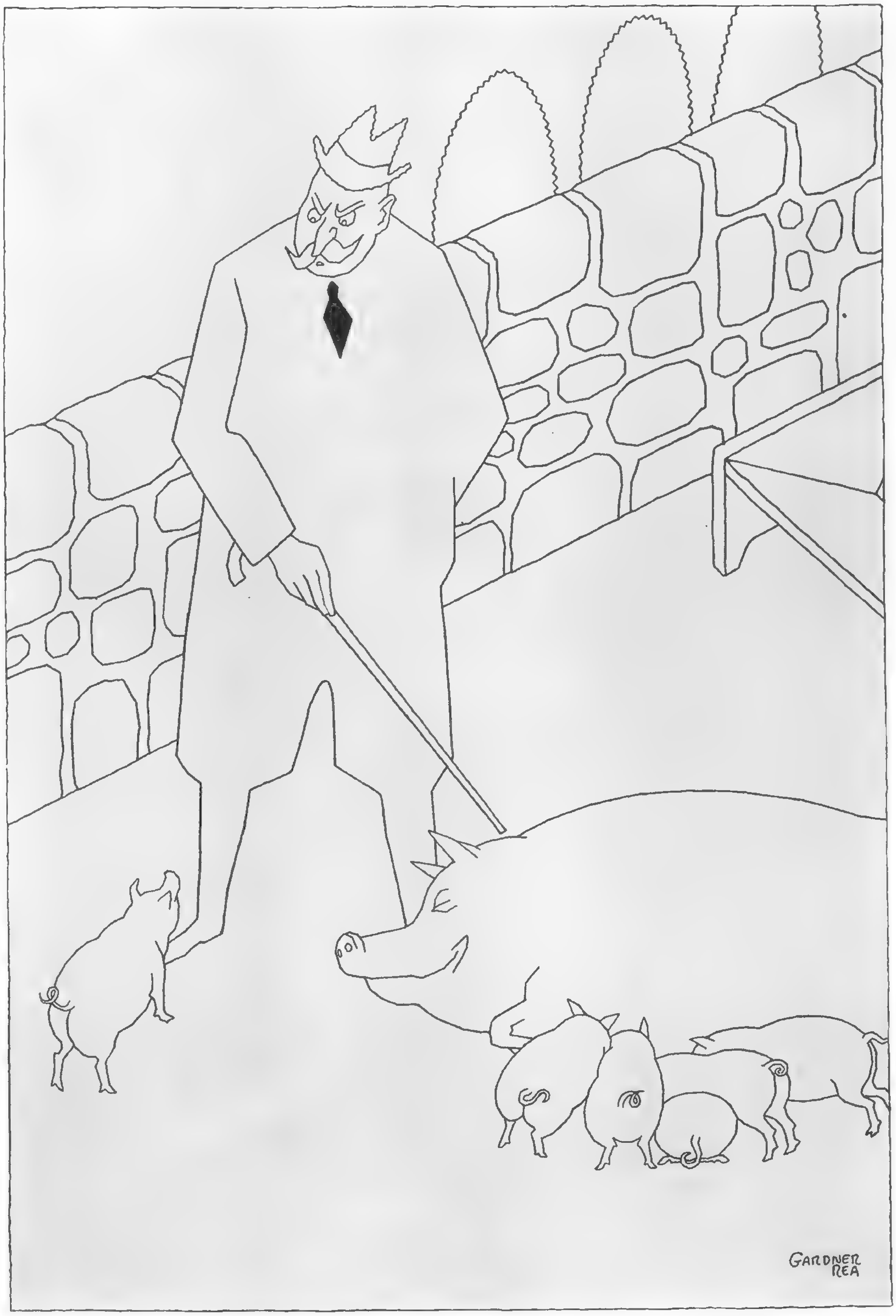
NON-FICTION

Journalist's Wife (Morrow, $3.50) by Lillian T. Mowrer—Mrs. Mowrer is the wife of Edgar Ansel Mowrer, European correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News* and president of the Foreign Press Association, who resigned from the latter office as a bargain he struck with the Nazis for the release of a sixty-eight year old Austrian newspaper correspondent who had been imprisoned because he was a Jew. Mrs. Mowrer is the first to tell what it means to be married to a peripatetic correspondent whose bag must be packed for departure on an assignment at a moment's notice, who no sooner arrives home from Madrid than he is sent off to study conditions in Russia. There is not much home life in such an existence but it is continuously exciting. Mrs. Mowrer tells amusing stories about persons in the European limelight; her political conclusions are in favor of an enlightened democracy and in impassioned opposition to the totalitarian state whether it be Fascism or Communism. Her conclusions are bolstered by accounts of experience with the ruthless gag-rule, employed in Germany, Italy and Russia.

The Washington Correspondents (Harcourt, Brace, $3) by Leo C. Rosten—The author has done for the principal source of national political news pretty much the same thing that the Lynds have done for Middletown. Here is an impartial, exhaustive, objective study of how Washington correspondents work, who they are, what salaries they are paid, how they color news to reflect the political opinions or financial interests of the newspaper publisher they work for, how they get their news and how they build up an idol only to smash him later.

Carbine & Lance (University of Oklahoma Press, $3) by W. S. Nye —This is a meaty and invaluable volume for collectors of Americana and for students of American history and it is a thrilling book for the general reader. For it is the story of the marauding plains Indians of western Oklahoma and Kansas, the Kiowas, Osages, Comanches

Continued on page 134


GARDNER REA

"Well, go on! Er-enter into the spirit of things!"

1848
Jean A. Mercier . 37 .

COINTREAU
Liqueur

Cointreau is prerequisite to lift entertaining above the commonplace. Not only as the after-dinner liqueur supreme... not only as the base of exotic cocktails... but also for such culinary delights as Soufflés and Crêpes Suzettes. Let us send you our brochure of contemporary as well as traditional uses of Cointreau. Limited edition...please write promptly!

80 PROOF

BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., INTERNATIONAL BUILDING, RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 82-131

and Utes, whose tribal wars, raids upon white settlements and whose massacres of westward-moving pioneer cavalcades made the establishment of Fort Sill necessary. It is in the main the history of Fort Sill from its founding to the death of the grizzly old Apache chief, Geronimo, who, though technically a "prisoner of war" was allowed to go and come pretty much as he pleased and was "held" as a prisoner only so the old buzzard would be fed and clothed. The government granted him permission to travel with Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show and to wear his war paint and regalia. He liked being gaped at and sold pictures of himself for two dollars apiece besides drawing a freak's salary. The author explodes a legend prevalent in Oklahoma when I was a boy which persisted long after Geronimo's death in 1909. This legend was kept alive even by people who, like myself had seen the old chief smirking in the parades of the wild west show. The legend was that he wore a coat made of human scalps, conspicuous among which was one of a golden haired baby-girl, and that he was so blood-thirsty they had to keep him manacled and under guard all the time. Much has been written about the Indians publicized by the Santa Fe railroad in Arizona and New Mexico, but so little contemporary attention has been paid to the Oklahoma Indians that the Oklahoma University Press is to be highly commended for bringing out books such as this one and Grant Foreman's *The Five Civilized Tribes.* One of the most shameful chapters in American history is the hounding, exploitation, treaty breaking and land-expropriation of these peaceful, educated or educable, agricultural Indians by the whites. In our treatment of them we did not even have Mussolini's phony excuse about bringing progress to Ethiopia; for these Indians were more civilized, cultivated, they were better farmers than the whites, who took their land after the government expropriated it. In fact it behooves us not to wax too moral about Japan's depredations in China.

Pictorial Artistry (B. Westermann Co., New York, $15) by Adolf Fassbender—During the past few years the vogue of photography has increased enormously; the amateur photographers are legion, who use everything from the two-dollar box cameras to the most expensive and complicated picture making machines and who are gluttonous for magazines containing photographic reproductions, and for photographic annuals such as *U. S. Camera, The Leica Annual* and *The American Annual of Photography.* I have seen a lot of these, but I have never seen anything like the breath-taking beauty of photographic art and reproduction such as there is in this book. Here are no angle shots, trick lighting effects, distortions, or attempts to invade the field of painting with the camera; but here is photographic pictorialism with such light, shade, color, balance and third dimensional factors that each separate reproduction is something extremely beautiful. For the benefit of life class art students I must add that there is not a nude in the folio. But Samuel Bernard Shaeffer who gave you *Pose Please,* has followed it up with *Morning, Noon, Night* (Knight Publications, $3) which contains some excellent studies of practically all the postures and arrangements needed as suggestions to artists of the pen, crayon, pencil and brush.

This Is My Story (Harper's, $3) by Eleanor Roosevelt—There is an easy naturalness, homey-ness, humility, simplicity and charm about this book that enchants me. This amazingly energetic woman is candid, amusing and delightful. In this, as in her syndicated diary, Mrs. Roosevelt gives us something unique in that, so far as I know, she has set down for the first time in our history, without gloss or pretty writing or affectation, the revealing little details of what goes on in the family life of a woman born of, and married into, a great family of hereditary statesmen who have taken their social and political responsibility seriously even when they are politically opposed to one another. She relates that her sheltered life, combined with a painful sense that she was awkward and homely and not good at games, made her extremely shy and timid; she felt out of it in nearly all the fun she saw other children having. Perhaps that is why she now is on the move day and night, making speeches, going down into coal mines, meeting all sorts of people, entertaining, running several households (including the White House) writing daily articles and books and performing her official duties as First Lady of the Land. As for her appearance, I have a letter from a badly-smitten admirer of hers which says "I have just come back from Hollywood where I thought the girls were the most beautiful in the world but I've just seen Mrs. Roosevelt and no one in Hollywood has the radiance she has."

Christopher Marlowe (Morrow, $3.75) by John Bakeless—Here is the biography all Marlowe fans have been wishing someone would write since the publication of J. L. Hotson's masterpiece of research detective work, *The Death of Christopher Marlowe.* This biography embodies not only all the recent discoveries about the life of Marlowe by Hotson, Seaton, Tucker Brooke, Eccles, de Kalb, Ellis-Fermor and Ford K. Brown but reveals a vast amount of new material discovered by Mr. Bakeless himself. Review later.

Zuppke of Illinois (A. L. Glaser, Co., Chicago, $2) by Harold E. ("Red") Grange—A hero-worshiping book about the famous Illini coach by his most famous pupil, but a hero-worshiping that all who are young in spirit are bound to share; for Zuppke is an athletic coach whose secondary interest is in painting, an art in which he is an excellent technician, and who writes (as he did in an article for Esquire) of football in terms of rhythm, movement, stance and pattern, like an artist in paint, music or the dance—or bull-fighting.

This Must Be the Place (Lee Furman, Inc., $3) by Jimmie the Barman, as told to Morrill Cody, with an Introduction by Ernest Hemingway. Those who remember Paris and Montparnasse in those crazy, dear, dead days of the 'twenties, when Prohibition ruled in America and the rate of exchange made it cheap to live in France, will be afflicted with deep nostalgia at Jimmie's recital of his memories of the journalists, students, artists, poets, would-be litterateurs, girls, riff-raff, cadgers and plain and fancy drunks in the days when he was the smiling moonfaced English boy-barman at the Dingo, the Trois et As, and at a dozen other places, for to whatever bar Jimmie went the American and English crowd would follow after and make it their drinking headquarters. To be a successful bartender, Jimmie points out, one must be a sober diplomat, nursemaid, psychologist, good listener, bouncer, and quick-change artist, affable and with a pleasing personality. Jimmie tells all the tricks of drinkers, drunks, cadgers and harpies and gives us glimpses of Montparnassiens from James Joyce to the bums of the Rotonde and the Dôme.

Woollcott's Second Reader (The Viking Press, $3) by Alexander Woollcott—This is the second collection of short stories, parodies, sketches and novels among English prose masterpieces which Mr. Woollcott has particularly liked, that are not the stock fixtures of anthologies but fine things, not very well known. It starts off with the preface to *All Men Are Brothers* translated from the Chinese of the fifteenth century by Pearl Buck, and it includes such fine and less known things as Edith Wharton's ghost story, *The Lady's Maid's Bell,* D. H. Lawrence's magnificent and acid portrait of Maurice Magnus, and Kenneth Grahame's *The Golden Age,* as well as other more familiar works, such as Maugham's *Cakes and Ale* and stories by Crane, Hemingway and Dorothy Parker. Should be as popular as the first of Mr. Woollcott's book of prose pets.

Handicrafts of the Southern Highlands (Russell Sage Foundation, New York, $3) by Allen H. Eaton, with fifty-eight reproductions of photographs by Doris Ullman—This is an enlightening and beautiful book. Mr. Eaton and Mrs. Ullman have discovered among the poor, mountain folk living in cabins in the Southern Appalachians, many who are superb artists and handicraftsmen in weaving, furniture-making, spinning, quilting, pottery, wood-carving, whittling, and doll-making. Using the crudest, hand-made instruments these self-sufficient, proud and independent people, make useful and beautiful things not only as a means of a livelihood but as a creative outlet of self-expression. These mountaineers are not like the Southerners who are depicted by Erskine Caldwell as a shiftless and degenerate race of people.

Midas of the Rockies (Covici-Friede, $3) by Frank Waters—This is a book to rank with *Silver Dollar, Timberline* and *The Saga of the Comstock Lode* in the fascinating and fantastic history of bonanza days in silver and gold in this country.

This is the story of Winfield Scott Stratton, a lone wolf prospector who kept to his belief that there was gold in the very hills around Cripple Creek where haggard miners were digging gopher holes for silver in a silver state and who, after seventeen years of prospecting, uncovered one of the richest gold deposits in the world. Unlike Tabor, who piled extravagance on extravagance in the boom days as a silver king, and who died in poverty, Stratton had many mistresses and drank one or two quarts of whiskey a day, but lived unostentatiously, wore shabby clothes and indulged himself in eccentric philanthropies, such as buying a bicycle for every laundry girl in Colorado Springs to ride to and from work. He lived alone with a housekeeper and secretary and rarely had visitors, except women who were let in the back way of his big house, which act of discretion gave rise to stories of prodigious Neronian goings-on; and the legends grew, as drink took its toll in making him more and more irascible and eccentric, that Stratton was in league with the devil. After he died many adventuresses turned up to contest his will; each claiming to be his widow and thus litigation over the estate was spread out over years; but the dream of his life of establishing a home for the aged poor and for dependent children came true because he had taken the precaution to establish a trust fund for the Myron Stratton Home, named after his father, in Colorado Springs, an institution that is one of the finest poorhouses in the world.

File on Fenton & Farr (Morrow, $2.25) by Q. Patrick—I don't go for whodunits usually but I am a sucker for these ingenious games. This is the third of the Crime File. It is not a book; it is bound up like a complete dossier of crime, containing clues in the way of telegrams, scribbled notes, torn theatrical stubs, a lipstick, concert programs, blotters, photographs, maps, drawings, etc. You are supposed to see how good a detective you are, without looking at the back to find the solution. ⧺

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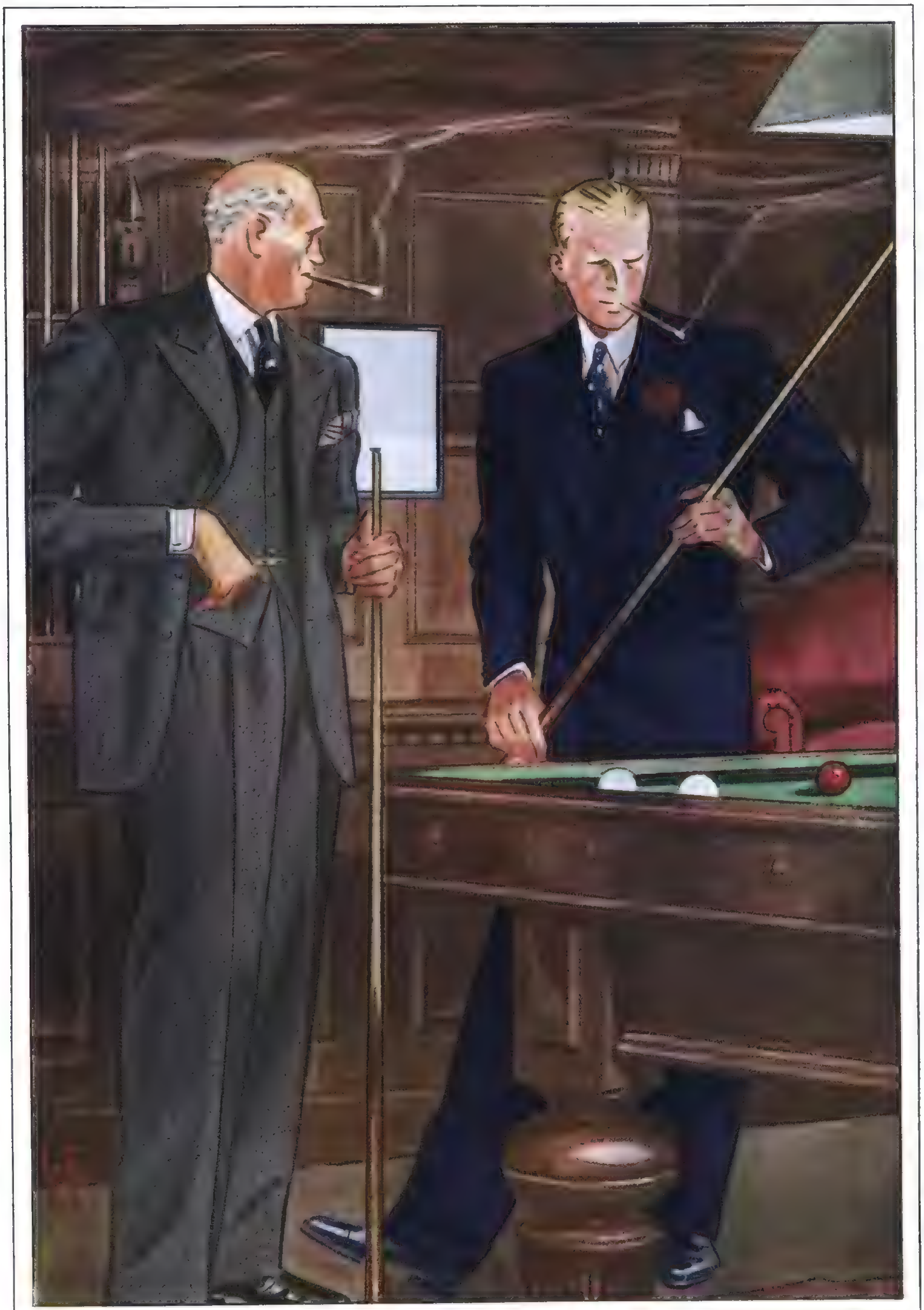
There are at least sixty-four hauntingly beautiful compositions, by the master photographers of the world, in every issue of Coronet, combining with the unusual art reproductions and the distinguished articles and fiction to make of this de luxe 25c pocket-size magazine a monthly galaxy of "Infinite riches in a little room."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ERWIN BLUMENFELD OF PARIS IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF CORONET

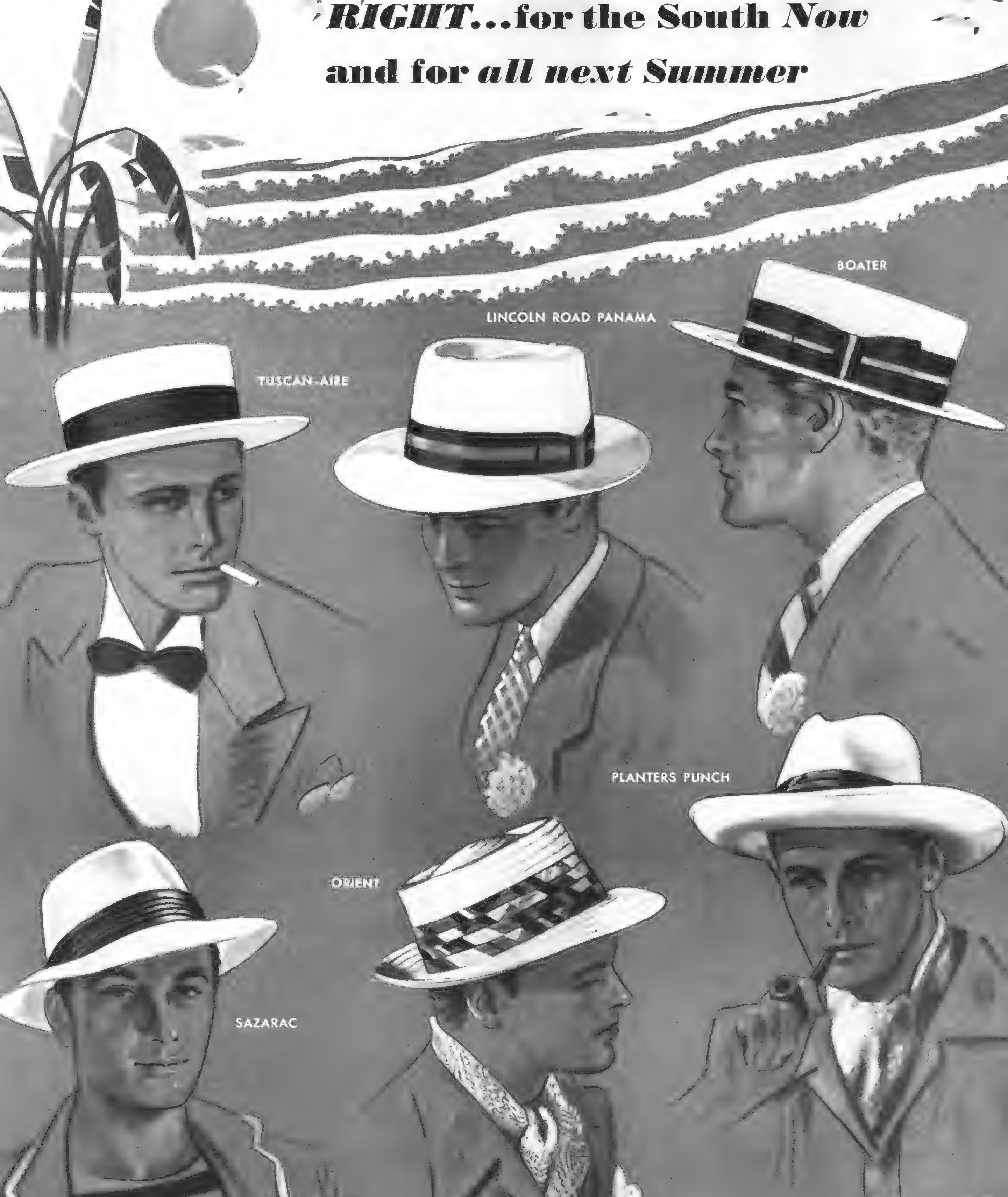


BEFORE THE GAME GETS DOWN TO BRACES

This father and son contest has apparently just begun, to judge from the length of their cigars and has not yet reached that coat-divesting warm-up stage which would reveal the players stripped down to their braces. You just know they wear the latter, however, as there's no other accounting for the perfect hang of the trousers which, while permitting an easy, natural break above the instep, are yet hiked up so trimly about the, as it were, breech as to assure the wearer against ever being classified as a droopy-drawers. The suit on the left is a sharkskin cut in a single breasted peak lapel style with the British blade effect of extra fullness at the shoulders. The other is an unfinished worsted four-button double breasted, worn rolled to the bottom button. Note the unflapped piped pockets on both suits. Also note that both men wear the currently favored white starched collar with a striped shirt.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

RIGHT...for the South *Now* and for *all next Summer*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TUSCAN-AIRE...smart for semi-formal events down South...$5.

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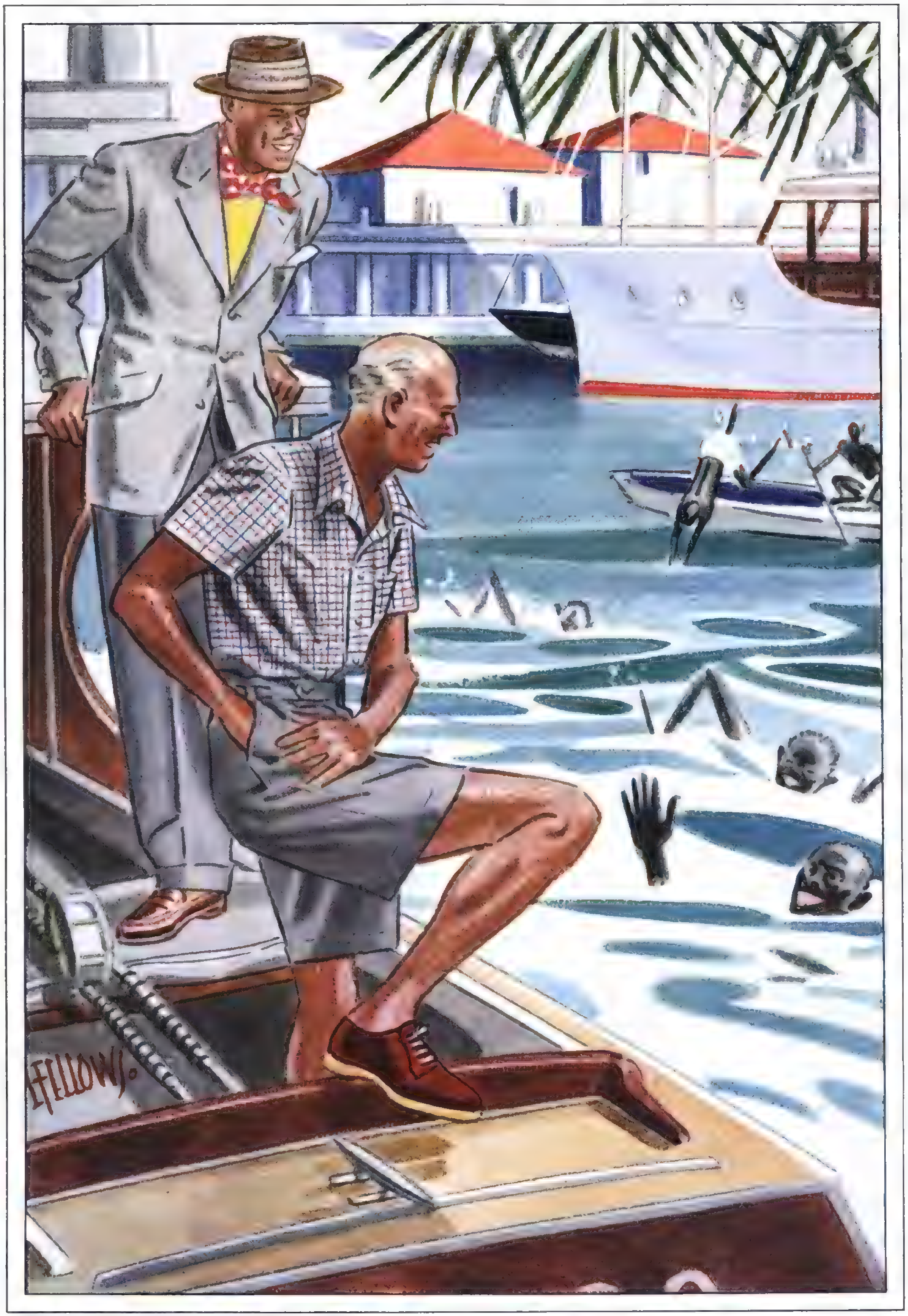

PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN NASSAU, B. W. I. BY LAWRENCE FELLOWS

The scene is the Royal St. George Dock, to which the launch in the foreground has just come from Paradise Beach. Nassau has the double attraction of its foreign tropical background and its large colony of young married socialites, to bring people over from Florida every winter.

IN NASSAU, JUST THIS SIDE OF PARADISE

In the foreground the cotton "butcher" shirt, so-called because in the south of France where it originated the butchers wear aprons with this type of check. Grey flannel shorts and red canvas shoes with crepe soles and heels. In the background the new hemp color lightweight jacket worn with grey flannel trousers, yellow colored shirt, red silk neckerchief, coconut straw hat and brown Weejuns polished like shoes. New wrinkle: the top two buttons of the three-button notch lapel jacket are worn buttoned, leaving the bottom one open. This jacket has three distinguishing features, the slanting flapped pockets, the single button and buttonhole at the sleeve cuff and the new hemp color introduced last summer at the British amateur golf championship. It follows the present trend to natural shades in all types of summer clothing. In Nassau the braid of the coconut straw hat is woven by the natives.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Rise of the Ski-Golo

Continued from page 48

to have a dance along with your tea, you will patronize one of the large hotels, such as the Bellevue. Here the Ski-golos, clad in their eternal ski clothes, will surge six rows deep around the bar. These fleet-footed daredevils of the inclines have a fatal fascination for the weaker sex who listen wide eyed to their exploits. The funicular crazy downhill only skiers maintain that jumping is merely a highly refined form of exhibitionism that can hardly be properly classed as skiing; the "cross country" they regard as a particularly regrettable form of the white sport. Then there is the eternal fight between the competitive as against the recreational skier, the expert and the forgotten man. There is a genuine antagonism among those who are interested only in racing and speed skiing and the others who care only for touring. Fine points of technique are endlessly discussed—skiing *ad nauseum.*

If you are determined to master the slippery blades, take the internationally famed Arlberg-Orient Express which has been forced to bow to the needs of the ski addicts and now makes a stop at St. Anton, a tiny village perched high on top of the Alpine Divide in Austria. St. Anton is the home of the best ski school in the world, the Arlberg school, which will turn you, in the shortest possible time, from novice into expert.

In St. Anton the season lasts from the falling of the first snow flakes to the melting of the last patch of snow. The place is literally overcrowded with the usual international set. There is only one large hotel, the balconied Post, but the little Tyrolean village can take care of nearly two thousand visitors in its various spacious and comfortable inns and its many charming rooms "to let," proudly boasting of their central heating and hot running water. The private bath is still a luxury, the Tyroleans adhering to the weekly ablution school of thought.

"Crouch and bend your knees," are the top rules of the Arlberg Technique, originated by Hannes Schneider, a local peasant. The rigidly erect style of the old Norwegian school with its graceful Telemark in which you thrust yourself into a kneeling position, is strictly tabu. The Arlbergers lick the laws of equilibrium with steered turns in which you transfer your weight from one leg to the other and the outcome is a slow and exacting "Stemmbogen," the faster "stem Christie" and the deft balance maneuver of the daredevilish "Tempo."

Under the personal supervision of Hannes Schneider, ski God of St. Anton, ski instructors rack their brains giving instructions in English, French, Italian, German, Czecho or even Hungarian. The nursery slopes look like the rotogravure section of a Sunday paper. Princes and princesses, dukes and counts, learn together with the simple commoners, to bend their knees in the traditional Arlberg manner. The atmosphere is permeated with a desire to learn and to improve in the white art. Romance is secondary in St. Anton—which is surprising in an Austrian resort.

You spend rigorous days on the practice slopes, repeating the same movement over and over, learning from the mistakes of your classmates and subjected to the continual criticism of your instructor. Everybody skis, even your chambermaid straps on her hickories on her afternoons off and on the windswept heights of the "Galzig" your concierge or saxophone player will greet you with a hearty *"Gruess Gott."*

You spend from ten to twelve on the slopes, have lunch, then ski again from two to four. Then, if you are not completely done in with your efforts, you tea dance at the Post or the Schwarzen Adler and watch the girls being led through the intricacies of the "ski waltz" by their Ski-golos.

Four hours trainride further into the Tyrol lies Kitzbuehel. Travel agents have tried to call it the Austrian St. Moritz but it is like nothing on earth but Kitzbuehel. This quaint and very old Tyrolean town has gone sophisticated with an Elizabeth Arden beauty salon, a gambling casino and rows of tempting little shops. Kitzbuehel is the favorite of the younger set who formerly frequented the Riviera and who have now abandoned the sands for the snow, preferring to get their suntan on a bank instead of a beach. It is extremely gay and fashionable with prices as high as the mountains at the Grand Hotel, the Reisch, the White Horse Inn or the Tiroler Hof. But there are dozens of cleanly scrubbed pensions and if you wish, you can dwell in the bosom of a Tyrolean peasant family. Although filled with a cosmopolitan crowd, Kitzbuehel retains its Tyrolean flavor because bankers and belles, princes and maharajas go Tyrolean with Leder-Hosen and Loden-Joppen, Winter-Dirndl and pert Tyrolean hats.

Kitzbuehel boasts of an excellent ski school with nursery slopes in all gradients and there is a cable railway up to the top of the Hahnenkamm, another ride up and ski down proposition, but even if you never put on a pair of skis you will be kept pretty busy. Kitzbuehel is the most carefree of all spots, with a sky incredibly blue and unfailingly fascinating company. Sleigh rides to neighboring villages, or a visit to an ancient castle, or lunch in tiny taverns. At five everybody gathers in the Goldenen Gams for tea dancing to the Blue Danube instead of the Argentine Tango, the whole assemblage in modified folk costumes, attempting a variation of the Schuhplattler—a simple march step, punctuated by pauses wherein you play a sort of peas-porridge-

Continued on page 140

HICKOK BELTS

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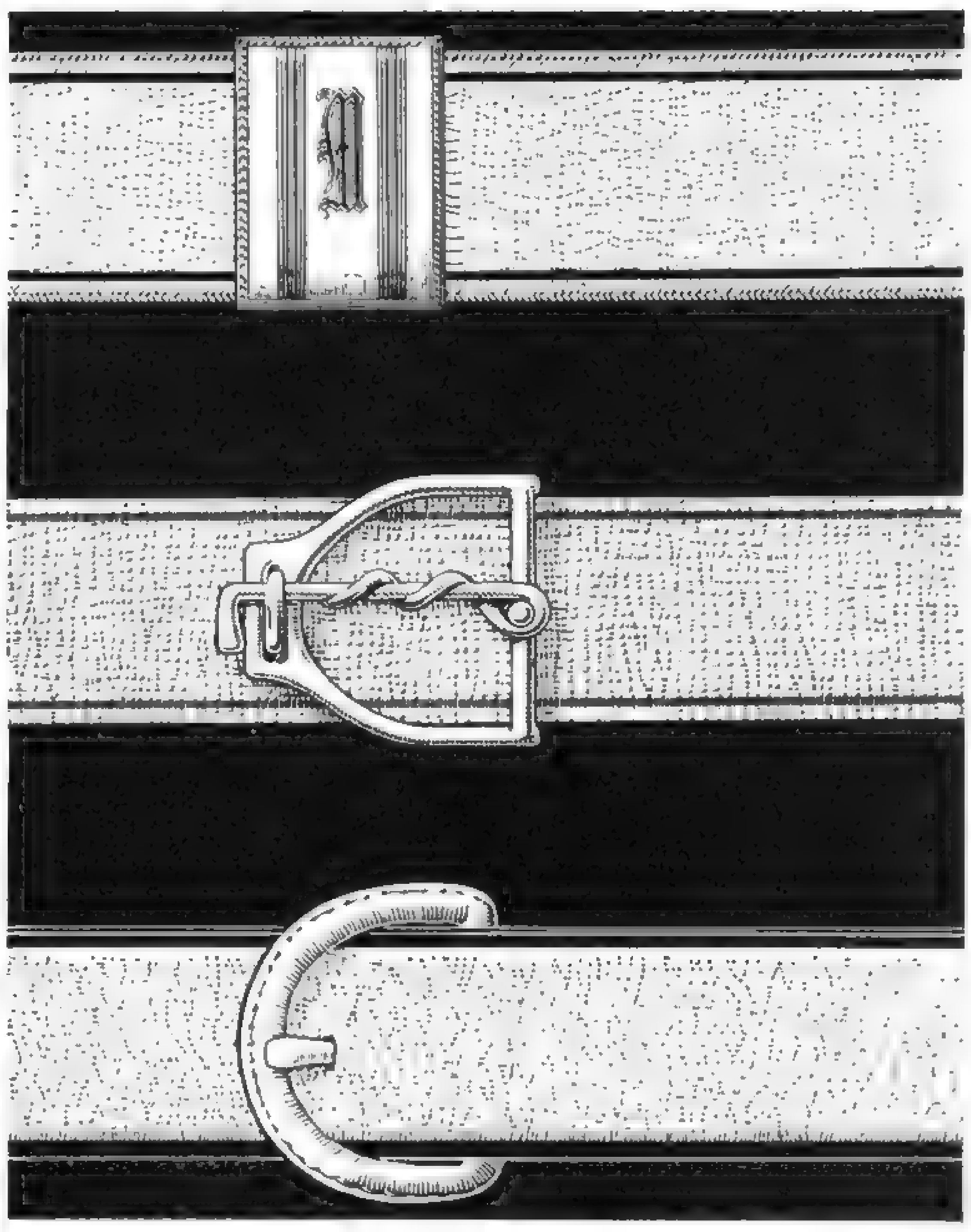

● AT WINTER PLAYGROUNDS

At the Sun Spots now, and at home next summer, you'll find gayer colors, bolder patterns in the sportswear limelight. To avoid clash, accessories must be carefully selected—tie, hose, *and a belt* to blend with each outfit.

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The Rise of the Ski-Golo

Continued from pages 48-139

hot with your partner (surprisingly easy after a few "gluehweins.") From here you rush to get your apéritif at the Grand Hotel Bar and after a leisurely dinner you spend a Tyrolean evening at the Café Praxmair or go to the fancy dress ball at the Hotel Reisch. About midnight you repair to a little gambling casino, then finish the rest of the "morning" in the intimate little bar of the White Horse Inn.

The Ski-golos are always on hand, annoyingly vigorous even after a strenous day in the mountains. The boys in Kitzbuehel are well up on their homework. They know all the turns, the best vertical and horizontal maneuvers and apparently operate upon the theory that upon a bed of snow you never can get hurt no matter how hard you fall. Many a girl finds herself slipping as a result of one of those treacherous mountain passes and accordingly stretches her three-weeks holiday into an entire season.

The Ski-golo invasion of America was inevitable. The Arlberg has been practically denuded of its shining lights. Nearly every prominent ski resort in the country boasts of one to ten foreign instructors. Most spectacular, of course, is Sun Valley, pride of the West in the Sawtooth mountinas of Idaho . . . a ski spot which has taken unto itself all the attractions of the famous European spas. Hans Hauser, former Austrian ski champion, heads a brilliant ski school of eight champion Austrian skiers whom he selected from the inner circle of European ski professionals as being singularly adept in teaching that old world technique to our susceptible American maidens.

Sun Valley Lodge, with its charming décor, dancing, game rooms, sun bathing out-of-doors in three-sided cubicles of ice blocks, is a firmly established rendezvous of ski-ciety. Realizing that one hotel doesn't make a resort, Sun Valley this year opened another spacious hostelry, much more moderate in price, yclept Challenger Inn, which, like the lodge, has an open air warm water swimming pool and a large skating rink.

Sun Valley has done everything to facilitate skiing. There are the famous chain chair ski lifts (de luxe ski tows) which carry skiers some 6,500 feet heavenward; and the tractor, a single-tread affair with single caterpillar belt revolving around the whole tractor and a sled pivoted to the rear which becomes a rudder type steerer and serves as passenger quarters for about twenty-five people. This monster, which has revolutionized cross country ski service, can move about in any cleared area, no matter how deep the snow, and can climb up a 40 degree hill.

In addition to excellent downhill and cross country skiing, Sun Valley provides a ski jump . . . 131.2 feet in height, and a small 20-foot practice flight for beginners; a slalom course laid out according to the F. I. S. (International Federation of Skiing) specifications; a team of 8 Alaskan reindeer with native reindeer driver . . . this quaint equipage is used for sledding around Trail Creek and the Elk-horn valleys; 6 crack dog teams, composed of husky and Eskimo sled dogs and romantic horse-drawn sleighs and cutters.

Other popular West Coast ski centers that have zoomed into popularity are Yosemite, Paradise Inn at the foot of Mount Rainier and Banff, high in the Canadian Rockies.

Upholding the ski prestige of the East, are, of course, the scores of Canadian places in Quebec; and in New York State, Lake Placid, pioneer of ski resorts, with its ambitious winter sports programs, its excellent hotels and the well-known Lake Placid Club, rendezvous of the socialites. Placid has 250 miles of mountain ski trails, a slalom course, a jump and a thrilling new course on Mount Hoevenberg, adjoining the world-famous Olympic bob run.

About 3 hours from New York City is Sky Top Club, in the heart of the Poconos . . . with a 100-foot exhibition jump and plenty of moderate slopes and glides for the novice. Great sport here is "mushing" (behind a team of Alaskan huskies, *not* in the parlor).

The New England states abound with excellent ski spots, crowded to capacity with young men who make these resorts a happy hunting ground in which predatory females stalk their prey. Dixville Notch, Woodstock, Vermont, Stowe, Vermont; the Jackson Ski Club in New Hampshire and the popular and exclusive Peckett's on Sugar Hill near Franconia have rugged simplicity and charm, making no effort to take on the sophistication of Continental resorts.

More pretentious is Eastern Slope Inn, opened for the first time this year as a ski resort, at North Conway, New Hampshire, a little town huddled on the Eastern side of the well protected, snowy Presidential range, and just overnight from New York.

Skiing at Conway is excellent, there is the famous Birchmont slope and Tuckerman's and Franconia Notch are just eight miles

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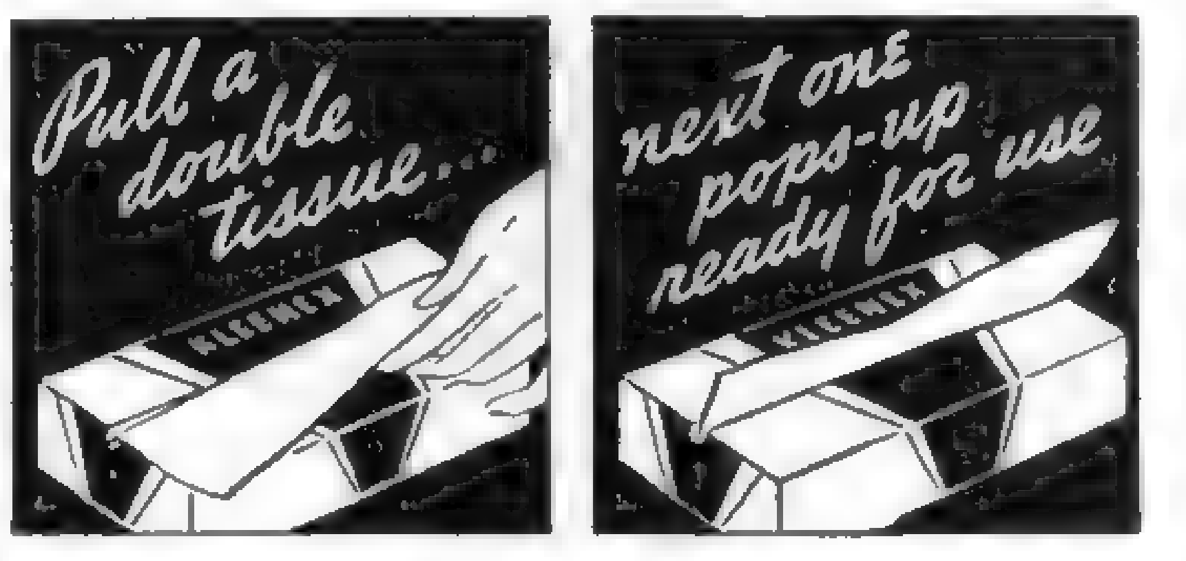

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away; eight ski tows and about fifty miles of ski trails within a twelve-mile radius. Then there's ski-joring, ice skating . . . following the St. Moritz idea, skating waiters fly around serving the skaters with gluehwein (hot red wine spiked with cloves and lemon peel) and the Eastern Slope special, the "ski-ball," a hot tea and brandy concoction. They've also gone in for Alaskan Malemutes (huskies to you) for dog sledding, to say nothing of ice fishing in the streams.

There is an excellent ski slope and a half-mile toboggan right outside the front door of the Inn . . . these are brilliantly illuminated for night work. The ski school is under the direction of Austrian Benno Rybizka, who conducts the only American branch of Hannes Schneider's famous ski school in St. Anton. Last summer, Rybizka took a number of our best American skiers back to St. Anton, where they were thoroughly drilled in the Schneider Arlberg technique . . . and now Eastern Slope has the distinction of having native American instructors (young blades, filled with vitality and rarin' to go) as Benno's assistants.

Our boys are rapidly being geared for cold days and hot nights . . . skiing is not a sport for the infirm, and our gals are no fools. So, Brethren, if you wish to preserve the hearth and home, get the creaks out of your bones, build up that old chassis, buy yourself some skis and prepare to combat the Ski-golo! ⧻

The Camel of the Prophet

Continued from page 45

your prophet, and his camel with him!" he concluded in Somali when the porters let him down on dry ground. And seizing two rare and beautiful shells from the hands of a small boy who had offered them to him with a great inviting smile in the hope of making a sale, he dashed them against a rock and lurched unsteadily up the beach.

The boy—a big ball of a black head, crowning a dirty old shirt that covered him to his toes—seemed to be more frightened by the curses than distressed at the destruction of his capital, for when in my turn I landed, I heard him repeating, "*Gamal elme Nebi*"—"The camel of the prophet." And he scratched his big shaved head, a serious expression in his staring eyes, as if he had seen a terrifying vision.

* * *

Three days later De Croci and I were following old Ahmed toward the irregular door of a little mosque two miles from Mogadiscio. In spite of his mummified appearance, Ahmed was still strong and agile, and his dirty tunic was draped about him with all the innate dignity of a Roman senator. At his approach, the noisy, picturesque crowd surrounding the well of Ahmed-el-Ahmed which formed a part of the mosque, quieted down respectfully and stepped aside to give him passage.

The tall, elegant Migiurtinians, the smart Ascaris gathered in groups here and there, stopped their animated discussion and saluted him ceremoniously. Crowds of children, dirty and happy, interrupted their play to drive away the menagerie they had in custody—slow black sheep, nervous white goats, indifferent drooling camels, philosophical donkeys laden with empty petrol tins. Even the women who, under the scanty shadow of the palms, shouted at the tops of their shrill voices in their perpetual fight to gain first place at the well, transformed their shrewish features into suave smiles, and touched the toga of the old wise man, to bring luck and blessing.

When we had reached the mosque and seated ourselves in the relative coolness of the shadowy court, old Ahmed resumed the conversation he had interrupted as we entered the square of huts surrounding the well.

"Yes, *ya Sidi*, the spring murmuring behind this wall is still the one that the Prophet miraculously revealed. And this mosque built above the rest of the old hut has been since then a place of great devotion." The ebony dome of his bald head gleamed in a meditative, affirmative nod.

"Throughout the centuries from father to son, the first male of my family has been called Ahmed, in memory, and has been the custodian of the mosque and the well, the depositary of the Word Which The Camel Hears. Today, myself; tomorrow, my son Ahmed; then the little Ahmed, first son of my first son."

And with a twinkle in his eye he pointed to the little boy sitting near me. "Bul-busta," I had named him, which means "postage stamps." For since that morning on the shore when with two words, some liras and a friendly kick I had consoled him for his tragedy with the Pole, the little rascal had pasted himself to me like the most tenacious of stamps.

"Thou hast been good to him," solemnly the old man said. "And Allah will recompense thee." He was silent a moment. "Allah knows whom to recompense, and whom to chastise." And by the sudden contemptuous expression of his face, I knew that he was thinking of Trubetzky, the blasphemer.

* * *

It was eighteen months later that I heard the continuation of this story, when De Croci came back to Italy on leave. And I must say that I would never have believed such a tale if it had been told to me by anyone else. De Croci, however, was too well equilibrated a man, too old and reliable a friend, for me to doubt a single word of what he said, and I recount it here just as he told it to me because I believe it true.

Continued on page 142

smart LINES IN THE SNOW

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The Camel of the Prophet

Continued from pages 45-141

"A few days after you left Mogadiscio," he began, "I was talking with Ahmed at the mosque, as we used to do together. Late in the afternoon the huge shirt of your Bul-busta sailed into the court at great speed. At his excited words the old man got up and went to the little door where he stood looking intently out at something. He and the boy had spoken in Somali, of which, as you remember, I know very little, and I was able to grasp but two sentences—'The camel has come back.' And then something like, 'The camels are talking.'

"Of course I thought at once of the old legend and hurried curiously to the door. Ahmed spoke to me very seriously. 'Look,' he said, 'Allah knows whom to chastise.' I looked in the direction toward which he pointed. A group of camels kneeling on the ground appeared, in fact, to be listening to another camel which had knelt facing them and was emitting a series of disagreeable sounds from its foamy mouth. I noticed four or five large wounds, the blood not yet dried, on its rangy body. But what Allah and his chastisement had to do with it, I couldn't see.

"Nor did Ahmed enlighten me. He exchanged a few incomprehensible sentences with his grandson, and as Bul-busta ran away, he turned and stared at me, lost in deep thought.

"'Come with me,' he said finally, as if he had been reading my mind, 'and thou wilt see.'

"A few minutes later we were speeding toward the desert, Ahmed first, then I, Bul-busta last, leading a fourth saddled *mehara*. If I calculated the time correctly, we trotted along for more than half an hour, Ahmed evidently following with his usual assurance some tracks in the fine sand, invisible to me. Then we reached the crest of a dune and the old man gave a gutteral sound which brought the camels to a sudden stop. He looked slowly all around him. Not a living soul. But a gust of warm wind brought us from afar a faint sound as of someone crying for help. I can't explain why, but at that moment the figure of the Pole appeared before me, as I had seen him that same morning perched on the top of a *mehara*, already half drunk, about to set out on a hunting trip into the desert. Was his the wounded camel that had 'talked' to the others? But if so, why was it not saddled? And then, what could have happened to Trubetzky in that zone which I knew to be perfectly safe?

"But already the camels, at a signal from Ahmed, had resumed their graceless trot. Up and down, dune after dune, we advanced quickly toward the sound of those cries which came to us intermittently, but always nearer at hand. They were, I could tell, human cries, mingled with the raucous snarls of some animal I could not identify.

"Again we stopped at the top of a dune, and this time we were able to see what was happening. Down in the little valley already invaded by the shadows of sunset, a white camel, white with a queer shining whiteness, circled menacingly around a man on his knees on the ground. The poor fellow was trying desperately to defend himself from the attacks of the animal, which was uttering those strange rasping snarls I had heard, and biting his victim unmercifully.

"I observed that old Ahmed and young Ahmed were both devouring the scene with eyes shining with pleasure, and I felt a deep sense of discomfort, a knot in my throat which prevented me from making a sound. Then, before I could even think of what I should do, the old man had regained his normal solemn expression and murmured two or three times a word which I could not understand.

"Trubetzky, for it was he, gave a fresh yell of terror, and I saw that the camel, which had seized him by the scruff of the neck, had frozen into absolute immobility. Then, to my surprise, it dropped its prey and trotted silently away, looking whiter and more immaculate than ever.

"Only then was I able to slip down from my mount and hurry toward the Pole. As I neared him, I stumbled over something half buried in the sand—a camel saddle. The next moment my foot touched a rifle.

"'Phantom, phantom,' Trubetzky murmured when I reached him and lifted up his head. 'All the magazine I have fired into him . . .' And he fainted.

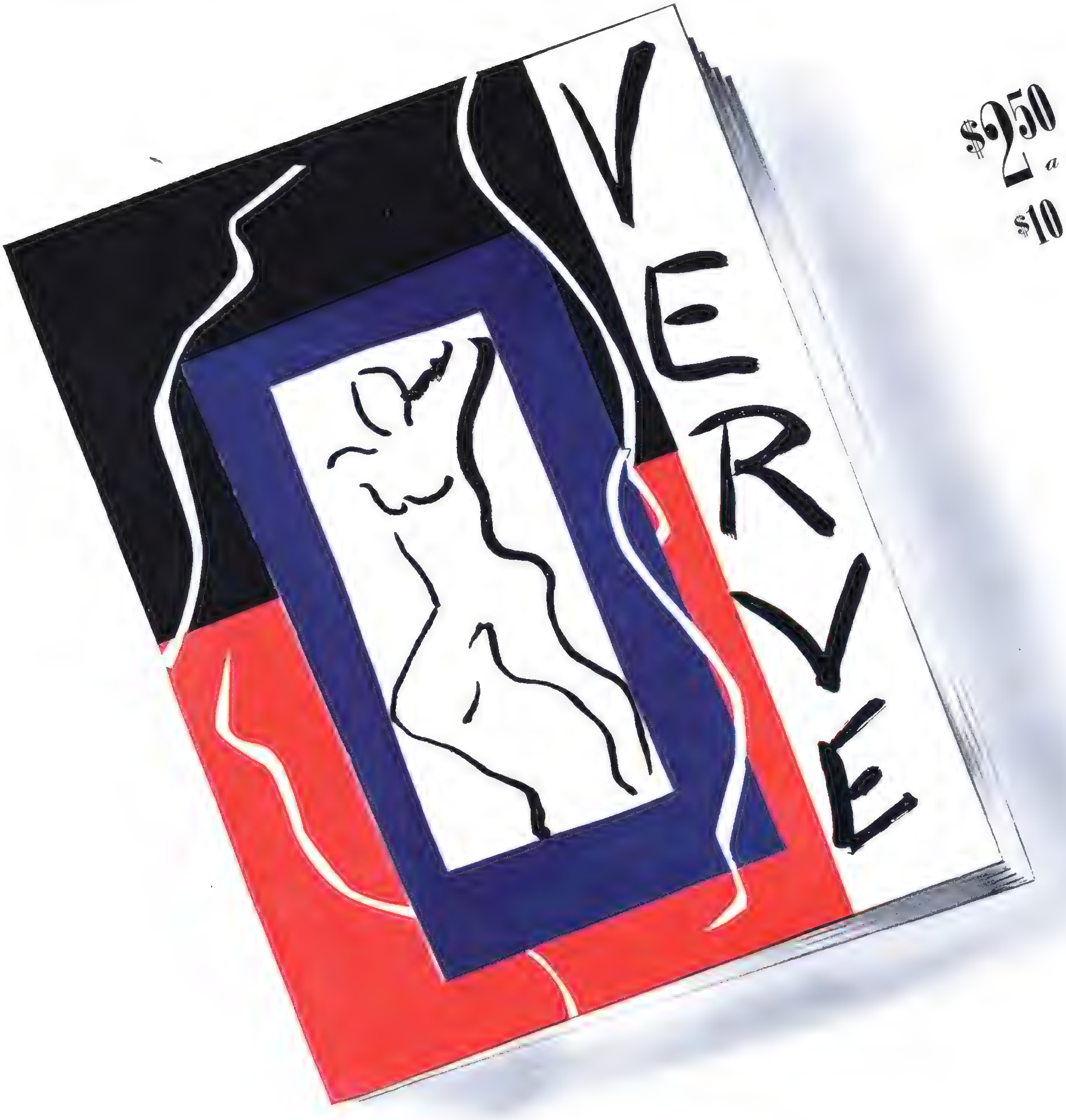
"That voice, low and astonished as that of a little frightened child, so extraordinarily different from his usual belligerent one, made a great impression on me. And this impression was in no wise diminished by the condition of the man. His clothes were in ribbons and his body was covered with wounds which bled profusely. The two Ahmeds came up with a *ghirba* and without a word helped me in washing and binding up the wounds in some way, with scraps of Trubetzky's shirt. Then, when he had regained consciousness, they helped me to lift him up on the back of the extra camel.

"'*Ya Sidi*,' the old man declared to me, 'I have said The Word Which The Camel of the Prophet always hears.'

"And that," my friend concluded, "was the only explanation I was ever able to obtain of the phantom camel."

"But," I remonstrated, "a phantom is no explanation. Especially one that snarls and bites. Could anyone believe seriously in such a phantom?"

De Croci shrugged his shoulders. "I know one man who does today," he said quietly, "our friend the Pole." ⌗



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Dialogue by Night

Continued from page 37

"Make it two, waiter. You know Elizabeth I kinda like this place. It's so simple. You can sit up in the chairs and there's enough light to see what you're doing."

"Henry, you say the *oddest* things when you've had a drink. *Personally* I don't think it can *touch* the Cocktail Lounge in the Eau Claire House. And the *people*."

"Well, anyway, here you don't have to talk to them."

"Why, Henry Crull. You know perfectly well we have a *lovely* circle of friends. How you can *say*—"

"Elizabeth, let's forget the lovely circle. I still think you're the loveliest of them all."

"Henry. You'd better not drink any more."

"Never soberer, Elizabeth. Waiter, two more rye and ginger ales."

"*Henry* are you *crazy?* That'll be the *fifth* since the theatre. What would people—"

"What people, Liz? Liz, do you remember the night you kissed me in the Davis' pergola, the summer before we were married?"

"Henry—I kissed *you?*"

"Oh, yes, you did. And it was right good fun too, Liz. Wasn't it?"

"Well, I don't think I remember—exactly. Goodness I can't imagine what's the matter with me. I never *heard* such talk."

"Liz, it—was—fun—wasn't—it?"

"Why—why—yes, Henry, I guess it was. When I *finally* got you to do it. You *were* so shy."

"Liz, what'd yuh say we play pergola—tonight?"

"Henry, what's *happened* to you? I can't *imagine*—well, I can't imagine what's happened to *me*. After all—"

"Right you are Liz,—after all. After all we're having a good time. Right now. Aren't you—darling?"

"Well, yes, Henry, I suppose I am—in a way. Although I must say—"

"Listen, Liz, you must say nothing. Listen, Liz, you know what we're going to do."

"Why Henry, wha—what?"

"We're going out. We're going to paint the town. C'mon, Liz."

"Why Henry, I don't—after all—"

"C'mon, Liz. This is fun. And we can use it. Remember that pergola, sweetheart?"

"Oh, Henry. But we must get back early—not too late, Henry."

"Atta girl. Waiter my check."

VI

"Ned, it seems so sad—such an awful reflection on both of us. What did we do? How did we kick it away?"

"I don't know, Sally. Oh, that's silly. I do know. We both know. Both of us just impossible egocentrics, I suppose. Both of us unwilling to let the other dominate even for a minute. And yet, damn it, I love you more, now, this minute, than any woman I've ever known."

"And I you, Ned. Do you suppose—"

"Oh, no, Sally. You know that's no use. It'd be the same thing all over. Great for a week and then each of us trying deliberately to dominate, to hurt the other. Then a scene and then heaven for a week—and then hell for a month, building up to another scene. Sally a love that achieves tenderness only through fights—through hurts—won't work. You know it."

"Yes, Ned, I suppose so. But it seems so terribly unfinished. I feel such a failure."

"Don't be foolish, Sally. It was more my fault than yours."

"No, Ned. I'm afraid I let my natural talents for being a bitch have full play. But Ned, I'd never loved or been loved like this before. I didn't realize you could surrender everything, your mind and your individuality and yourself and still keep your guy. I didn't know it was safe to let him be so sure of you."

"Well, Sally, I may be wrong. But I think—for me, I know—it's the only way you can keep him. You can't have love—the deep-down, inside-out kind, that you build your life around, without faith."

"But, Ned, I didn't realize that. I had no preparation for a love like that. Ned, I haven't slept for two nights. Oh, if it is all over I'll live. I know that. But I'm going to be a very miserable young woman. No man can ever give me what you have, Ned. I know. Don't shake your head. I'm not being silly. I know from what so many other girls have told me, from my own experience with men, before I met you. I've been lucky—we both have—in this."

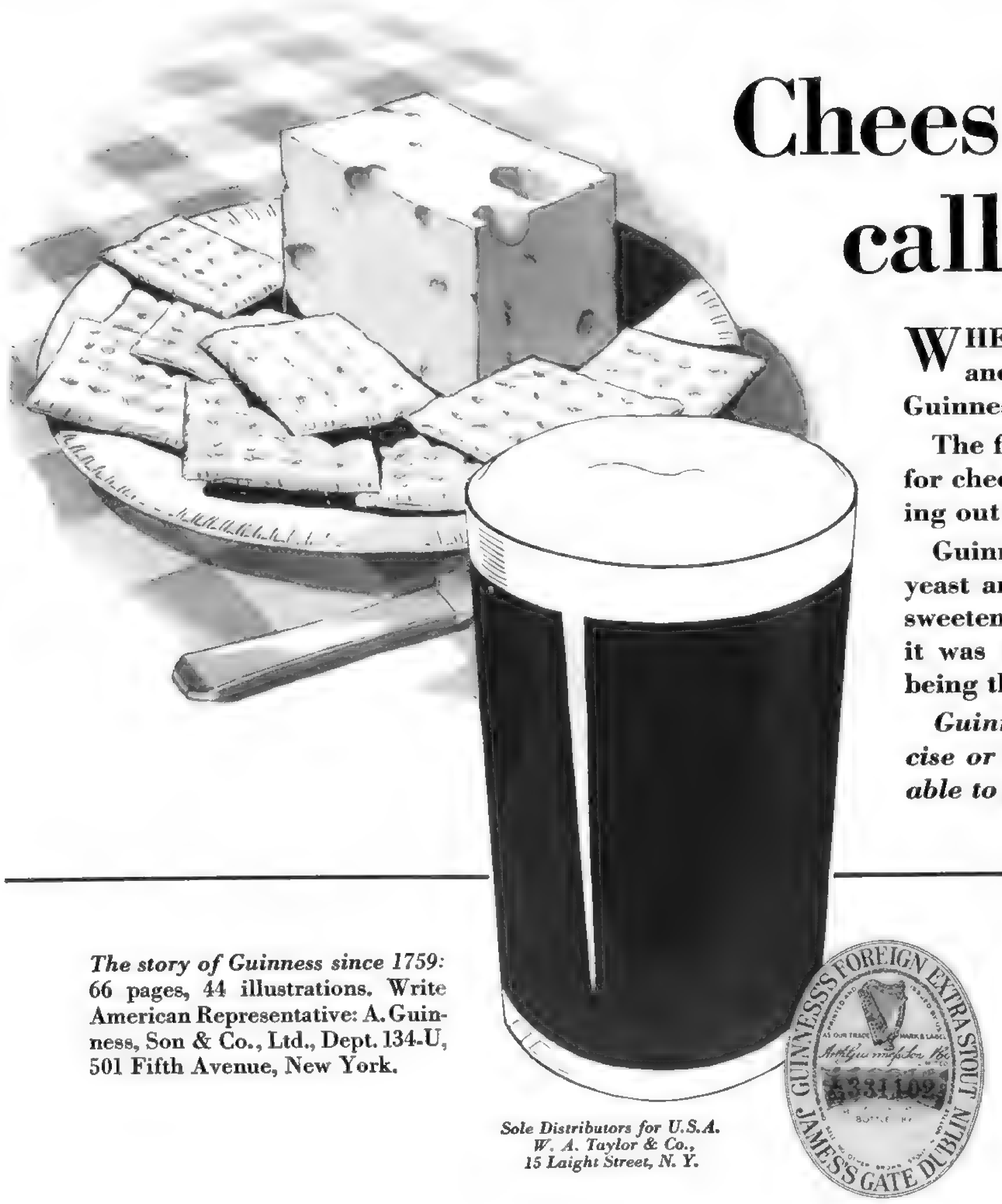
"Sally, you make me very proud. But, darling, life just isn't that definite. You can't fit it to your own finalities as easily as that. What you say may happen. Or you may meet a man tomorrow who'll be more to you than I ever was."

"Maybe, Ned. But I'd rather try again with you."

"Sally, I've tried in every way I know. It wasn't enough."

"But, Ned, I tell you I didn't know. And Ned I've taken things from you I've never taken from anyone else."

"Those things, the provocation, anyway, was because you hurt me. And you'd do it again. And I'd do it again. We're what we are and the way we are, Sally. Neither



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of us can change the way we are, basically. And basically we're just too different."

"But, Ned, can't you try, too? Isn't it worth it?"

"I have tried, I tell you."

"Oh, but Ned, not as you could —not a lot."

"But a lot. And you see, we're starting to fight, now, discussing how we won't fight. Sally, we've just one thing. That we have superbly beautiful, but it isn't enough. We went over it all last night. We always come out the same place. If we try to go on, knowing that, we're going to damage each other terribly. We've got to get apart. We've got to try to find someone we can make a success of it with."

"Oh, Ned. And just a year ago tonight we sat here and you—"

"Sally—*don't.* You know you're just turning the knife. Sweetest you don't think this is easy for me. It's killing me. But I'd rather break now, with what we have, than later when it would be ugly and messy. Sally, we've got to have the strength to do this."

"Ned, when I think of that apartment I took just so we could be together, away from people, when I think of the work we were going to do together, all the things built around that damned word together. It's just lousy."

"I know, dear."

"All the things we'd planned—all the loveliness we were going to have—to give each other . . ."

"I know."

"And we do still love each other. I love you. And I know when our arms are around each other you love me. Ned—can't you—won't you—"

"Oh, hell—waiter, my check."

* * *

John, the waiter, heaved a sigh of relief as he saw the tall rather driven young man signal for his check. Thank the Lord, they'd finally stopped talking. They were the last couple and he could go home. John wanted to go home. He wanted to see his wife. He was worried about his daughter. She was staying out too late with God knows who. No good would come of it. He wanted to talk it over with his wife. He thought, "Maybe I'll take her down to the bierstube. A couple of seidels won't hurt us none and it kinda helps you to relax and say what's really on your mind." #

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 78

Walter and Dave Belasco. Well, perhaps it isn't so strange that it should be so. Let us not overlook the fact that there is a much juicier reflection of the English mind, heart, psyche and attitude in the light left-handed appraisals of W. S. Gilbert than in the combined heavier right hands of all the Victorian dramatists.

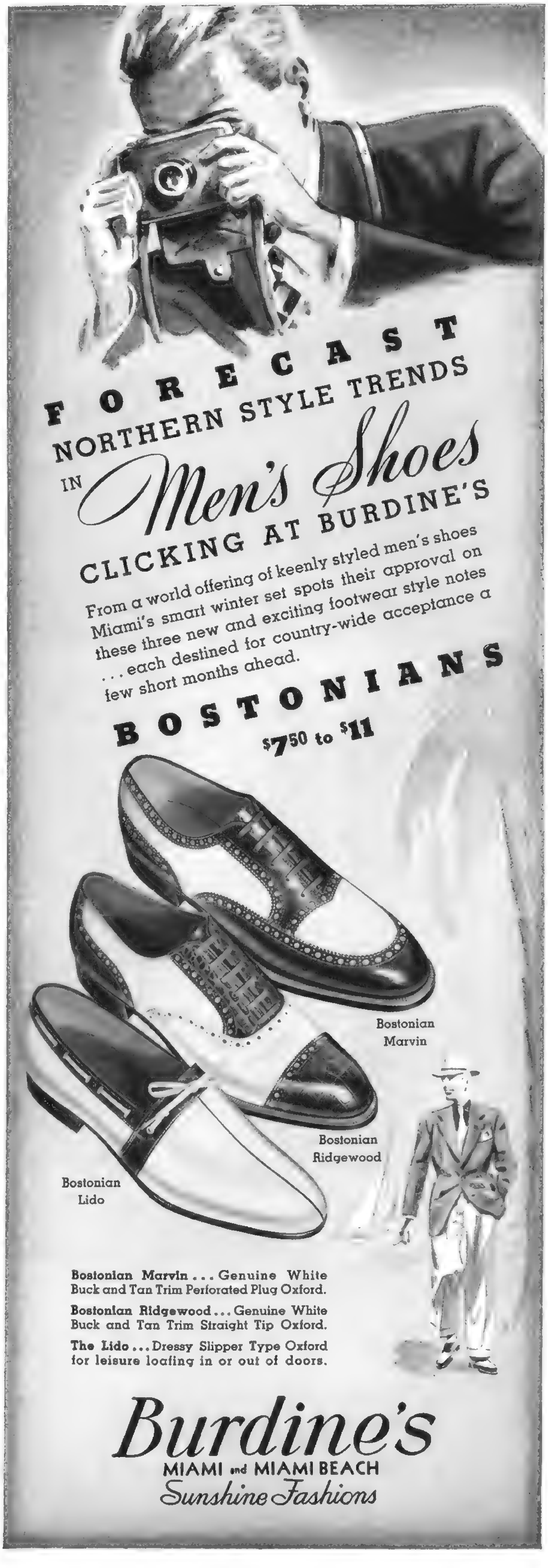
I'd Rather Be Right may strictly come under the head of buffoonery, but if *I'd Rather Be Right* with its acute pricking of personalities, its substantially grounded irony and its shrewdly intelligent jabs at our national political scene is buffoonery and if such sour-belly drama as, say, *To Quito and Back* with its Hollywood psychoanalysis of an amorous literary gent, its dollar-Ingersoll animadversions against the Diety and its apotheosis of Communism to the strumming of guitars isn't buffoonery, I think it is high time that the critical fraternity began revising its terminology. *I'd Rather Be Right,* in short, is ribald, funny stuff and at the same time, and either in spite of or because of the fact, critically more intelligent, deserving and important theatre than all the more sedate and graver *The Star-Wagons, To Quito and Backs,* and *Many Mansions* produced in the last two or three years. And, in its leading role, George M. Cohan is absolute tops.

Angel Island, by Bernie Angus, was a murder shindig so excessively stale that George Abbott must have bought and produced it in his sleep. But even had it been twenty times better than it was, I doubt that it could have retained much audience interest after its long first act in which the victim of the murderer was a female. Why it should be so, I don't know, but audiences as a usual thing are not much interested in plays of this species in which the victim is a woman. Quickly thinking back over a period of thirty years, I have difficulty in recalling the name of any really successful murder mystery play in which the corpse was not male. Three exhibits in the previous theatrical season alone, *Night Must Fall, Black Limelight* and *Love From a Stranger,* dared the prejudice against female victims and quickly failed. In *Angel Island,* true enough, a male corpse was also provided at the end of the second act, but that was too late to help matters.

Another point that impressed itself upon me during the performance was the danger of including a long staircase in the productions of these pseudo-thrillers and causing the numerous women in the cast frequently and palpitatingly to run up and down it. Running down it may be all right, but if there is anything in this world that can destroy the hoped-for serious attitude of an audience at some such suspense-spiel it is the periodic spectacle of a large and variedly expansive assortment of female rears jiggling and wobbling up it. *A Nude Descending a Staircase* made the public snicker, but if the artist had painted her going up there would have been a horselaugh that would have been heard around the globe.

At intervals of every eight or nine years someone is seized with the notion that there is a fine play or novel in the idea of a man who seeks to practice the doctrines of Christ in the modern world and who is rewarded for his idealistic pains with a smart crack on the

Continued on page 146



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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 78-145

nose. The latest to toy with the notion was Jules Eckert Goodman, aided and abetted by his son. The Goodmans' contribution to the venerable theme, *Many Mansions*, lay chiefly in a turnstage which shifted the scenes more quickly than usual. Otherwise, their play amounted simply to a restatement of the old stuff, on this occasion even more poorly phrased and more dully dramatized than in the past. In the role of the vibrant young idealist, Alexander Kirkland merchanted the full histrionic hokum repertoire of intense gazes, quivering knees, ardent vocal quavers and intermittently clenched fists which in combination are habitually accepted by the critics as "a performance of great and unmistakable sincerity." As his beloved, Miss Flora Campbell gave regrettable evidence that she has been devoting altogether too much of her time to a study of voice and altogether too little to a study of acting. Her speaking voice, as we heard it last season in *Excursion* and before she began to let a lot of elocution and chest tone projection professors monkey with it, was a sufficiently pleasant and effective one. Now it sounds like Walter Hampden accepting a gold watch.

The production of *As You Like It* by the Surry Players—a Maine summer theatre troupe—indicated that they didn't know that summer was over. They did everything with the Shakespearean comedy but go canoeing in it. Evidently mistaking the play for a sports field, they indulged in so much hopping and skipping about, so much scampering hither and thither, and so much jumping up and down and running around that at the end of the first half the spectators feared that they would be worn out and that Samuel Rosen, their director, would have to substitute a second team. No such anticking and frolicking has been seen on a New York stage since the last appearance of Goldman's trick dogs.

You have probably guessed the reason. Mr. Rosen, like a number of other Shakespearean producers, seems to believe that the best way to depict youth on the stage is to persuade the actors and particularly the actresses to comport themselves as if a crew of invisible stagehands were constantly giving them turpentine injections. Just why the average producer confounds youth with a kind of coy chorea complicated with adagio dancing is pretty hard to make out. Yet give such a producer any play in which the characters are supposed to be young folk and his idea of suggesting their vitality and freshness is to make them all act like idiots full of copious doses of strychnine and suffering, to boot, from the delusion that they are participants in an uninterrupted Mardi Gras carnival. By the time ten o'clock came around, I was so fatigued from looking at Mr. Rosen's Olympic games masquerading as a Shakespearean comedy that I dragged myself out of the theatre and sought relief watching the squirrels tranquilly disporting themselves in Central Park.

Our this month's final paragraphs are given over to Clifford Odets, whose latest effort, *Golden Boy*, has been unveiled by the Group Theatre. It has for some time been written of Odets by his critics, including myself, that he is wholly devoid of the gift of self-criticism and that the aforesaid deficiency is his greatest fault. His critics may now content themselves that Odets has at last demonstrated that he has mastered the art of self-criticism. He doesn't, true enough, appear in the slightest to be aware of the fact, but though it is clearly unintentional it is none the less obvious. For his newest play constitutes in its plot outlines the best criticism of its own author that has yet been indited.

Golden Boy tells the story of a young man possessed of an incipient competence in one of the arts. This young man, overpowered by a desire to gain sudden wealth and a flashy acclaim, abandons his studies, listens to the advice of dubious friends, and projects himself headlong into the prize ring. In short order he wins some facile triumphs and is hailed as a White Hope. But gradually, after he has broken one of his hands, he grows more and more befuddled and, though lucky success continues with him, his bewilderment increases. And in the end it drives him, disconcerted and defeated, to suicide.

If that isn't first-rate automatic self-criticism, I don't know what self-criticism is. In that story you have Odets' own impatience with close study of and critical application to his dramatic writings, his wish to make a sudden flash in the world, his ready ear to flatterers, his desire for money (quickly obtainable in Hollywood), his several plays, facilely contrived, that brought him too soon to be hailed as a White Hope, his damaged dramaturgic hand, his increased befuddlement, and—if not yet his artistic suicide—something that, unless he quickly gets hold of himself, may eventually lead to it.

This *Golden Boy* combines all the good qualities and all the very bad ones that have on each occasion been made visible to us when a curtain has gone up on one of Odets' plays. He can still catch the sharp glints of character; he can still write intermittent passages of dialogue that steam with life and reality; and he still indicates a knowledge of dramatic tricks that few of his young contemporaries can match. But he still shows that he lacks a feeling for form; he still alternates diggingly true dialogue with stuff that sounds as if it had been writ-

Continued at top of page 148

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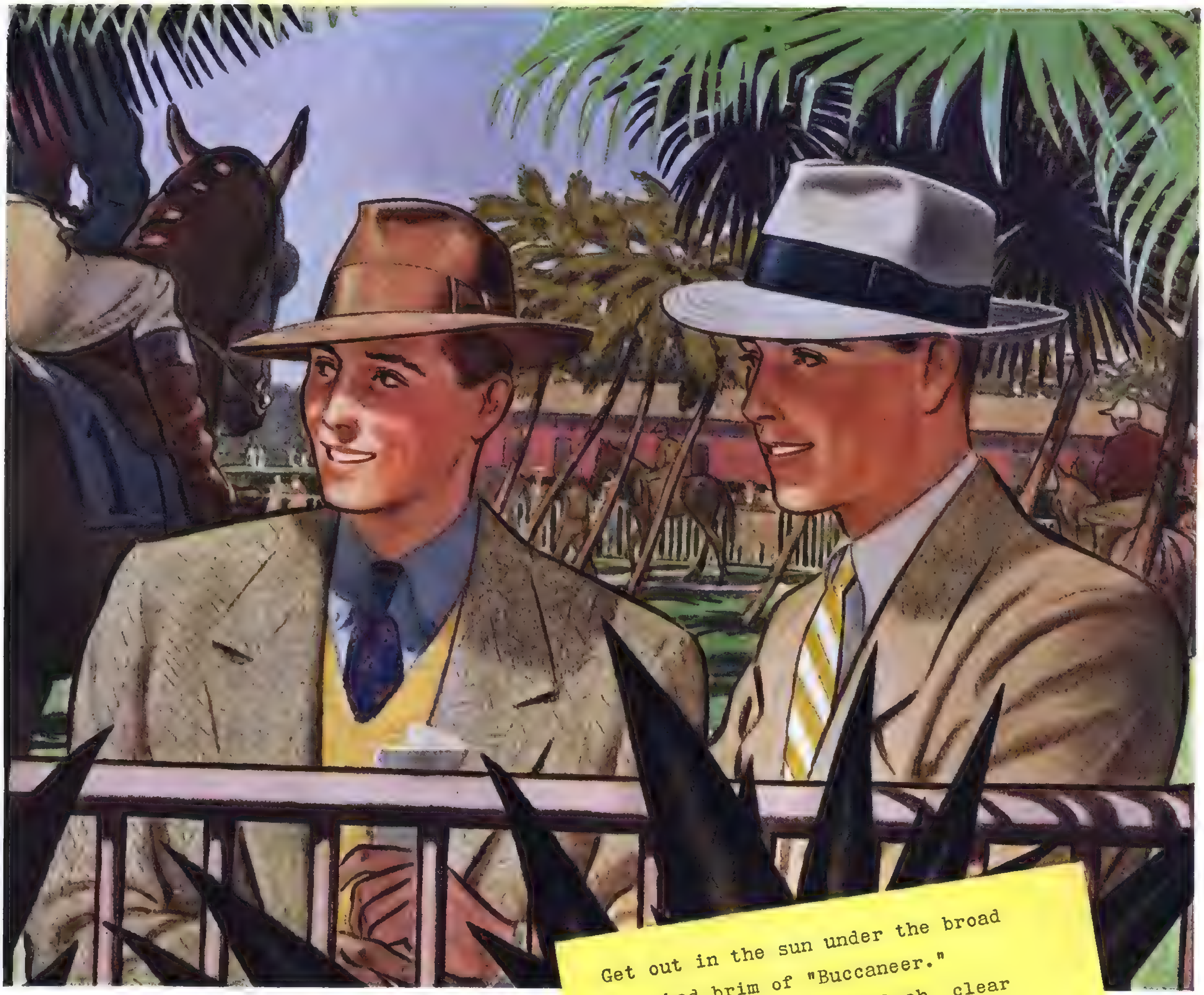

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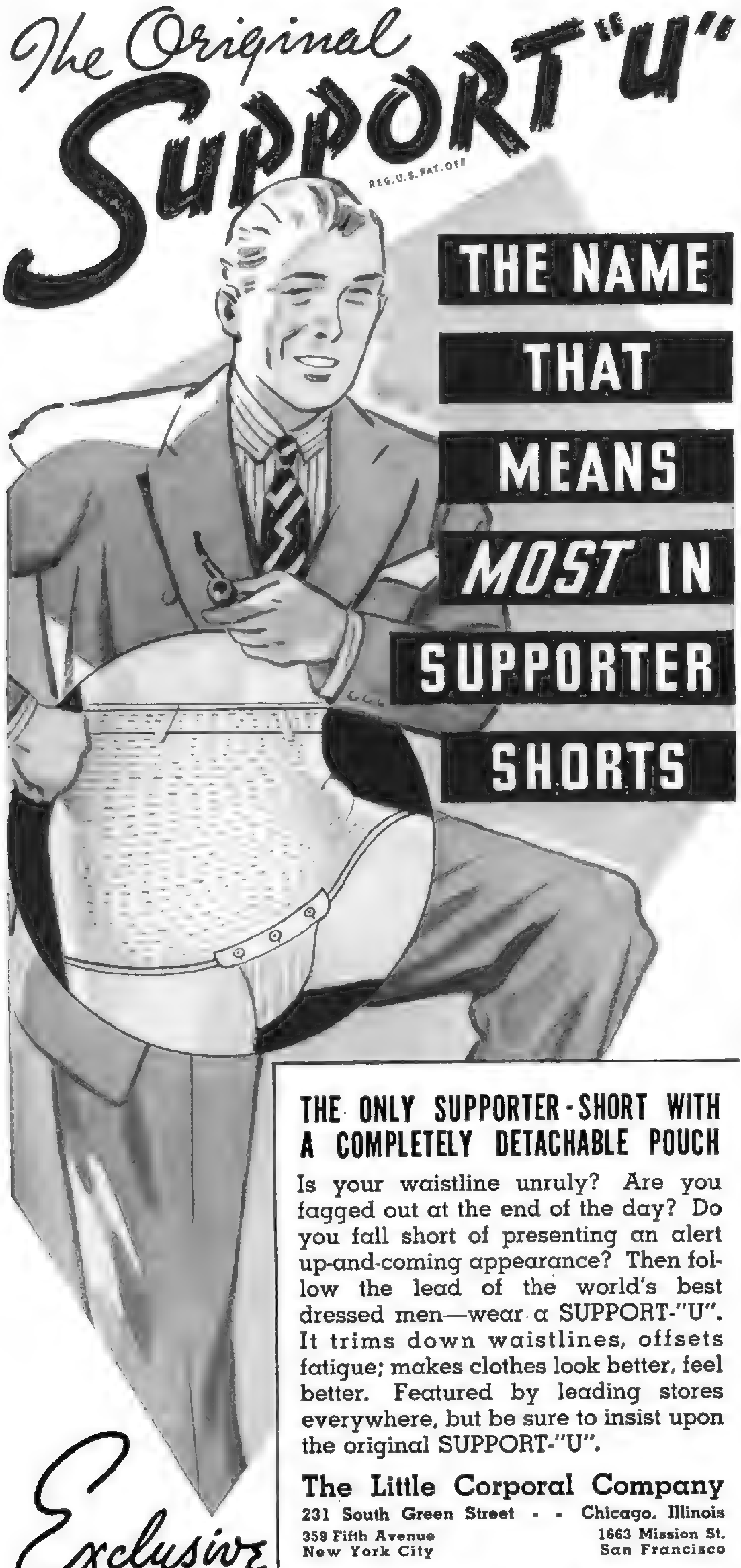
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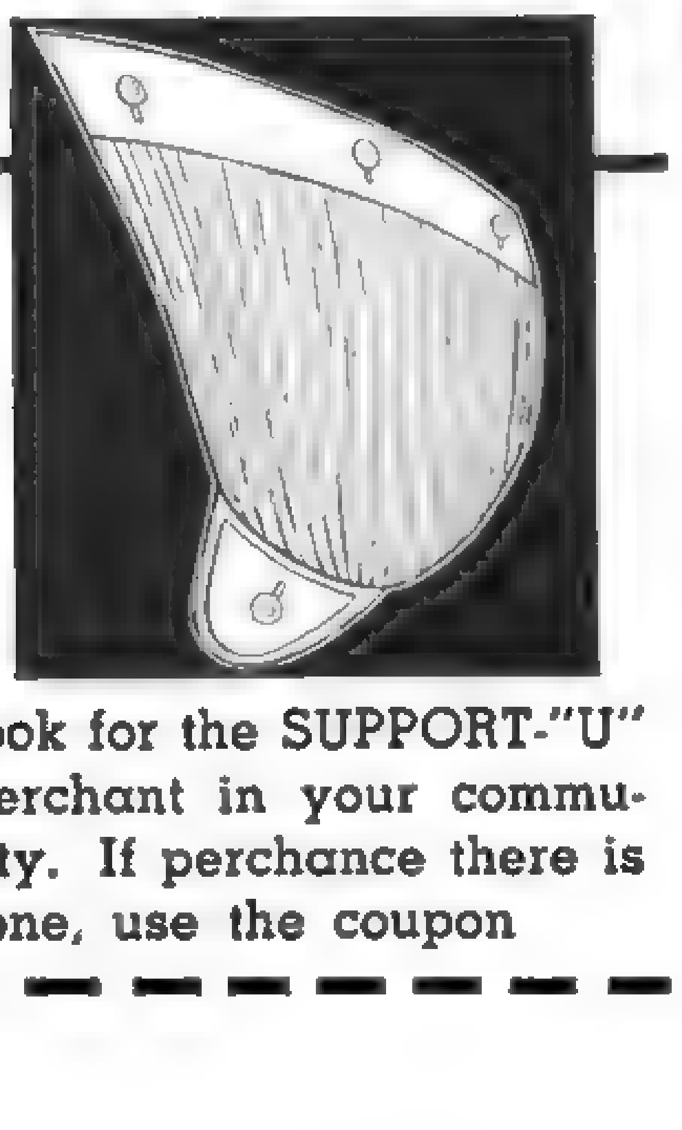

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 78-145-146

ten to order for a movie studio; he still mixes an observant and telling humor with such vaudeville banality as causing a character repeatedly to attribute to Schopenhauer some humdrum cliché; and he still, in general, presents himself in the light of a writer who composes Grade-A interludes for otherwise completely Grade-B pictures

So the critics doubtless remain right after all in that matter of self-criticism.

The Group Theatre's performance of the play calls for nice words. In point of fact, the Group Theatre has never displayed itself to better advantage, whether in the way of acting, direction or stage décor. Luther Adler, as the young fighter, Roman Bohnen as his manager, Elia Kazan as a prize-ring racketeer, Morris Carnovsky as the father of the pug, and Frances Farmer as the blonde trouble-maker, are all first-rate, the performances of the latter two being of an especial distinction.

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 81

marily thinkers. They will tell you they have no desire to be profound, that what they feel and think simply is profound. They never have to borrow ideas for their music to express. If anything, it is the other way round. Nor do they sit in dark corners meditating over imponderables. They take very little on faith; they have no great need for human respect; nor for Holy Ghosts and "sacred cows." They have never swallowed the phony that a work of art was profound because it was either long or involved or because they couldn't understand it. They hate any work which insults their intelligence by intimating, "You are a bunch of idiots who understand nothing unless it is repeated over and over again." They like wit and sarcasm, fantasy and charm in music. They insist on the light touch, on brevity and logic and symmetry of form. Atmosphere and *esprit* are to them all-important.

They refuse to accept music as uplift. It is not a religion to them and they feel no awe in its presence. Nor do they think they must cultivate it to be thought cultured, or for any other reason other than to have a good time with it. Appreciation classes are unknown in France. In fact, music instruction is not included in the school curriculum, and it is not made available as art to the provincial, as it is in Russia or Germany or our own country.

Concerts in Paris are taken as an apéritif at the twilight hour, which the New Friends of Music have proved to be a hit in New York. Parisians, however, are much more casual and less deliberate than we about their music-taking. "I cannot understand how you people arrange in advance to turn on your emotions every Thursday night at eight and always be ready to receive music," a man told me. "Most often I can't tell half an hour beforehand whether I'll be in the mood to assist at a concert or not."

The Frenchman hates, above all else, to be bored, and he is much more easily bored than other people. In addition, he is not afraid to show his boredom. He honestly doesn't give a damn about what other people think of him. The proof of it is in the clothes women wear on Paris Boulevards. This winter Schiaparelli's new hats look like upturned shoes. They would stop the traffic in any other city. In Paris, no one bats an eyelash.

The French insist on their right to be individual. They have their own point-of-view and, being convinced that it is the most satisfactory and civilized point-of-view in existence, they have great fun in expressing it.

"What's the idea of starting ten minutes ahead of time," bellowed a voice from the crow's-nest of the *Conservatoire* in the middle of a Beethoven Piano Concerto. The conductor had explained previously that the program was being revised and the overture would be inserted later so that the soloist could catch a train. But the performance was stopped while the conductor explained the situation again for the benefit of the latecomer. He had bought his ticket (probably at a discount) but it was his individual right to know why he was missing the beginning of the Concerto. In any other country, the outburst would have been an evidence of bad manners and the audience would have been incensed. In Paris, they liked it.

France is also a country in which people can violently disagree and still thoroughly approve of each other. There, the spirit of "live and let live" exists as it does nowhere else today. In no circle, polite or impolite, would you be ostracized or made to feel uncomfortable because you think Beethoven is a pedant, that Toscanini conducts like a metronome, or that Maurice Chevalier stinks. On the contrary, such opinions would make you interesting.

The French, because of their independent approach and unwillingness to swallow whole whatever is fed them, make the most receptive audience for contemporary music. In six weeks in Paris you hear more new compositions than in six years in New York concert-halls. So much has been played there that today audiences rarely manifest any deep hostility toward any music. With their superactive minds, they are supposed to assimilate and digest it more easily. But there is also a certain snobbism about it and some of the music receives precious little digesting. It has been said that if you start banging on a boiler and call it modern music, there will be a number of up-to-date listeners in Paris ready to acclaim you as their latest discovery.

The opposite extreme of taste also exists and receives satisfaction. I heard *the* Beethoven symphony six times in the same number of weeks. Just as the *Opéra Comique* gives *Pelléas et Mélisande* every other night, *Faust* has topped the five thousand mark at the *Opéra*, and *L'Après midi-d'un Faune* must be well on the way.

The old *Opéra*, which Debussy said a stranger would take for a railway station and, once inside, would mistake for a Turkish bath, has not changed since its establishment. In it are still produced curious noises which pass for music.

I swear that any grasshopper with a predilection for stomach-gurgling could turn out sounds indistinguishable from those which cross its footlights. Several million francs have been spent on a new cyclorama, but the battered, slow-moving curtain still thumps down too soon or not soon enough.

The *Opéra's* public hasn't yet outgrown the "guest" habit. It still enjoys having a star vocalist imported for the principal role and watching him walk through his part, without rehearsal, singing in a strange language, which is usually the opera's original.

Occasionally, you witness a performance so excellent—one in which the whole company works together achieving an unbelievable artistic unity—that for the moment you forget you are at the *Opéra*. In spite of this, I am still convinced that the only people who want to sing in France are people born without a voice. At best, French opera singers today resemble ventriloquists.

It is true that they never have aimed at the round, velvety sounds we like. They prefer a thinner, shriller timbre both in their vocal and instrumental tone. They play the piano on top of the keys. Their orchestra string choir is more elegant and suave than ours, but it lacks the weight and substance necessary for Beethoven or Brahms, for example. On the other hand, it is ideal for French music.

To my taste, French orchestras lack an inner, glowing warmth and there is no fanaticism in their playing. They seem to be playing a game, trying to look at the conductor without anyone's catching them. They play together, but under protest. You have the feeling each one would like to be doing something different in the playing of his music.

Audiences, too, are cold and detached. There is seldom an air of communion. If they enjoy a work there is no mistaking it, yet, they do not seem to "enter into" a piece of music or give themselves up to it. They seem merely to be analyzing or dissecting it. Their approach to music is intellectual rather than emotional. They feel with their heads and not their hearts.

Their contribution to the literature is much greater than we, who have been brought up under the spell of the Teutonic masters, think.

They have been profound in small things, masters of the art of saying much in little. From the now-forgotten school of Perotin in the thirteenth century to Debussy in the twentieth, they have originated one musical form after another, and imitated era after era in musical history. Practically every important revolution in music has begun in Paris. It has been a proving-ground for music no less than for the other arts.

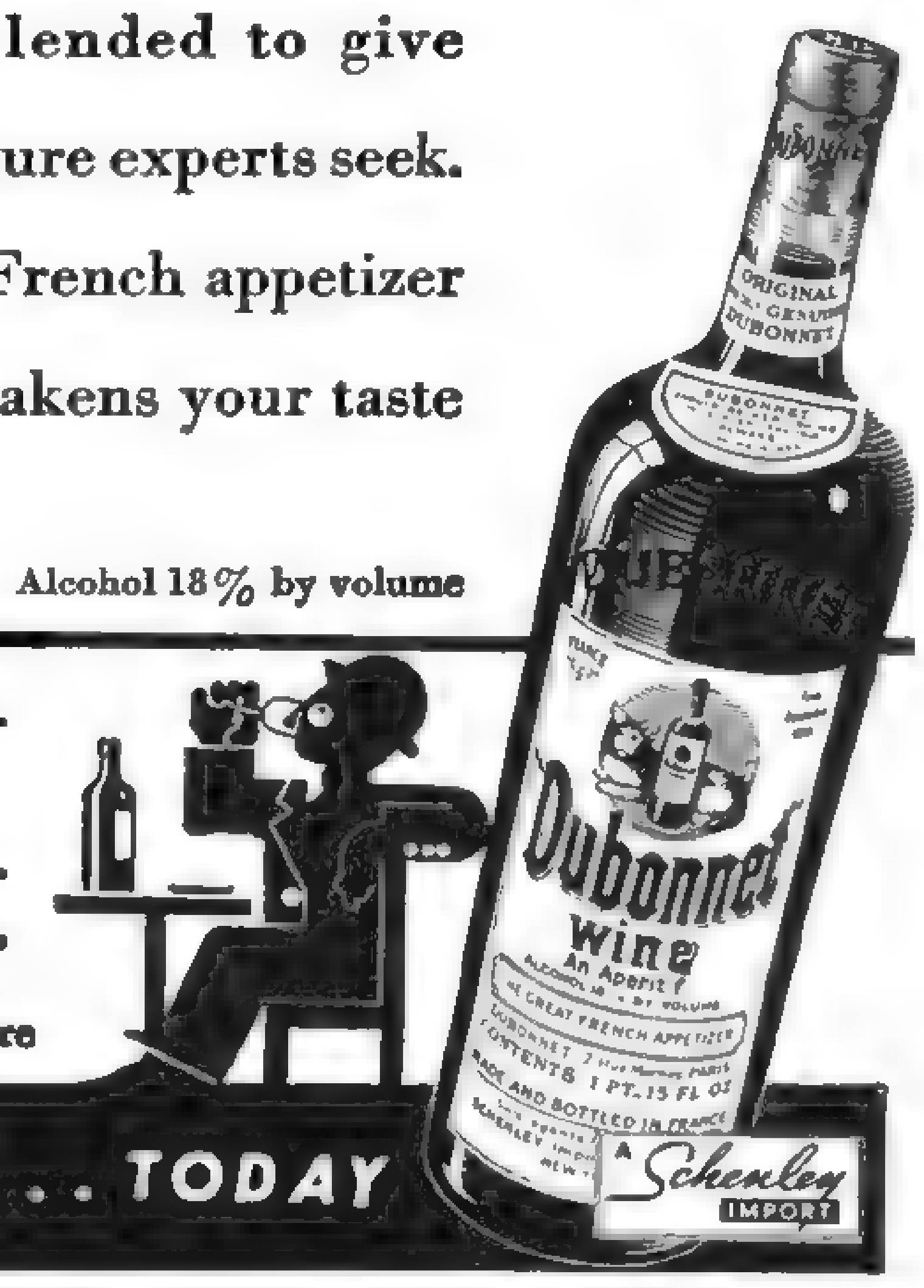
To the French genius it has been given to innovate forms rather than develop them. To achieve a conception, to visualize the solution of a problem is sufficient for the French mind. Carrying out the details bores them. A German, for example, will figure out pi (pi= 3.1416) to 180 decimal places. The Frenchman remains content with the knowledge that he can do it.

If you could induce a Frenchman to admit the creative supremacy of the Teutonic peoples in music, he would rationalize it away neatly. "The French," my friend said, "are too highly civilized, are much too self-sufficient to feel they *need* to escape into the realm of music as do the more barbaric races, such as the Germans and the Slavs."

The leader of the present group of *La Jeune France* gave an equally deft explanation: "Since the art of music was developed several centuries after the other arts, its language is still in the process of evolving. The Germans, it happens, were historically the first people to use music to express their feelings. This was possible for them, only because they are relatively simple and naïve and the primitive vocabulary, available at the time of Bach, was sufficient for their purpose.

"More subtle and complex peoples—the French, of course—will not be able to express their innate temperament and their inner soul until the musical language is extended. Happily, this expansion is now taking place and soon, when the augmentation is complete, the French will assume their rightful place in the field of musical composition."

Whether this is merely wishful thinking, the future will hear. In the meantime, we remain convinced that the French have done a much better job as philosophers and purveyors of *l'amour* than as composers of music which rivals their creations in the other arts. #



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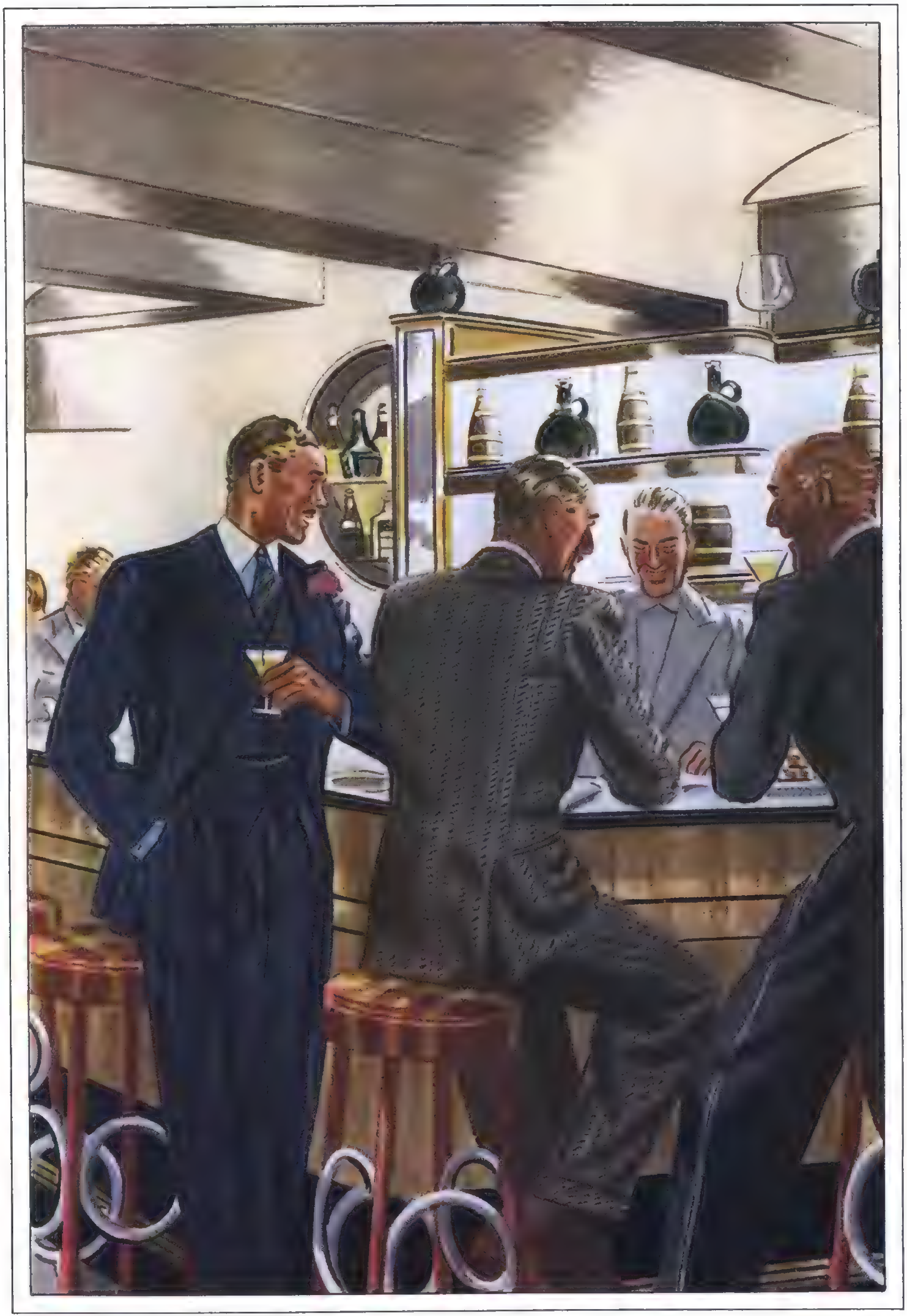

PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN ENGLAND BY LESLIE SAALBURG

Time: Around seven-thirty p.m. Place: the Berkeley Buttery in London, one of the few places where men appear simultaneously in town, country, and evening dress. Here, left to right, a homing businessman, a country squire after a day in town, and a playgoer.

AT NIGHTFALL IN THE BERKELEY BUTTERY

On the left, man dressed in the typical London manner which is ipso facto the prevailing standard for well dressed men the world over. A single breasted unfinished worsted with colored stripes, in the fashionable two-button lapel model worn with a blue broadcloth solid color shirt with soft cuffs, a starched collar and a striped woven silk tie. Men's fashions are back on the gold standard, as witness the cuff links and the heavy watch chain. Incidentally, for in town use, the pocket watch and chain is already an established fashion. The use of the white stiff collar with a soft colored shirt is also an important tendency in business attire. The suit has a plain back, featuring the British blade with extra fullness in the shoulderblades at the back. The man in the center wears a single breasted brown cheviot suit with long side vents, really a semi-sports outfit for informal occasions in town.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Villages Are the Heart of Spain

Continued from page 33

was working over there every day to get the ditches dug and the pump installed that was going to put the river water on the land before the hot dry summer weather began. Others were planting seed potatoes. And old man and his son had charge of a seedbed where they were raising onions and lettuce and tomatoes and peppers and artichokes for planting out. Later they would sow melons, corn and cabbage. For the first time the village was going to raise its own green vegetables. Up to now everything of that sort had had to be imported from the outside. Only a few of the richer landowners had had irrigated patches of fruits and vegetables for their own use. This was the first real reform the collective had undertaken and everybody felt very good about it, so good that they almost forgot the hollow popping beyond the hills that they could hear from the Jarama river front fifteen miles away, and the truckloads of soldiers and munitions going through the village up the road to Madrid and the fear they felt whenever they saw an airplane in the sky. Is it ours or is it theirs?

Outside of the irrigated bottom lands and the dryfarming uplands the collective owns a considerable number of mules, a few horses and cows, a flock of sheep and a flock of goats. Most of the burros are owned by individuals, as are a good many sheep and goats that are taken out to pasture every day by the village shepherds under a communal arrangement as old as the oldest stone walls. Occasional fishing in the river is more of an entertainment than part of the town economy. On our walks back and forth to the new pumping station the mayor used to point out various men and boys sitting along the river bank with fishing poles."all members of the C.N.T.," he'd say maliciously. "You'd never find a socialist going out fishing when there was still spring plowing to be done." "We've cleaned out the fascists and the priests," one of the men who was walking with us said grimly. "Now we must clean out the loafers." "Yes," said the mayor. "One of these days it will come to a fight."

3. Fishing Village

In San Pol, so the secretary of the agricultural coöperative told me with considerable pride, they hadn't killed anybody. He was a small, schoolteacherylooking man in a worn dark business suit. He had a gentle playful way of talking and intermingled his harsh Spanish with English and French words. San Pol is a very small fishing village on the Catalan coast perhaps thirty miles northeast of Barcelona. It consists of several short streets of pale blue and yellow and whitewashed houses climbing up the hills of an irregular steep little valley full of umbrellapines. The fishingboats are drawn up on the shingly beach in a row along the double track of the railway to France. Behind the railway is a string of grotesque villas owned by Barcelona business men of moderate means. Most of the villas are closed. A couple have been expropriated by the municipality, one for a coöperative retail store, and another, which had just been very handsomely done over with a blue and white tile decoration, to house a municipal pool parlor and gymnasium, public baths and showers, a huge airy coöperative barber shop and, upstairs, a public library and readingroom. On the top of the hill behind the town a big estate has been turned into a municipal chicken farm.

The morning I arrived the towncouncil had finally decided to take over the wholesale marketing of fish, buying the catch from the fishermen and selling it in Barcelona. The middleman who had handled the local fish on a commission basis was still in business; we saw him there, a big domineering pearshaped man with a brown sash holding up his baggy corduroys, superintending the salting of sardines in a barrel. "He's a fascist," the secretary of the coöperative said, "but we won't bother him. He won't be able to compete with us anyway because we'll pay a higher price."

Then he took me to see a little colony of refugee children from Madrid living in a beautiful house overlooking the sea with a rich garden behind it. They were a lively and sunburned bunch of kids under the charge of a young man and his wife who were attending to their schooling. As we were walking back down the steep flowerlined street (Yes, the flowers had been an idea of the socialist municipality, the secretary said smiling) it came on to rain. We passed a stout man in black puffing with flushed face up the hill under a green umbrella. "He's the priest," said the secretary. "He doesn't bother anybody. He takes no part in politics." I said that in most towns I'd been in a priest wouldn't dare show his face. "Here we were never believers," said the secretary, "so we don't feel that hatred. We have several refugee priests in town. They haven't made any trouble yet."

He took me to a fine building on the waterfront that had been a beach café and danceplace that had failed. Part of it had been done over into a little theatre. "We won a prize at the Catalonia drama festival last year, though we're a very small town. There's a great deal of enthusiasm for amateur plays here." We had lunch with various local officials in the rooms of the choral society in a little dining room overlooking the sea. Far out on the horizon we could see the smoke of the inevitable non-intervention warship.

And a fine lunch it was. Everything except the wine and the coffee had been grown within the town limits. San Pol had some

Continued on page 152

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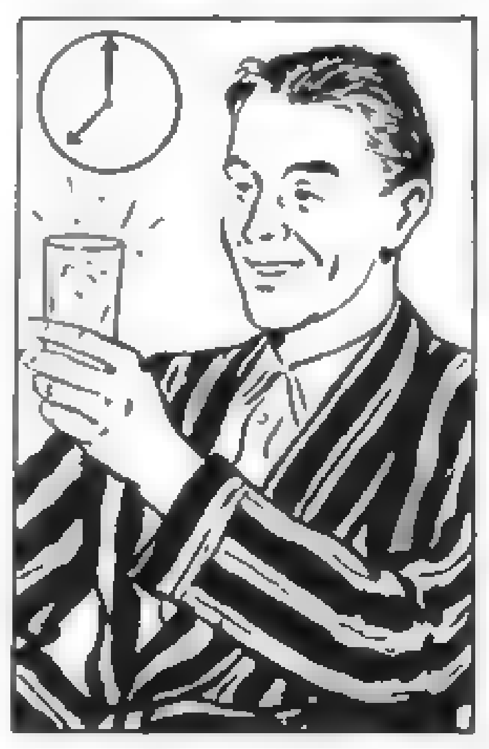

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BROMO-SELTZER
Helps **prevent**—or **stop**—
Morning-After

The Villages Are the Heart of Spain

Continued from pages 33-151

wine, they said apologetically, but it wasn't very good. First we had broad beans in olive oil. Then a magnificent dish of fresh sardines. My friends explained that the sardine fishing had been remarkably successful this year, and that fish were selling at war prices so that everybody in town had money in his pocket. They fished mostly at night with floating nets. The boats had motors and great batteries of acetylene lights to attract the fish to the surface. The difficult part of the business was to tow the net around the fish and scoop them up without losing them. After the sardines we had roast chicken from the village chickenfarm, with new potatoes and lettuce. Outside of fish they explained new potatoes were their main cash crop. They sold them in England, marketing them through the coöperative of which my friend was secretary. He had been in England that winter to make new arrangements. The coöperative was a number of years old and a member of the Catalan alliance of coöperatives. Of course now, since the movement, they were more important than ever. "If only the fascists would let us alone." "And the anarchists," somebody added . . . "We could be very happy in San Pol."

We drove out of town in the pouring rain. As the road wound up the hill we got a last look at the neat streets of varicolored stucco houses and the terraced gardens and the blue and white and blue and green fishing boats, with their clustered lights sticking out above their sterns like insect eyes, drawn up in a row along the shingle beach.

4. The Men at the Telephone

Barcelona. April 29. The headquarters of the unified Marxist party. (P.O.U.M.) It's late at night in a large bare office furnished with odds and ends of old furniture. At a bit battered fake Gothic desk out of somebody's library Nin sits at the telephone. I sit in a mangy overstuffed armchair. On the settee opposite me sits a man who used to be editor of a radical publishing house in Madrid.

We talk in a desultory way with many pauses about old times in Madrid, about the course of the war. They are telling me about the change that has come over the population of Barcelona since the great explosion of revolutionary feeling that followed the attempted military coup d'état and swept the fascists out of Catalonia in July. "You can even see it in people's dress," said Nin from the telephone laughing. "Now we're beginning to wear collars and ties again but even a couple of months ago everybody was wearing the most extraordinary costumes . . . you'd see people on the street wearing feathers." Nin was wellbuilt and healthylooking and probably looked younger than his age; he had a ready childish laugh that showed a set of solid white teeth.

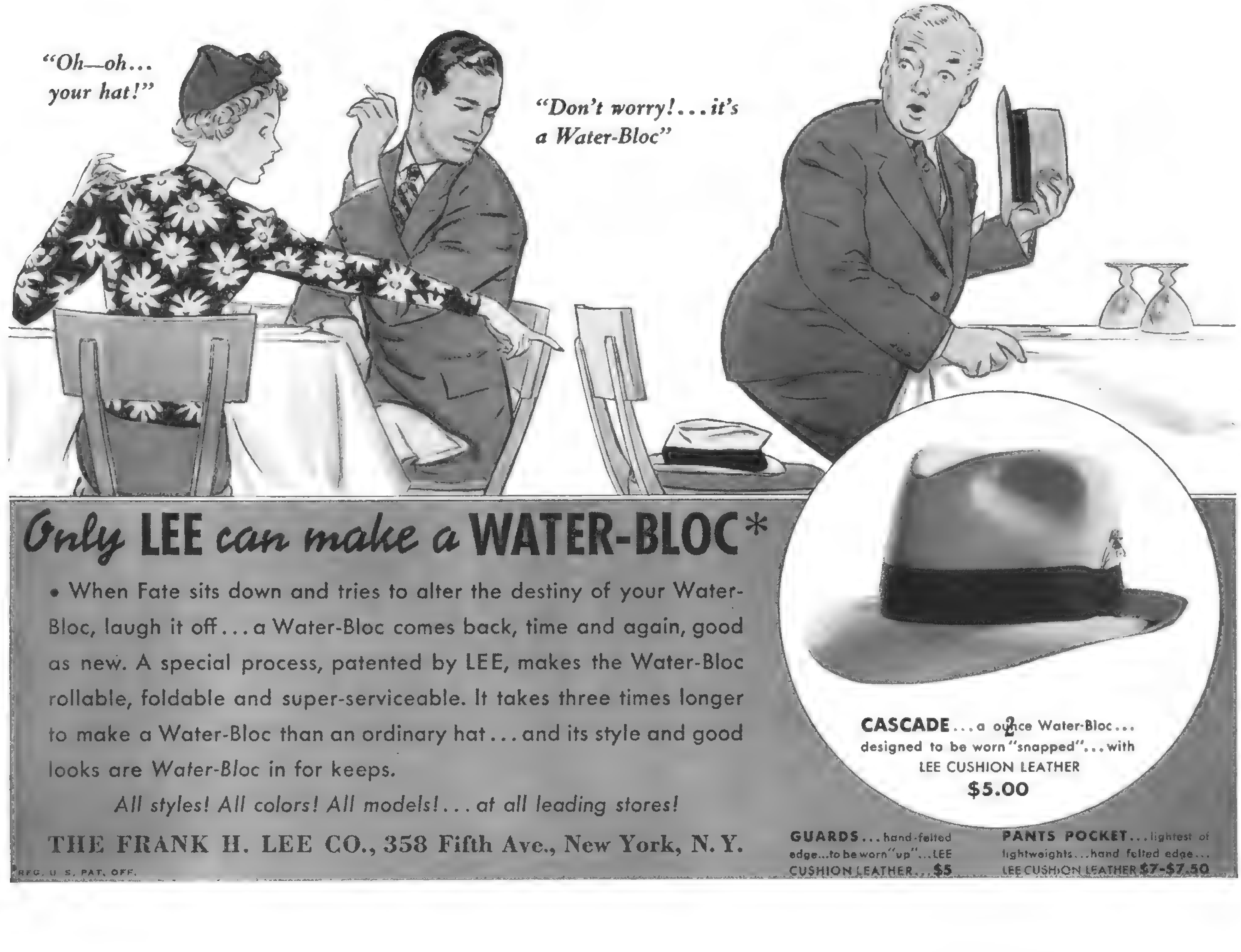
From time to time as we were talking the telephone would ring and he would listen attentively with a serious face. Then he'd answer with a few words too rapid for me to catch and would hang up the receiver with a shrug of the shoulders and come smiling back into the conversation again. When he saw that I was beginning to frame a question he said, "It's the villages . . . They want to know what to do." "About Valencia taking over the police services?" He nodded. "What are they going to do?" "Take a car and drive through the suburbs of Barcelona, you'll see that all the villages are barricaded . . . The committees are all out on the streets with machine guns." Then he laughed. "But maybe you had better not." "He'd be all right," said the other man. "They have great respect for foreign journalists." "Is it an organized movement?" "It's complicated . . . in Bellver our people want to know whether they ought to move against the anarchists. In other places they are with them . . . You know Spain."

It was time for me to push on. I shook hands with Nin and with a young Englishman who also is dead now, and went out into the rainy night. Since then Nin has been killed and his party suppressed. The papers have not told us what has happened in the villages.

But already that April night the popular movement in Catalonia seemed doomed, hemmed in by ruthless forces of worldpolitics too big for it. Perhaps these men already knew it. They did not have the faces of men who were betraying their country or their cause, but there was no air of victory about them.

The trade union paper had just been installed in a repaired building where there had once been a convent.

The new rotary presses were not quite in order yet and the partitions were unfinished between the offices in the editorial department. They took me into a little room where they were transmitting news and comment to the trade union paper in the fishing town of Gijon in Asturias on the north coast clear on the other side



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of Franco's territory. A man was reading an editorial. As the rotund phrases (which perhaps fitted in well enough with the American scheme of things for me to accept) went lilting through the silence, I couldn't help being swept by the feeling of the rainy night and the working men on guard with machineguns and rifles at sandbag posts on the roads into villages, and the hopes of new life and liberty and the political phrases pounding confused and contradictory in their ears; and then the front, the towns crowded with troops and the advanced posts and trenches and the solitude between; and beyond, the old life, the titled officers in fancy uniforms, the bishops and priests, the pious ladies in black silk with their rosaries, the arab moors and the dark berbers getting their revenge four hundred and fifty years late for the loss of their cities, and the profiteers and businessmen and squareheaded German traveling salesmen; and beyond again the outposts and the Basque countrypeople praying to God in their hillside trenches and the Asturian miners with their sticks of dynamite in their belts and the longshoremen and fishermen of the coast towns waiting for hopeful news; and another little office like this where the editors crowded around the receiving set that except for blockaderunners is their only contact with the outside world. "How can the new world full of confusion and crosspurposes and illusions and dazzled by the mirage of idealistic phrases win against the iron combination of men accustomed to run things who have only one idea binding them together, to hold on to what they've got; how can the new world win?" was what I'd liked to have asked the editors of the labor paper in Gijon over the short wave set.

There was a sudden rumble in the distance. The man who was reading stopped. Everybody craned their necks to listen. There it was again. "No it's not firing, it's thunder," everybody laughed with relief. They turned on the receiver again. The voice from Gijon came feebly in a stutter of static. They must repeat the editorial. Static. While the operator tinkered with the adjustments the distant voice from Gijon was lost in sharp crashes of static. Black rain was lashing against the window. ⁂

The Beard of Iron

Continued from page 35

his "exile." On those rare occasions when the former air minister flies to Rome, more for pleasure than business, he dutifully pays his formal respects to Mussolini and is compensated with an obscure notice in the Rome papers to the effect that "Il Duce has received Italo Balbo for a report on the state of Libya." This is accorded about the same amount of space and attention given to a routine audience granted by the premier to a village mayor.

The cream of Italy's military pilots, who were trained under Balbo and today comprise the finest caliber of fighting men the nation has, remain intensely loyal to their ex-chief. But immediately after Balbo's transfer there was a general shakeup and those closest to the former air minister were scattered to outlying posts.

Balbo is not as inarticulate as Lindbergh and most other heroes of the air. He has a lively tongue peppered with some choice unprintable epithets. But he tries to hold himself in leash when he talks about his present job in Africa. To an interviewer in Tripoli recently, he delivered this bromide:

"I am a soldier. I accept any post Il Duce wishes me to fill and endeavor to carry out his commands to the best of my ability."

He could not restrain himself from adding, however, somewhat gingerly:

"This is not exactly my profession, of course. I miss my activity in aviation. But Il Duce has sent me out here to learn civil administration and that's what I'm doing. I obey orders. I am a soldier."

Long before Balbo's historic mass flight to America, there were frequent rumblings of dissension between Il Duce and his ambitious, swashbuckling air minister. At the regular midnight meetings of the Fascist Grand Council, in which Balbo retains life membership by virtue of his having been one of Fascism's Quadrumvirs—the four commanders of the march on Rome—the air minister often took issue with Mussolini's policies. With a soldier's contempt for the maneuvers of politicians, Balbo sought constantly to keep alive the spirit of direct action that characterized the early days of Fascism, while Il Duce compromised more and more as the passing years of power mellowed his taste for revolution.

One historic clash was on the subject of what was to be done about the Italian monarchy and the royal family now that they had become mere figureheads under the Fascist scheme of things. In the Grand Council meetings, Balbo vehemently argued for the complete abolition of the monarchy as incompatible with the aims of the new Fascist State. But Mussolini, fearful of alienating the many partisans of the royal family especially numerous in Piedmont and around Naples, decided against such a drastic move and has preserved to this day at least the framework of monarchy.

Il Duce was undoubtedly irritated by the repeated opposition voiced by his impetuous air minister who almost single-handedly prevented those meetings of his official family from becoming rubber-stamp sessions.

But he was even more irritated

Continued on page 154

A Squeaky Chair

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"Sure I want to get ahead. *I* want to be Mr. Shield's assistant—and he keeps saying he wants me to be. But what happens? Half the time I spend looking at my manicure waiting for him to get through with a telephone conversation—or talking to one of the men who stops in the office to take something up—or waiting while he re-reads letters he's already read twice before. Sure—I've got patience. If he keeps me in his office two hours to do a half hour's dictation, *I* won't squawk. But then he shouldn't complain either when I don't have time to do a lot of things he wants me to do. Why, with an Ediphone—

"With an Ediphone, Mr. Shield could voice-write at least three-quarters of his work. He'd answer the easy letters the first time he read them. He'd instruct me to make appointments for him whenever he thinks of them. And he could dictate any time he darned well pleased. It would be so much more convenient for him... and for me, too.

"I talked to him about getting an Ediphone, once. Said he was too old to learn new tricks. But my gosh!—the man uses the telephone—and there's no more trick to using an Ediphone. All he does is pick up the receiver and get off his mind whatever's on it. An Ediphone isn't just for letters—it's for helping a man get his work done quicker with less effort. I'm going to try to get him to do something about it just as soon as I go back."

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PREFERENCE FOR EDIPHONE PERSISTS

The Beard of Iron

Continued from pages 35-153

by Balbo's rising popularity as the creator of a new era in Italian aviation. Mussolini is notoriously superstitious about incipient heroes within the span of his own shadow. His method of dealing with such situations comes under the heading of what he glibly calls "the change of the guard."

And so one fine day, Mussolini sent Air Minister Balbo a neatly typed document for his signature. It was a letter of resignation.

That was several years before Balbo's flight to America and the details of what actually transpired in Mussolini's cathedral-like office that day when Balbo strode in with the letter in his pocket, unsigned, are among those things which Italians, under the ever vigilant eye of the Fascist secret police, do not discuss comfortably—even in private.

Such a choice morsel however could not long remain suppressed and finally the story leaked out.

Mussolini has long made it a practice to seat his visitors at a psychological disadvantage in one of two awkward Savonarola chairs placed directly in front of his desk but at right angles to him so that he can command a view of his visitor's profile while the latter must twist his neck around uncomfortably before he can look Il Duce full in the face.

Balbo, so the story goes, brushed past the Savonarola chairs and sat himself squarely on top of the astonished dictator's desk. His legs dangled carelessly as he spoke. What he said history will probably never record but according to the most reliable version it was in effect:

"When you go, I go. Not before."

Ordinarily, the penalty for such insubordination would have erased Balbo almost automatically from Fascism's roster and sent him to the penal islands to repent.

But Balbo remained as air minister for several years after that episode—a firebrand on which Mussolini for reasons best known to himself preferred not to burn his fingers. There was much gossip about some of Fascism's "skeletons" of the violent past having been tucked away by Balbo in a bank vault outside of Italy to discourage Il Duce from dealing too summarily with him.

Balbo was on the ground floor of the Fascist Revolution. He was the military backbone of its earliest days of armed ruffianism.

Born in the village of Quartesana, near Ferrara, on June 6, 1896, the son of the local schoolmaster, Balbo even as a boy demonstrated the domineering traits of leadership that later won him his place in the front ranks of Fascism.

He was the recognized leader of the village bullies. While still a prep school student, he led neighboring farm workers in a violent uprising against landowners. He had ogled the radical writings of pre-war Italy and had already begun to dramatize himself as a revolutionary.

When the World War broke out in 1914, Balbo was just embarking on his college career.

Italy, after nearly a year of indecision as to whether to stay out of the fray entirely or try to pick the winner and jump on the victorious bandwagon, finally joined the Allies and declared war on the very powers to which she had previously been linked in the Triple Alliance.

Young Balbo, not quite nineteen, was one of the thousands of Italian youths who decried Italy's neutrality and clamored for immediate intervention against Germany in behalf of the Ideals of Justice.

He joined the famed Alpine Corps of the Italian army and distinguished himself as a courageous soldier.

Balbo emerged from the World War with the rank of lieutenant, a faint lisp, three medals for valor, and a profound contempt for the Italian statesmen whom the war veterans accused of betraying Italy's interests at the diplomatic council tables where the spoils were divided among the victors.

Even before he was demobilized, Balbo started a little regimental newspaper, *L'Alpino*, and began to disseminate revolutionary ideas throughout the garrison at Udine. His blunt attacks on the Nitti cabinet and his booming salvos for its overthrow finally attracted the attention of the military censors. *L'Alpino* was speedily suppressed.

He went to the University of Florence to finish the studies four years of war had interrupted and as he later rationalized it "to prepare myself intellectually for the revolution." There he found other students in a similar frame of mind. By the time he was graduated he already had a following of collegiate radicals.

Like many another disgruntled war veteran, Balbo would undoubtedly have drifted into the ranks of the Communists if no other outlet had been offered.

But an ill-kempt, outcast Socialist, named Benito Mussolini, who had turned on the pacifist principles of his party peers by advocating Italy's entrance into the War and had organized a small but ardent party of followers, also returned from the battlefield to the bitter political turmoil of post-war Italy.

Popular dissatisfaction with the existing form of government was sweeping Italy just as it was sweeping almost every other nation of Europe. Socialist, Communist, and Anarchist organizations seized the opportunity to stage violent strikes throughout the country. Factories were wrecked; employers beaten. Law enforcement agencies were paralyzed by political pussy-footing in Rome.

Mussolini gathered about him a

Continued on page 156

Valentine's Day-FEB. 14th

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Cupid still decrees "roses red" or "violets blue" or flowers of any hue for Valentine's Day! And your F. T. D. (flowers-by-wire) florist is ready to speed your message of love and good cheer anywhere . . . any time! Flowers are Valentines that express what no pen can ever write. . . . So this Valentine's Day, why not "say it with flowers-by-wire"? It's real fun to wire flowers, and easy, too. Just stop in at any florist shop that displays the F. T. D. Emblem. . . . There you will find perfect artistry in flowers and prompt, friendly service for Valentine's Day or any other occasion.

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The Beard of Iron

Continued from pages 35-153-154

nucleus of war veterans determined to preserve order by extralegal force. Some say he was financed by the industrial interests. The future dictator had already started a newspaper in Milan—the heart of industrial Italy—named it *Popolo d'Italia*, and launched a flaming editorial campaign.

The youth of Italy flocked to his standard. And among the very first to enroll was young Italo Balbo, then twenty-three. He sent Mussolini fervent telegrams applauding the editorial onslaughts of the *Popolo d'Italia* and contributed several fiery, sophomoric essays himself.

When D'Annunzio and his little brigade seized Fiume in 1919 during the post-war controversy between Italy and Jugoslavia over the town, Balbo was in the poet-soldier's ranks. Mussolini began to recognize in this explosive young zealot the kind of a man of action he had been praying for.

The War had taught Balbo to command as well as obey. Mussolini first commissioned him to organize and lead the Fascist "flying squads" in Ferrara, then a hotbed of Reds. His job was to break up strikes and raid communist meetings. Balbo recruited bands of rough-and-ready youngsters, armed them with clubs, muskets, homemade bombs, and a few war-weary machine guns.

In less than a year, Balbo and his men had made themselves the scourge of the province. Balbo's name was put up as Fascist candidate for Parliament from Ferrara, but Mussolini decided as a matter of party strategy it would be best to run himself. Balbo graciously withdrew and his chief was overwhelmingly elected.

In September of 1921, Balbo headed the first experimental mass military mobilization of Fascists. With 3,000 men in regimental formation, he staged a three-day march to Ravenna, where he and his followers planted the Fascist standard at the tomb of Dante and shouted: "On to Rome!" That was the first time the black shirt —symbolic of the ordinary workingman's shirt in Mussolini's native Romagna province—made its appearance as the official uniform of the Fascist Party.

Mussolini decided to mobilize similar military units throughout Italy. Balbo was assigned to command not only his native Ferrara province, but, greater honor still, Mussolini's own red-blooded Romagna.

In city after city, the Fascist "militia" took the law into its own hands. When the unemployment crisis in Ferrara became a political football kicked around Rome by a vacillating cabinet, Balbo got Mussolini's permission to seize the city and hold it until demands for a public works program were granted.

With his Fascist forces swelled to 63,000 men by recruits from the ranks of the unemployed, Balbo staged a spectacular march, took complete possession of Ferrara, blockaded the main thoroughfares, and delivered an ultimatum to the prefect that unless their demands were met in forty-eight hours they would go into action with the prefecture itself as the first objective of the attack. There were hasty conferences in Rome and the government finally capitulated.

Turbulent months followed with similar demonstrations in other Italian cities: Bologna, Genoa, Ancona, Parma, Ravenna. Bloody clashes broke out between the Fascists and their political adversaries, the Communists and Socialists. Partisans on both sides were killed.

While Mussolini was busy making torrid speeches, editing the *Popolo d'Italia*, and directing the party's activities from behind the barricaded office of his newspaper, Balbo was busy winning street battles.

On October 6, 1922, Mussolini summoned Balbo to Milan and asked him pointblank what he thought the possibilities were of a successful march on Rome itself. Balbo, bubbling with enthusiasm, told his chief it was a cinch. He outlined a plan of mobilization. Mussolini broke a long-standing rule and asked Balbo to lunch with him—a token of familiarity Il Duce had long made it a practice to deny his colleagues.

After lunch, Mussolini handed him a signed photograph of himself, inscribed:

"To my fraternal friend, Italo Balbo, magnificent Condottiero of the Fascist Militia, in awaiting the supreme march,

"With admiration,
"MUSSOLINI."

Late that same month, 250,000 Fascists converged along three diagonal routes for the march on Rome. But before the plan could be carried out, King Victor Emmanuel III sent Mussolini over the protest of his closest advisors a historic message inviting him to form a new cabinet. The march on Rome turned out to be a parade.

Balbo was disappointed that there had been no fighting. He was rewarded for his part in the conquest of power by being appointed—at the age of twenty-six —the first commander of the Fascist Militia which Mussolini decided to retain in arms as a guarantee against any military coup d'état. But soon thereafter came a day of reckoning for Il Duce's youthful Man Friday.

Balbo's Fascist "squads" in Ferrara had continued their violent expeditions even after the new regime had been firmly seated in power. A Catholic priest, Don Minzoni, had been beaten to death allegedly by some of Balbo's own men.

Voce Repubblicana, an anti-Fascist organ, openly charged the commander of the Fascist militia with complicity in the attack and the matter was brought into court through a libel suit filed against the newspaper by Balbo. The case became a cause célèbre throughout Italy and took on all the aspects of a murder trial.

A letter of instructions from Balbo to the secretary of the Fascist Party in Ferrara, ordering the "use of systematic clubbing" wherever adversaries did not yield to milder forms of persuasion, was produced in the courtroom by the newspaper's lawyers.

Balbo's libel suit was thrown out of court and he was ordered to pay all the legal costs of the trial. No other evidence linking the militia commander personally to the attack was ever unearthed and efforts at further prosecution were eventually dropped.

Mussolini, however, was fearful of the widespread resentment aroused by the evidence that Fascist leaders were still indulging in violence months after the victorious March on Rome. Only a few months before, the murder of Fascism's arch-enemy in the Italian Parliament, Socialist Deputy Matteoti, had caused such an uproar Il Duce was nearly forced to resign under fire.

The dictator induced Balbo to give up his post as commander of the militia. Then with grim determination to prevent such embarrassment in the future Mussolini whipped through a series of drastic press censorship laws.

He kept his former militia commander comfortably but safely in the background for a year or so, until the memory of the murdered priest had faded. In the interim, Balbo apparently turned his energies to romance. He fell in love with and married Emanuella Floria, a beautiful Italian woman by whom he has had one son and two daughters.

Then Balbo suddenly bobbed up again in Mussolini's official family, now as undersecretary of agriculture, a post about which Balbo knew as little as he did about being a colonial governor.

After an uncomfortable year grappling with the problems of the Italian farmer, Balbo persuaded Il Duce in 1926 to transfer him to the air ministry as undersecretary and give him a chance to build up Italy's then inferior air force.

It was a post more suitable to Balbo's military tastes. He plunged into his new job with enthusiasm. Not content with being a swivel-chair undersecretary, he took flying lessons, studied navigation, became an expert pilot.

Within two years, Italian aviation made such giant strides, Mussolini decided to make Balbo the full-fledged minister of air.

The new minister stepped up Italy's military air force from fourth place to a position second only to France. He proved himself one of the world's ablest impresarios of aviation. Bright young men from the finest Italian families competed for the honor of being accepted as air corps cadets. A special navigation school was opened at Orbetello where the idea of a transatlantic mass flight to America was born. A high speed school was inaugurated at Lake Garda where Balbo-trained pilots broke world records in rapid succession. In Rome, Balbo built an air ministry skyscraper of extreme modernistic design.

Six commercial air lines were developed and not a single passenger was killed during the entire four years Balbo was in control. As part of his program to stamp out the possibility of accident due to negligence in construction or assembly of planes, he ordered a detailed registry kept in every airplane factory listing the name of each workman who had worked on the individual parts of every plane. Those responsible for faulty parts discovered to have been the cause of any air accident would face dire consequences, Balbo warned.

His conviction that solo flying had become ineffective in modern warfare led him to concentrate all Italy's aerial resources on the development of mass formations as the most devastating kind of attack. Few of the millions of Americans who saw the Italian armada fly over the skyscrapers of Chicago and New York realized that much more a motive than good-will advertising was Balbo's desire to test the military potentialities of long-range bombing raids by a veritable flying army.

Unlike most other air ministers, Balbo insisted on personally leading his various experimental flights. In 1928, he commanded a fleet of sixty-one scout planes to the westernmost end of the Mediterranean. The next year he led thirty-six bombers over the eastern Mediterranean and the Black Sea to Odessa and back. In 1931, he accompanied the first transatlantic armada on a 6,250-mile flight of twelve seaplanes to Brazil. Then came the historic flight to the United States and back.

With such an exciting record behind him, those of us who know Balbo as an impulsive dare-devil marvel at the self-restraint he is showing in his present "exile."

Can this be the same Balbo who plunged headlong into the perils of hand-to-hand street fighting in Fascism's early days?

Can this be the same Balbo who had the courage to defy Mussolini and become a one-man Left Wing of the Fascist Grand Council?

The governor-general of Libya has been a Forgotten Hero once before—only to emerge more powerful than ever.

There are some who venture the prediction that if he succeeds in emerging again, it may be as the next dictator of Fascist Italy. ⧺

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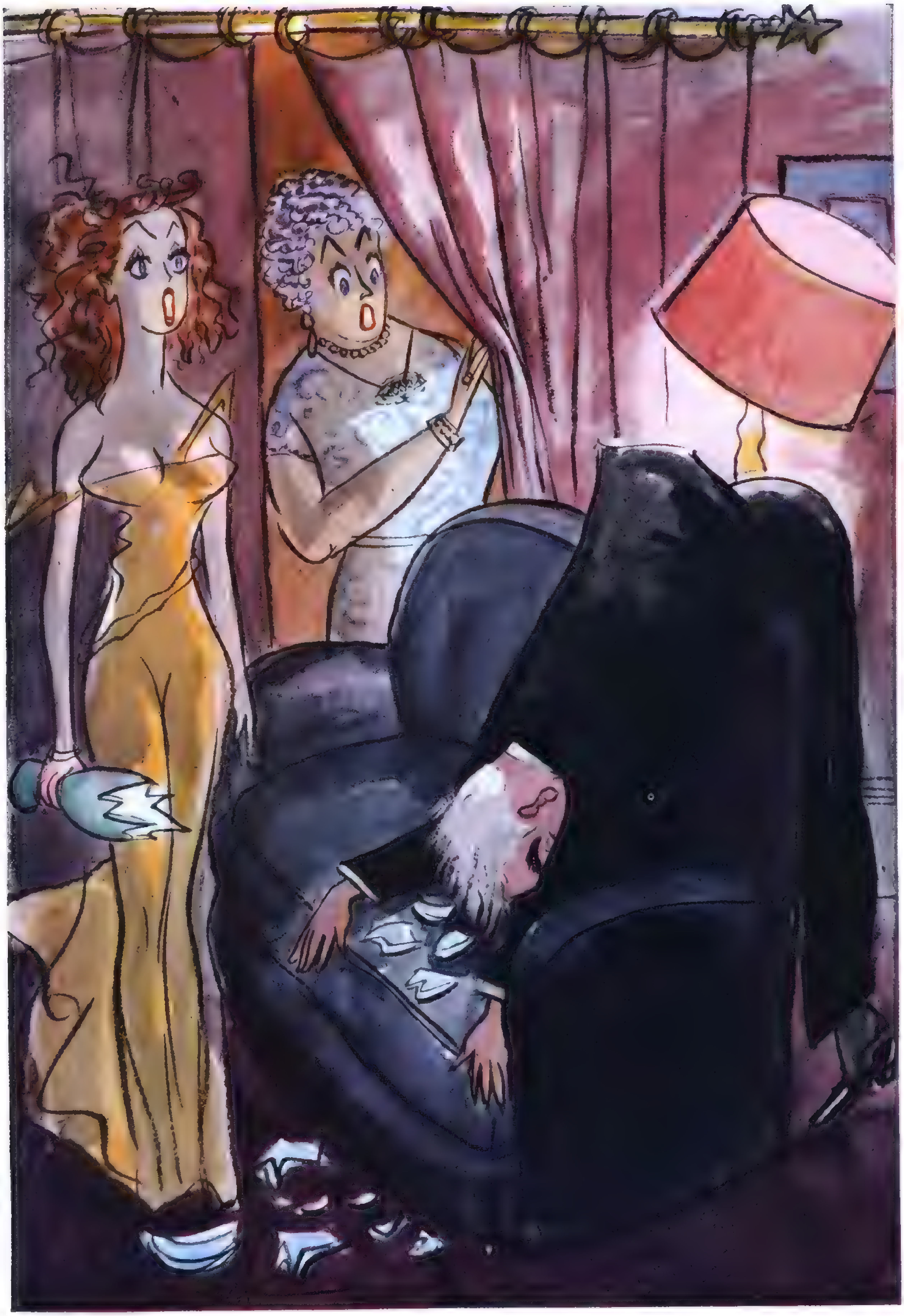

"It's Mr. Aldrich, Mother. I dampened his ardor."

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MERRITT CUTLER

Gourmet's Guide to Mexico

Continued from page 58

Covarrubias cartoons on the walls.) Even if you don't like beans, (*frijoles*), you will admit that these brown beans of the Mexican plateau region, beaten into a paste, are well camouflaged. Personally, I like beans, but I must say that Mexican cooks are a bit generous with them. A boarding house in the Calle Cipres, where I used to live, placed them on the table twice a day. But at such places as Los Monotes you can substitute for them a *chayote*, a tender pear-shaped squash. By this time you may be so "native" that you prefer it spread on a *tortilla*.

If it's *chongo* day at *El Retiro*, don't miss this Mexican counterpart of *blanc-mange*. It must be made, they say, of milk from one cow—no mixed milk from a large dairy gives the right curd. *Chongos* have a body and substance which our junket dishes lack. *El Retiro* is near the bull ring and on Sundays (bullfight day), you'll see many bullfight fans there, and, if you can understand Spanish, you may pick up a lot of the *aficionado* slang.

Chongos are to my mind, the best of Mexican desserts. The common dessert is either custard or guava. But one usually has a choice of sweet or fruit. Mexico's fruits are innumerable: mangos, prickly pears, *ciruelas* (plums), *cherimoyas*, *zapotes*, *papayas*, etc. I'd rather have some juicy native pineapple than one of the various highly-colored melons, which I find more decorative than appetizing. Or a mango, whose sweet taste always defied description.

Coffee is a drink which the Mexicans hardly treat with reverence. A bottle of cold coffee is placed on the table and those who like it pour a few tablespoonsful in a cup of boiling milk. But in place of coffee, there is excellent Mexican chocolate, the favorite drink of Montezuma. Mexicans make it without milk and beat it to a froth with a highly ornamental beater. The latter is an intriguing little gadget sold at all tourist stores. You'll buy one (they are irresistible), pack it home and never use it. Another sweet beverage is *atole*, a warm milk drink, beaten up with corn and flavored with cinnamon. It's a drink I cannot praise too highly, but not many restaurants have it.

Prendes' in the Avenida de 16 de Septiembre serves a good sound Mexican dinner, although it has quite a number of foreign dishes on its menu. It's especially noted for its grilled meats and sea food. I recall with pleasure an octopus en casserole—I can't remember the Spanish name; also *huachinango à la Vera Cruzana*, a noble red-snapper from the Gulf and *ahuatle*, dragon-fly eggs skimmed from the surface of the neighboring Lake Texcoco, dried, broiled and served like fish roe.

Was it at Prendes, or in the mellow dining room of the Hotel Mancera that I intrepidly tried one of the most extraordinary of Mexican dishes—*guisanos de maguey?* Without knowing what they were, I ordered a portion and found them little round objects, fried to a crisp and served on a tortilla—not unlike some very pungent vegetable. I liked them moderately. I liked them less when the head waiter later informed me that *guisanos* are worms which feed on the maguey plant.

Lest this article sound too much like one of the lectures on Mexico in Hubert Herring's excellent seminar on Cultural Relations, let us turn to non-Mexican restaurants.

The best French food, to my mind, is to be found at Sylvain's, in the same street as Prendes—a bedamasked relic of the plush Porfirio Diaz days, where excellent *vol au vent* and *crêpes suzettes* may be had with vintage wines. The French have also captured the kitchen of the San Angel Inn, a former convent with tables set in the cool arches of a beautiful patio. San Angel is a pretty little suburb, twenty minutes from the city, and has a number of interesting restaurants. Don't confuse the Inn with the Bombilla (Mexican cuisine) down the street, where a religious fanatic stabbed President Obregon some years ago.

There is good spaghetti at Giacomini's, an Italian place in the Calle Bolivar, and Hungarian dishes at "Little Hungary" not far from the Hungarian Club. But no gypsy orchestra. Mexico is not a very musical capital, in spite of a large German colony, to whose tastes a dozen German restaurants and cafés cater, out on the Avenida de los Insurgentes, in the embassy quarter. There, every afternoon, many blond, paunched creatures may be seen sipping beer and playing *skat*. One of their countrymen at the Cantina Liverpool has drawn the trade of the American Embassy around the corner with his fine cocktails.

The cocktail is a mixture which Mexicans understand rather inadequately. In most of the provincial towns, and indeed in many of the bars of the capital, the Martini becomes a wondrous and unrecognizable affair. For a pre-prandial drink, better stick to sherry; Amontillado is good and cheap in Mexico. However in Mexico City there are some places where a full line of good synthetic drinks are served. There is the tumultuous Hotel

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Regis (where Mexican generals occasionally empty their Brownings into the bottles on the bar) and Sanborn's (where no Mexican general wants to be seen). Try the *alejandros* (Alexanders) at the Regis or the Manhattans at Sanborn's. Of course if you are invited to the American Club or the Country Club, you will be in expert hands.

I cannot grow lyrical about the native drinks. *Pulque*, that fermented milk of the century plant, sedulously preserved in ancient pig-skins and shipped daily into the capital from the great maguey ranches, I found nauseating. But you may experiment with it, provided you discover a very sanitary *pulque* shop. Perhaps the curious frescoes in these peon saloons, some executed by no less artists than Orozco and Diego Rivera, will beguile you into a mood to swallow *pulque*.

The drink which hard-boiled gringos fancy is *tequila*. Easy to understand that. It is a fiery liquor, distilled from the leaves of the maguey plant and quite as potent as any white mule. A certain ritual is supposed to govern *tequila* potation: a pinch of salt taken from the left hand before tossing it off, followed by a lemon to suck. Personally I found it possible to drink *tequila* without salt, lemon and especially without "bottoms up."

I consider it a bit more palatable, but no more intoxicating than most of the prohibition "shots" of a few years ago.

Mole de guajolote, tortillas, chongos, followed by a *tequila* gives you a thoroughly indigenous dinner. Let digestion work while you light a *cigarro de hoja*, or corn-husk cigarette, and try to keep it lighted. This favorite among all dyed-in-wool Mexicans was first introduced to me by Señor Carlos Barrera, one-time secretary to the Embassy at Washington. Señor Barrera was a master of the technique of smoking "el heroes"—a rather dextrous interplay of energetic puffing and compression of the husk with the fingers. For less hardy souls, I recommend *puros* (cigars). *El Buen Tono* is a good domestic brand—as good as many Havanas. For such, after so much arduous adventuring among exotic tastes, an American will offer up thanks. #

Fish Loses Man

Continued from page 88

there are such things as fishermen.)

I do not know why you would drop this line into the water, but let's not split hairs about it, let's suppose you did. And now suppose that all of a sudden your line were to run away from you at high speed. What would you do?

I don't even have to tell you. You would let go of the pole.

And now let us suppose that I am wrong about all this, and that the angler really has outwitted the fish. Is it any comfort to have outwitted a fish? Is it hard to do? It shouldn't be, but even if it is, all that you have done is to outwit a fish. A fish is a very low form of vertebrate life.

Yet the angler who is not above matching wits and strength (that is, the strength of his fish line) with a fish, and throwing him back so he can match wits and strength with some other angler, looks with disgust on the plain fisherman who fishes for the only reason that any civilized, intelligent person should fish—to get a mess of fish for supper. The fish is a satisfactory article of food, but as either a companion or a competitor, you can have him.

The straight, out-and-out catching of the fish, call it what you will, I look upon with relish. The less the chance of the fish getting away, the better. The idea is to catch the fish, and fish getting away represent a loss of time and bait, and, in my case, of patience.

Fancy anglers frequently ask me, "If that's the way you feel about fishing, why don't you just buy your fish at the market?"

To which the only adequate reply I can think of is, "Why don't you go out and test your wits and strength with a horse?"

That certainly is not very much to the point, but it's all I ever can think of on the spur of the moment.

Anyway, as I said in the beginning, I have not caught any fish for eight years.

I opened the eighth year of my campaign to go fishing, on the above platform, by coming up to Minnesota to visit my parents. In the back of my head I carried the thought that in addition to visiting my parents I could go out on the lake and catch some sunfish and perch and crappies, and Mother could fry them for supper.

When I arrived I mentioned this to Dad.

Dad gave me one of those peculiar looks which I have learned to associate with sunfish and perch and crappies.

"Listen," he said, "no son of mine has got to go out fishing for sunfish and perch and crappies. If you want to go fishing, we'll do it right. We'll go over to the St. Croix river after small-mouth bass. We can get up before sunrise and fish all day and camp out there and get a good early start. Once I caught a seven pound—"

"All I wanted," I said rather loudly, "was to go out on the lake about ten o'clock in the morning and sit—"

"Well, if you really want to go out on the lake," Dad said with enthusiasm, "I'm willing. I'll get some big shiners and we'll get up at four o'clock and try to find that wall-eyed pike hole Old Man Johnson was telling me about."

Perhaps I should explain, at this point, that Old Man Johnson had told Dad about the pike hole just thirty-three years ago last August, and that Dad has been

Continued on page 162

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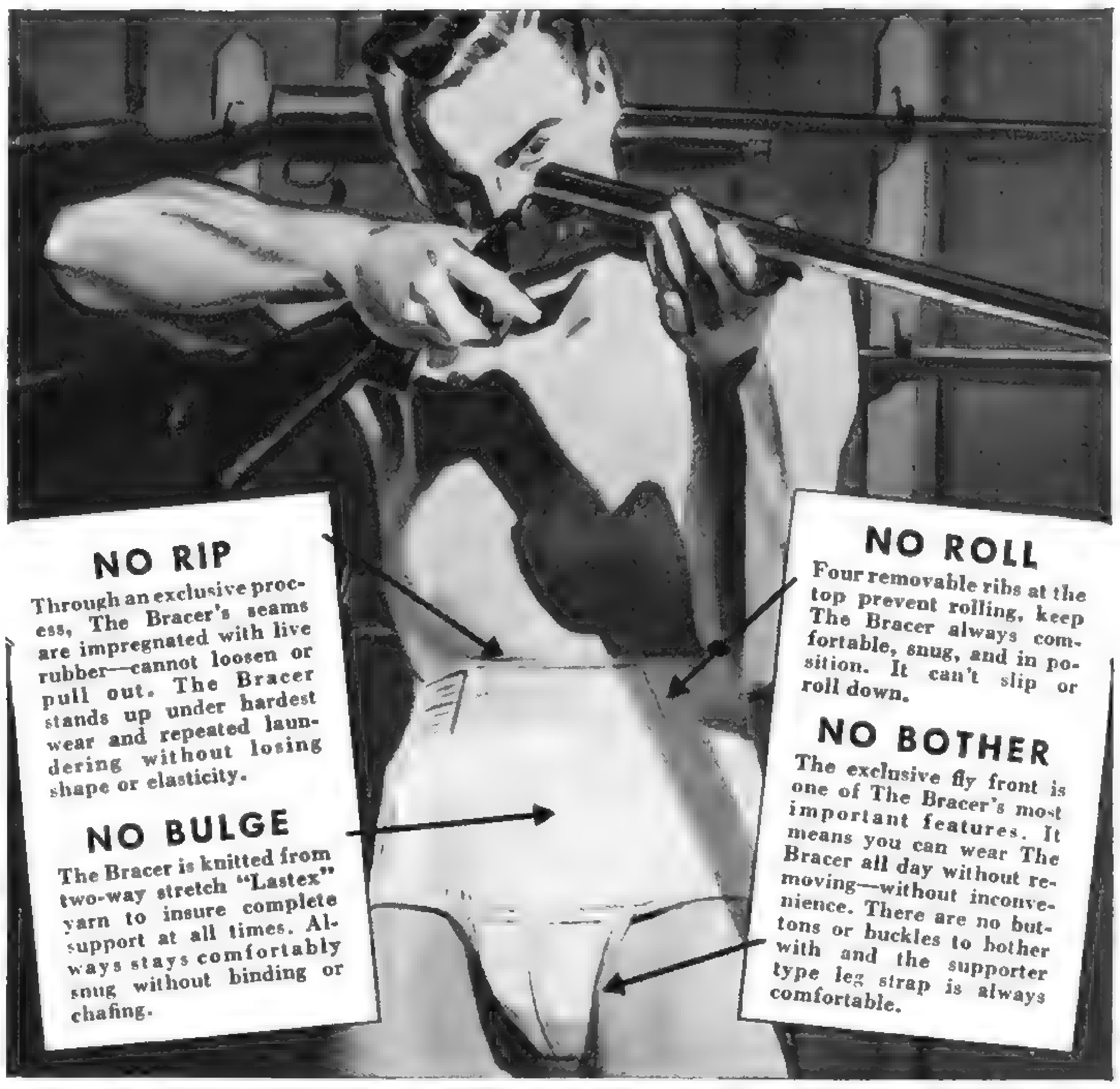

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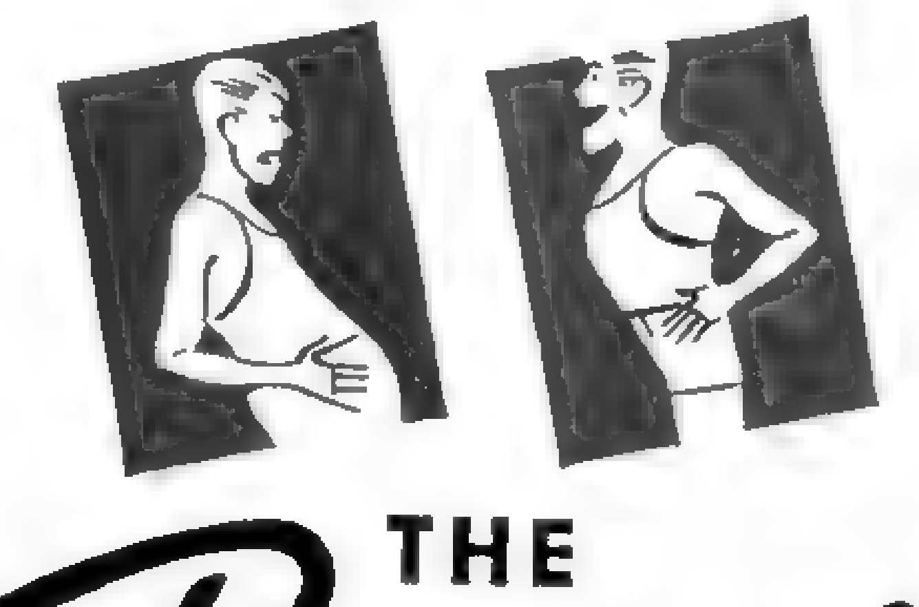

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Fish Loses Man

Continued from pages 88-161

trying to find it ever since. Once, about twenty years ago, he thought he had it, but it was a weed.

Foiled in that direction, I went to see Ken Wright, an old friend with whom I used to fish years ago. "Ken," I said, "let's go fishing."

"Okay," said Ken. "It's only four hundred miles to the Lake of The Woods, and we can make it in one day. Last year one of the fellows caught a thirty-five pounder."

I squirmed. "What I had in mind," I said, "was—" My heart failed me. But summoning all my strength I pushed on. "—some sunfish and perch and crappies."

After an embarrassing silence Ken said disgustedly, "That's kid stuff. Anything gets my goat," said Ken, "it's a fellow your age trying to act like a kid!"

I dropped the subject and gave up for the summer, if not permanently.

But help, or what I thought was help, came from the most unexpected quarter.

I received an invitation from West Palm Beach, Florida, to come down and do some fishing.

This gave me an idea. While there are many big, non-edible fish in the ocean that anglers who like to match their wits with a fish's wits keep trying to catch, the ocean is practically full of small, fine tasting fish that still are big enough so you can keep them without being laughed at.

So I took the train to Chicago, and there boarded an Eastern Airlines plane for West Palm Beach, where I was welcomed by my hosts, who at once began to talk in terms of sailfish. This was bad.

The sailfish, as you probably know, is a beautiful creature and a lively victim, but it is definitely a career, not a pastime, fish. Even the ones that aren't big enough to keep are six feet long. Thus when you fish for sailfish you do not spit on your bait, and neither do you use a bobber. Also, the sailfish is not good to eat unless smoked. Smoked fish is not very good. So the only reason you try to catch a sailfish is to try to match your wits and strength against his. Next time you see a stuffed sailfish, look him over, especially his eyes. His strength may be all right, but his wits do not look first class.

Another thing I was afraid of about sailfish was that there wouldn't be any, and all we'd get would be a ride on the Gulf Stream. But I was told the sailfish is a pretty common fish in these waters. The West Palm Beach Fishing Club, a very progressive unit, had counted three thousand of these fish taken during the past year. That is a heap of sailfish, but I accepted the count with calm, although it was certified by the Chamber of Commerce. Pertinent to this thought is the sister thought that any given Florida Chamber of Commerce also is a heap of sailfish.

They showed me the boat we were to go out in, Eddie Dowling's *Marlin*. This boat, approximately the size of the average Florida bungalow, was rigged to the masthead for fishing for fish that weigh a hundred pounds each. Think that one over.

I realized I must strike at once.

"Look here," I said earnestly, "this is going to be wonderful, but I want to clear up a possible misunderstanding. I want to haul in some fish out of this ocean, and eat some of them. Before I go home can I put out a drop line and catch some common fish, something about the size you use for bait?"

They laughed the familiar, unbelieving laugh.

"That was a pretty good one!" said somebody.

I swallowed hard and managed a sort of hopeless laugh myself.

We trolled the Gulf Stream all morning, but conditions were wrong and all we did was troll the Gulf Stream. This in itself is one of the most delightful experiences known to man, and any other time I would have enjoyed it thoroughly, but with me, this thing had come to a crisis.

At noon we pulled inside to a sheltered cove and had lunch.

I looked down into the water and saw a lot of fish. They were swimming around much as fish swim around in a fish hatchery. My hands began to tremble—after eight years of trying, your hands begin to tremble—and I asked Eddie Dowling for a fish pole and some bait, not mullet, but something like worms, or whatever they use in Florida for fish that size.

Eddie looked at me in no uncertain manner. He said stiffly, "We are not rigged for still fishing." He spread his hands a couple of feet apart. "They're little fellows," he said.

I tried my best to impress upon him, in continuing my plea to be permitted to fish, that it was my custom to use only one hand to designate a fish that was not big enough to keep. If I had to use two hands, the fish was a monster, and had got away.

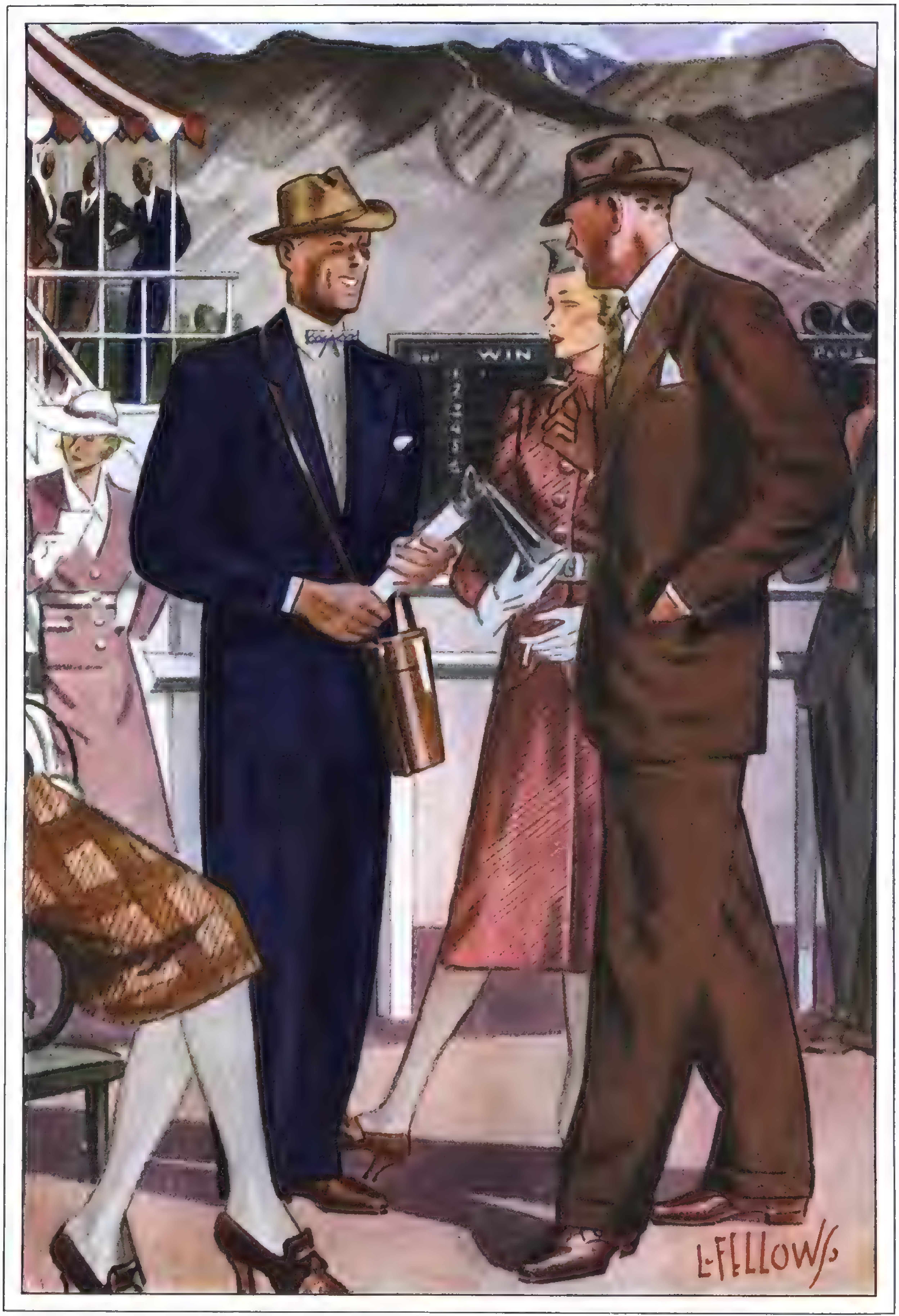
My argument didn't take. They wouldn't let me fish.

We searched for sailfish all afternoon, but conditions were wrong and in the evening we pulled up to the pier with a flourish (a flourish, much as it looks like it at first glance, is not a fish). A row of fishermen were sitting there hauling in one fish after another, as I had done so frequently during the past eight years, in my dreams.

When I got out of the boat, what a sight met my eyes! The top of the pier was—well, not covered, but partly covered, with wonderful fish.

Although the social situation

Continued on page 164



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The big idea now is to button the top two buttons only on a three-button single breasted suit, such as the one in brown herringbone Shetland shown on the right, worn with a white oxford button down collared shirt, an India madras tie, fawn color rough finish semi-Tyrolean hat and calf monk front shoes. The latter, by the way, are vastly on the increase both in brown calf and in reverse calf or buckskin. The other is the marine blue flannel week-end suit, the newest answer to the demand for an outfit that may be worn as a complete suit or may be combined at will with odd trousers and odd jackets. This coat follows the loose hanging lines of the blazer, has a four-button front with the lapel rolling to the bottom button, patch pockets and a single button and buttonhole at the cuff of the sleeve. With it is worn the popular ivory color silk shirt, a fine checked silk bowtie and the lightweight tan felt cavalier hat.

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Fish Loses Man

Continued from pages 88-161-162

was acute, I could not suppress my emotions. "Look!" I cried.

"Snappers!" said Eddie in a low voice. Eddie's point was, not that these were snappers, but that they were not sailfish. Snappers, as you probably know, are a variety of fish that you pay eighty cents for, à la carte, or $1.25 on the regular dinner.

I lingered on the pier, hoping desperately that one of the fishermen would get tired and lend me his fish pole. I even mentioned as much to a young fellow whose resistance looked weak. The young fellow, grasping the justice of my plea, was about to give in when my friends pulled me away, laughing at what my friends for eight years have persisted in thinking was one of my sly jokes.

I couldn't get the snappers off my mind. I thought of all kinds of wild schemes but finally, remembering that this is a free country, simply started walking back toward the pier.

I was caught before I had taken ten steps.

I was taken to meet somebody who had caught a record sailfish last year. This chap had a great collection of rods, reels, lines, and other gear, and he seemed an expert. Here, I thought, is my chance to find out how to get some snappers. I inquired of him whether the gentlemen on the pier were using worms or minnows for bait.

He blinked. After a pause he asked, "Do you mean bait for sailfish?"

"No," I said, "for snappers."

He looked at me with great concentration. Finally he thought he had it. "You don't use snappers for sailfish," he said, "you use mullet."

I plunged. "What," I asked as a last resort, "do you use for mullet?"

He brightened. "Oh," he said, "you use the real mullet."

I nodded sagely. Another day gone to hell.

The next morning we resumed the search for sailfish. And we caught a sailfish. Don't think for a minute we didn't catch a sailfish. Conditions still were wrong, but we caught one anyway. Nothing could hold us back.

This splendid non-edible fish was caught by Maurice Fischer, one of my companions.

He hooked it in the lower jaw, which, by the way, brings up a technical point. In planning your next fishing trip, you ought to keep in mind that the sailfish you see jumping high into the air all over the covers of fishing tackle catalogues and the brochures put out by civic bodies, have been hooked in the upper jaw. Or anyway not in the lower jaw. When a sailfish is hooked in the lower jaw he can not do any of his acrobatics without breaking his own jaw, and breaking his own jaw is poison to a sailfish.

This fish, then, just dug his fins into the ocean and held on, matching his strength and wits against the strength and wits of Maurice. Maurice pulled him in without once catching sight of him. Eddie Dowling's assistant, or mate, leaned over the gunwale opposite Maurice and grabbed the sailfish by the bill and hauled him in.

Everybody crowded around the fish. Everybody but Maurice, the owner. Maurice was perhaps a little tired, and he sat back in his corner and relaxed.

The fish flopped around on the floor for a minute and Maurice moved his head from side to side in an effort to catch sight of his first sailfish between the legs of the other members of the party.

"Lift him up!" somebody shouted.

The young man, called Pinky, lifted the fish, and Eddie Dowling, who was a photog with the New York *News* before he was a ship captain, backed up against Maurice, virtually sitting in his lap, and took a quick picture. This done, Pinky held the fish suspended over the gunwhale and called over his shoulder to Maurice:

"Do you want to mount him?"

Maurice looked undecided. He was not sure what the situation demanded of him. He opened his mouth, probably to inquire if he could see his fish now, but before he could say anything somebody else yelled at him:

"Do you want to smoke him?"

This left Maurice in a worse daze than ever. Nobody had explained to him that smoked sailfish is considered a delicacy by the Kanakas. I can't help but feel that Maurice got this question mixed up, somehow, with Union Leader.

"Why," he began doubtfully, "I don't—"

"Okay!" sang out somebody in authority. "He don't want to mount him and he don't want to smoke him! Throw him back!"

Pinky dropped the fish into the ocean.

The West Palm Beach Fishing Club took that round. Matching wits and strength with the fish had been apple pie for Maurice, but the wits and strength of the Fishing Club had him all tied into knots.

Maurice stretched out his neck and tried hard to look around the stern of the boat in a fine effort to get one good eyeful of the first sailfish he ever had caught, but the fish swam off in the other direction, having already seen Maurice, and Maurice was left flat, sitting out in the Gulf Stream without a sailfish.

"Is he gone?" he asked

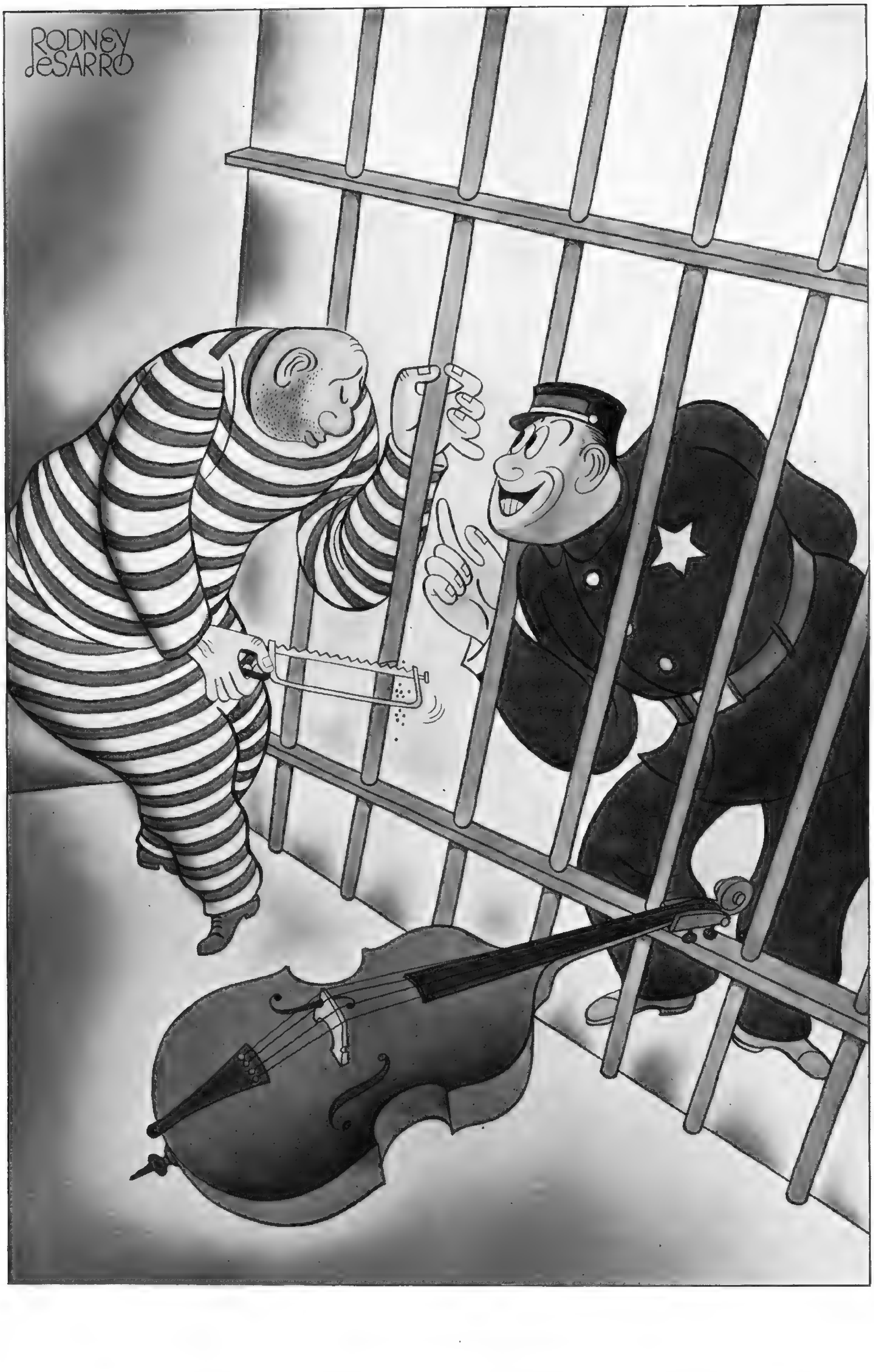
"Sure!" said everybody proudly.

Maurice sat there a moment with an expression on his face. Finally, although the conversation had switched to other channels, he asked Eddie:

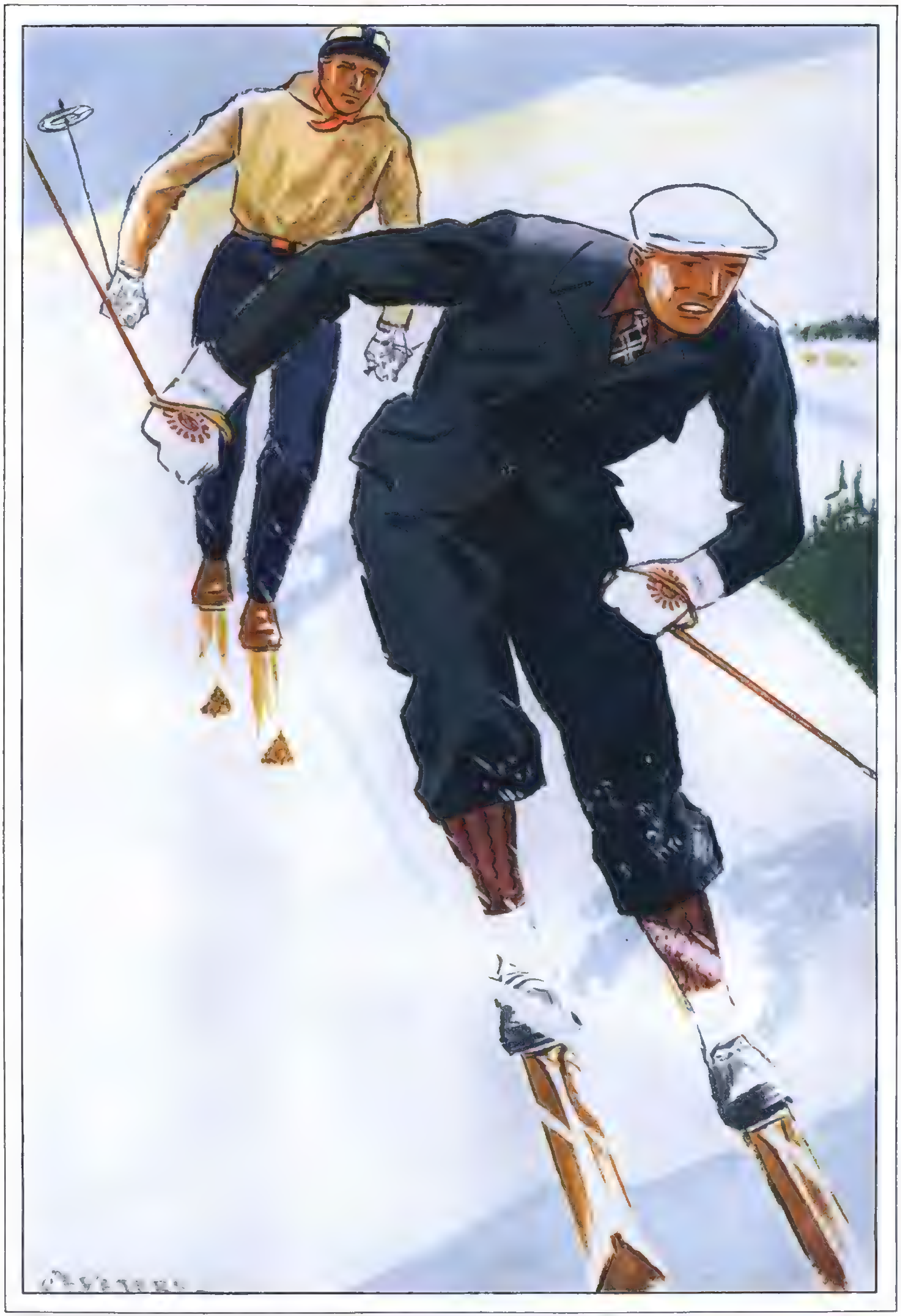
"How big would you say he was?"

"The sailfish?" Eddie asked.

Continued on page 168


RODNEY deSARRO

"Now, Capposso, we mustn't let our music run away with us!"



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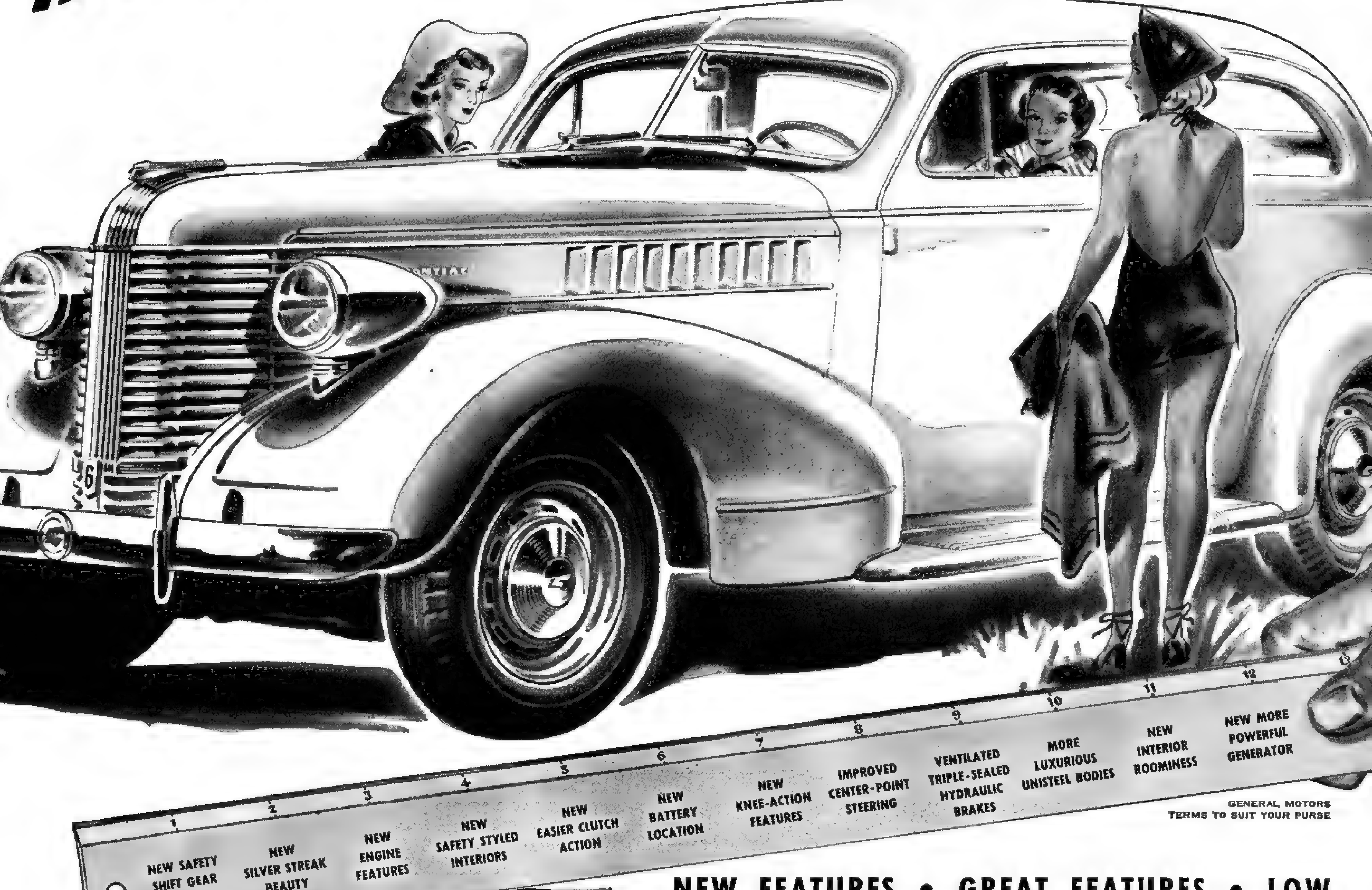
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Fish Loses Man

Continued from pages 88-161-162-164

"Yes," said Maurice.

"About six feet," said Eddie, spitting into the Gulf Stream. "Not a button fish. To get a gold button, you got to get one that's eight feet long."

"What do you do with the gold button?" I asked.

"You wear it on your coat," Eddie said.

"Why?" I asked.

Eddie considered his reply. "Well," he said presently, "it shows that you have caught a sailfish eight feet long."

"I see," I said.

"I see," said Maurice.

Maurice sat thinking about his fish. Then he threw out his line again to see if he could catch another.

Perhaps I ought to explain that this was the first sailfish I ever had seen caught. The routine was new to me. In my home community, when you caught a big fish you first placed it on the pier, or on the grass, and gazed at it from all angles, and had your picture taken with it until it was nearly worn out. Then you took it uptown and put it out in front of the hardware store, and people would come along and say,

"Whew! Who caught it?"

And you would say, in a way that showed you always caught fish that size, "I did."

At the last possible moment the fish was dismembered for a fish fry at Pete's Place, with everybody invited and free beer on Pete.

This sailfish, placed in front of any Minnesota hardware store, would have established the reputations of a dozen anglers through several generations.

Throwing the sailfish back was correct practice, viewed from any angle. Yet I could not help but feel that when this sailfish swam away, Maurice had realized that an indefinable something had gone out of his life, never to be recaptured.

We came in that night flying the red pennant (sailfish caught but released) from our masthead, to prove that we were a better man than the sailfish, and again we walked over $1.25 snappers on the pier, and again I gave up for the summer. I had realized, by this time, that I could not, in justice to my hosts, be seen catching a mess of fish.

Well, I thought to myself, there's still Dad's pike hole, and the lake is still full of sunfish and perch and crappies.

The following morning a friend of mine who lives in West Palm Beach called at my hotel. His name is Art Keil, and if you ever get down that way you ought to look him up.

"I hear," Art said, "you've been talking about eating some fish."

I said I had been.

"Well," he said, "I know where we can get the biggest and best pompano dinner in Florida."

I asked him where it was.

"About twenty-five miles down the coast. It's out on a barge, in the inside passage. It's called Cap's place. Hard to get to, but the pompano is wonderful."

I said, "I saw a pretty good looking place right around the corner. I looked in the window, and the fish looked mighty—"

"You come with me," Art said firmly. "They don't have pompano."

We went downstairs. At the curb stood a fine big sixteen-cylinder car.

"What does this mean?" I asked him? "Got a new car?"

"I borrowed this one," said Art proudly, "to take you out to the fish dinner in."

So we got in and drove away and when we were twelve miles out of town the car stopped. It may still be there. Art fussed with it for a couple of hours, but it wouldn't go, excepting just once, for a block or so, which was no contribution to our trip. So Art called up a friend, Elmer Burgess, who came out with a fine little car with self-rattling doors and took us back to town.

It was too late to go to the seafood place by the hotel. It was nearly time for my plane, so we grabbed a couple of hot dogs.

While on the way to the airport we passed a pier on which a number of people were fishing. I watched them as long as I could, then settled back into my seat with a sigh.

"What were they catching back there?" I asked Art. "Snappers?"

"Pompano," he said. "They're wonderful eating.

We have come to the end of my story.

When I got back to Minnesota to finish my visit, Dad didn't even mention the long-lost pike hole. No use mentioning pike to a Gulf Stream angler, just back from having tracked the sailfish to its lair.

When I saw Ken the other day and asked him about his trip to the Lake of The Woods, he said apologetically, "Oh, just a couple little muskies. Nothing you'd be interested in."

So it goes. So it will have to go, from now on.

Sunfish and perch and crappies! Ah, fish of my boyhood lakes, where are you? Me, I'm done for. Next year would have made nine.

The fish have lost another angler. ᚼᚼ

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In Case of Death

Continued from page 47

to drive Chock around the worst rocks. We came to the slope that pitched down toward Kenva. We could see the smoke of the town hangin in the little valley. I was glad we were drawin near.

Maw called out to Chock. "Whoa!" she said. Chock stopped even before I could draw the lines. He was tired, as I was tired, and Taze. Maw sobbed. I turned. She had her hands over her face.

"He's a-dyin!" she said. "Rufe's a-goin!" That was all she said.

I climbed into the wagon bed and bent over Rufe and held to a hand. He took a short, wheezing breath and then his head fell back. I kept my eyes on his chest. It didn't heave again. He was dead.

I couldn't say anything. Neither could Maw. Finally Taze suggested that we drive on into town. . . . There'd have to be an examination of the body and papers fixed up, he said.

We arrived at the little hospital, a white wooden building, at sundown. Taze went in and brought out Doctor Goode, a tall man with a chin beard. He had with him two Negroes who carried a stretcher. They got Rufe off the feather bed and carried him inside the building. The doctor took Maw and me and Taze to his office and asked us to have seats. The doctor patted Maw on the shoulder and said in a soft voice:

"Be brave, my good woman."

The doctor went out. I knew Taze had told him everything for he didn't ask a single question. He was gone a long time, it seemed to me. When he came back he said in a very soft voice:

"Ruptured appendix. If you could only have been a half hour earlier, I might have saved him. But since you weren't, it can't be helped. Now be brave, my friends. I'll go call an undertaker. . . ."

Maw raised her wet face. The light of an electric lamp swept across it. I saw her lips twitch.

"Doctor," she said, "I can't pay an undertaker. I can't pay anybody anything."

The doctor patted her shoulder. His calm, soft voice went on:

"I understand how it is. There are lots of folks in these hills in your shape. But in case of death where folks can't pay for the burial of their dead the county . . ."

The doctor paused.

I saw Maw's chest heave, saw her bite her lower lip. The doctor patted her shoulder again . . . "the county pays the undertaker."

Maw got to her feet. She faltered, caught the doctor's coat and said: "The county—helps . . . after a body's boy is dead?"

The doctor said, "Yes, my good woman."

"But," Maw went on, "it don't see fit to help a body's boy live." #

Peter Pan Chimpanzees

Continued from page 93

acquire a much greater knowledge than they ever do.

We never attain the vicious temper of the other anthropoid apes. We are fairly puppyish in this respect. We can play together with a certain amount of amiability. Our rage unless artificially prolonged is usually harmless to others. Men can live together and co-operate with some success.

However, we are not completely infantile and as we approach what we call our maturity we lose a great deal of the childish innocence. Though we are never as wild as other species we yet acquire many of the less admirable bestial traits. In the mass we become bad-tempered as we grow older; more able to lynch a Negro and to regard his charred bones as precious souvenirs. Wars may be accounted for by our near approach to maturity, to bestiality. It must be noted that we need to keep goading ourselves or else we would let the warfare lapse out of sheer boredom. Nearly all our actions and projects are limited by the quickness with which we become bored. This propensity for ennui is a childish or embryonic characteristic. If it prevents us from carrying our nobler projects to completion, it also prevents an incredible amount of cruelty. Any amelioration in an autocratic regime comes from the boredom of the rulers themselves with their great power, and not from foreign opposition, not from boycotts or denunciations by ambitious mayors. Politicians count on this quick coming of weariness. Let an investigation of their actions start and they merely keep quiet and hold tight knowing well that the investigation will soon lapse, and the investigators seek more novelty.

III

It seems to me that in this matter of foetalization the women go to greater extremes than do the men. Some day when you are walking down the street or sitting in the subway take a careful look at the youthful things in range, in a scientific way of course and not as you usually do. Notice the bulging forehead, the small nose and drooping mouth, the weak musculature of the body, the tiny chin, the rounded limbs, the nudity of skin—nudity of hair I mean. How foetal-like these are, even embryonic. If you don't think so take a look at the illustrations in your college text: *Introduction to Vertebrate Embryology*. Why such a textbook is like a movie magazine in this respect. "Yes," you say, "but how about the other points about her that you did not mention? How about that gentle pastorale of rolling hills and vales? Nothing embryonic about that." Quite true, but no one doubts their sexual maturity. At least not I, nor does Bolk's theory. We might

Continued on page 171

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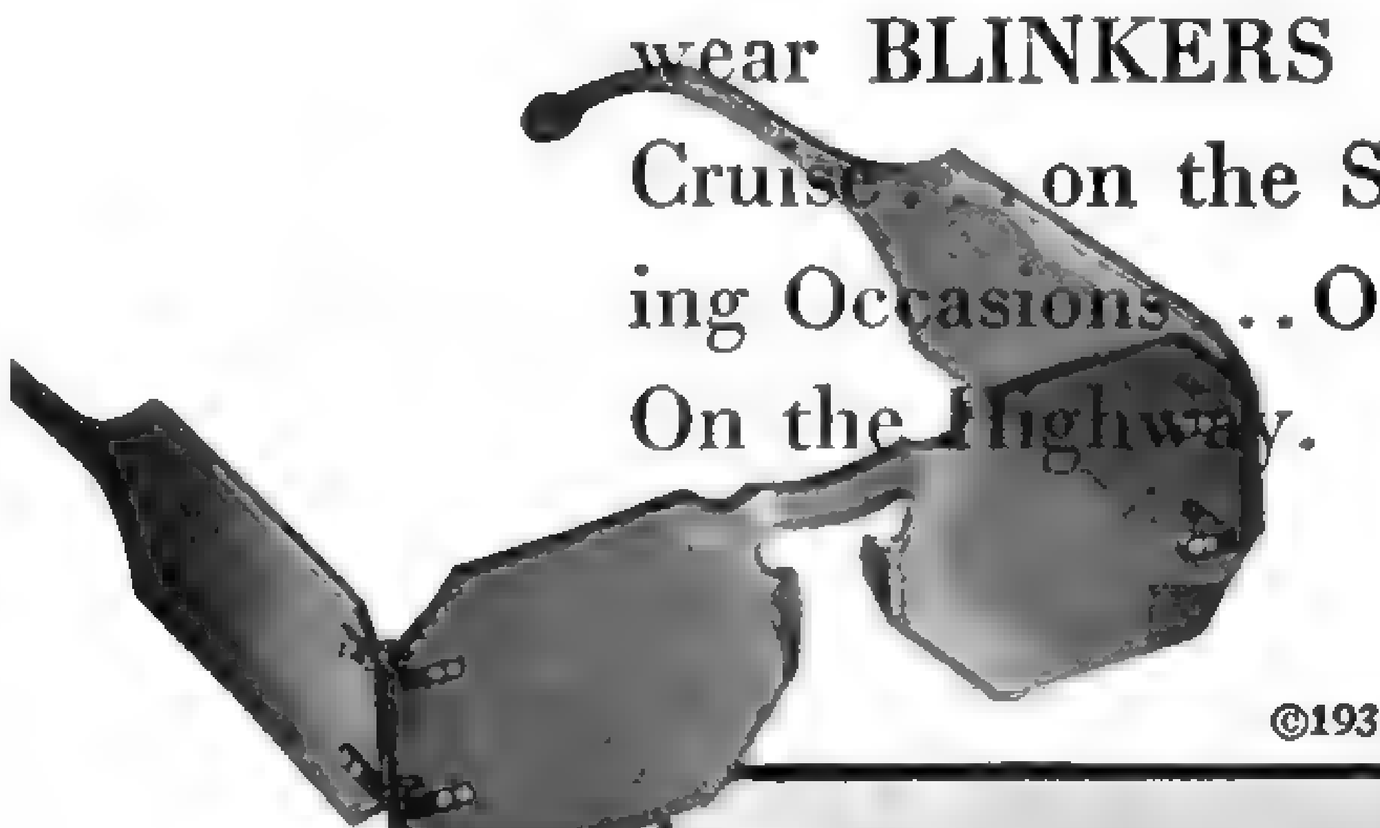

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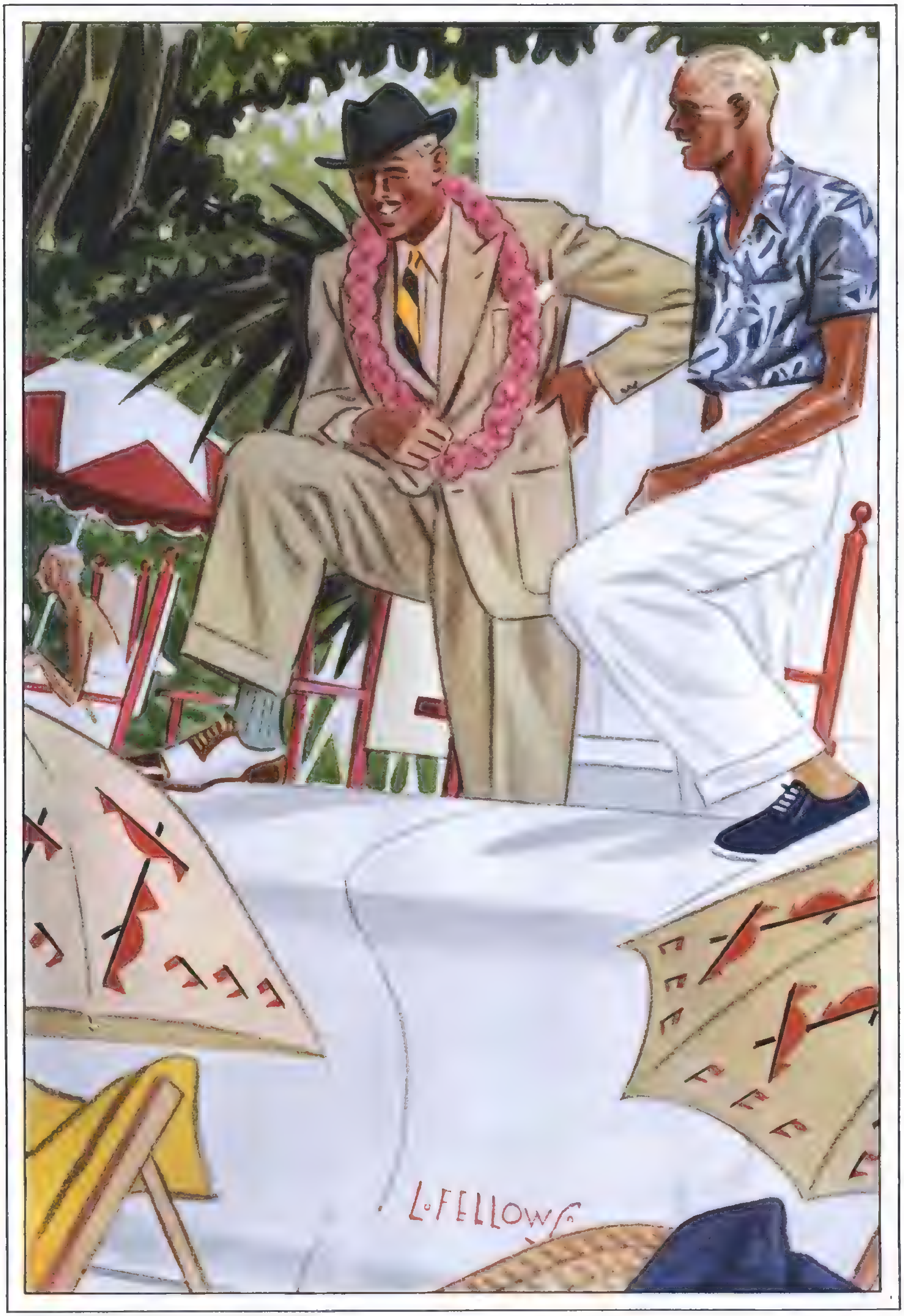

The beach at Waikiki is famed for its beauty and is frequented by international travelers as well as by West Coast society. The new arrival (identifiable by the lei) ponders a choice of pleasures—golf on the Waialae course, swimming at the Outrigger Canoe club, or dancing at the Royal Hawaiian hotel or at the Banyan court at the Moana.

PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN HONOLULU BY LAWRENCE FELLOWS

BY THE MURMUROUS SOFT HAWAIIAN SEA

Most fashionable of all colors in summer suitings, whatever the fabric, is the natural tan shade shown here in a two-button single breasted peak lapel style with patch pockets, cut with extra fullness in the shoulder regions, following the prevailing British blade style. Note the fashionable lightweight felt cavalier hat combining the rakishness of the snapbrim with the character of the Homburg. The shirt is of mesh, with soft lounge collar to match, worn with a striped rep tie. Green silk hose and brown and white shoes with straight toecaps. The other figure shows the new native printed shirt of silk or cotton made in Honolulu and frequently worn with swim trunks in the same pattern. The white cotton slacks are popular in all the world's watering places. The blue canvas shoes with white rubber soles, introduced by Bill Tilden, come in all high colors.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Peter Pan Chimpanzees

Continued from pages 93-169

remark though that the mammae are largely adipose tissue. The beautiful contours merely mean fat in a strategic position, or that the girl has been well fed. Merely that!

We need not worry about their ever losing this charming femininity, or concern ourselves with our own virility. Whatever changes other parts of the body undergo, the reproductive system will retain its old efficiency. The organs of sex can never degenerate, nor are the instincts associated with it apt to lose their force. A thousand years from now girls will go swaying down the street, and men will leer. Dirty jokes will still be current, and the strip tease will pack them in even if the chorus sings in Esperanto. News reels will feature bathing beauties; country roads will be crowded after dark. Babies will come as abundantly as ever and not in test tubes either. No other course is possible, for individuals who fail to reproduce their kind will inevitably be weeded out by natural selection. If you want a good ultra-modern girl pick one of the daughters of a prolific family. Those women who are satisfied with Pomeranians and their men who acquiesce are doomed to quick extinction as a type.

Beliefs held by the more fertile will be the ones that will prevail. Propagation not propaganda will make the world of tomorrow. Hitler knows it, Mussolini knows it and so does Stalin. Hence the cry for more and more *bambinos*, more *kinder*, and whatever is the Russian word.

If our superior intelligence to animals is largely due to foetalization, and if a girl is less mature than a man, it might be argued that they are the more intelligent. Perhaps they are even though the process of improvement by this means cannot go on forever. A one-year-old child is not more wise than the six-year-old. But still it is possible that the women are the wiser. It all boils down to what we consider intelligence to be. If it is the ability to achieve, to paint masterpieces or compose great music; to build bridges, towns and dams, to put heaven in its place, then undoubtedly the male is more intelligent as Darwin long ago declared. But if by intelligence we mean the power to observe the earth about us with wide interest and considerable equanimity, then the women are probably one up on us. Their interests are wider than ours. There is hardly a subject that they do not glance upon. But consider the wide range of subjects a boy regards as taboo, and in which taboo is usually carried over into adulthood by the bulk of men. Painting, poetry, literature and art are largely banned. What a gap then this must leave in his intellect. Women lead a calmer life than ours; they worry less often over the trivialities of daily life. They go insane less often. A man broods gloomily over every law the New Deal passes and prophesies disaster. His wife airily dismisses it as unimportant. She knows, without thinking much about it, that the New Deal is no different from the New Era of President Wilson and will probably mean no more in thirty years.

Achievement generally results from a single-minded specialization on a limited topic among the wide range of subjects that should interest a normal person. Here women show too much balance rather than a lack. They are unwilling to concentrate on one subject to the exclusion of all others. Because of this they are rarely more than intelligent dilettantes of life. But if they do not concentrate neither do they devote their lives to searching out a rare Liberian stamp or building model airplanes by the gross. I have never had a woman hold on to my coat lapel for three hours talking exclusively about a single obscure family of micro-organisms. Male biologists have. And after all, would you want your playmate to display such a single-tracked mind unless, indeed, it should be about you?

IV

What caused man to skip the usual end stages of anthropoid life must remain a mystery. Herbst has shown that if the fertilized eggs of sea urchins are placed in salt water from which lime is absent that the cells will separate from each other after each division instead of forming the usual blastula. The eight hundred and eight cells will swim about in the water like Protozoa. Thus a change in the environment can cause a permanent foetal state. This may possibly be the cause of ours, or it may have resulted from other accidental changes in cell or life history that can cause a species to produce new forms.

The direction in which we move is unknown. Perhaps foetalization will not act in the future and evolution will proceed from more usual causes. That species change, that they do evolve, we know. We also know something of how it proceeds, but we seem as far off as ever in solving the problem of just what causes such a change. Words like "mutation," "natural selection," "continuity of the germ plasm," are bandied about glibly, but these are descriptive terms, not explanatory.

The direction we would prefer to go must remain an individual matter. It depends on whether we would prefer to pound our chests and roar a challenge across the jungle to some competing male, or whether we would prefer to swim in a private bath within the chorion, safely suspended from the life line of the umbilical cord.

As for me I must escort a pretty little embryo out to dinner. ⵌ

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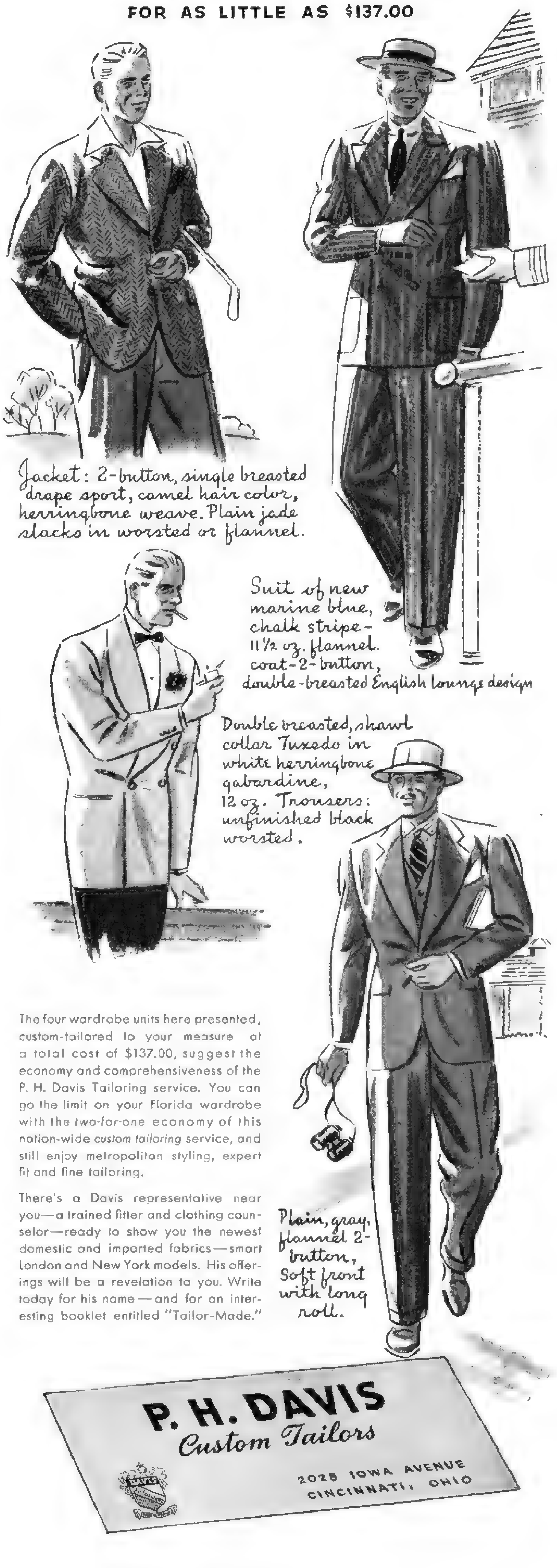

Jacket: 2-button, single breasted drape sport, camel hair color, herringbone weave. Plain jade slacks in worsted or flannel.

Suit of new marine blue, chalk stripe-11½ oz. flannel. coat-2-button, double-breasted English lounge design

Double breasted, shawl collar Tuxedo in white herringbone gabardine, 12 oz. Trousers: unfinished black worsted.

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-14

SEE DECEMBER BACKSTAGE

Strange, it seems to me, that a Diesel motor should be used to illustrate the chugging of a turbine powered craft's engine room (refer ill.)

Being a novice in maritime engineering I may be all wet, yet trying to intelligently interpret this article by Comdr. Smith I find the illustration confusing. Maybe it was intended to possess no value as an illustration, if this is so I'll appreciate it as a fine cross-section view of a Diesel engine, if not, I am waiting for an explanation, that is, if you deem my question worth enlightening.

An Esquire rooter,

John Seavey

North Hampton, N. H.

COCOANUTS BY ALGEBRA

The "Perpetual Problem" set by Mr. Clement Oyama in the December *Sound & Fury* (p. 8) is indeed a honey, but not the eight years' recreation he declares it to be. Even on a desert island it would not long baffle anyone who recalled the elementary principles of high school algebra. I was never very bright in math, and I have had more than ten years in which to forget the little I once knew, but less than three hours was required to arrive at the solution.

Trial-and-error methods might well consume an average of eight years, during which time your puzzle-fans would be much too absorbed to buy, much less read, Esquire. In the interests of your circulation department as well as those of the Progress of Civilization you owe it to your readers to show them how easy it really is.

The key to the solution lies in computing the ratio of the number of cocoanuts taken by each man to those taken by the one who followed him. The value of the ratio may dawn upon disciples of trial-and-error (mostly error in this case), after struggling through some partial series, e.g.:

59________	251________
75 − 16 = 59	315 − 64 = 251
95 − 20 = 75	395 − 80 = 315
120 − 25 = 95	495 − 100 = 395
________120	620 − 125 = 495
	________620

but it is quite easily arrived at algebraically.

Let x, y, and z equal, respectively, the number of cocoanuts found, the number taken, and the number left for the next man, and always equal to integers. Then $y = x/5 + 1$

and

$$z = 4y - 5$$

$$y = x/5 + 1 \qquad y' = x'/5 + 1$$

$$\text{But } x' = z = \frac{4x-5}{5}$$

$$\text{Therefore, } y' = \frac{1}{5}\left(\frac{4x-5}{5}\right) + 1$$

$$y = \frac{x-5}{5} \qquad y' = \frac{4x-20}{25}$$

$$\frac{y}{y'} = \frac{5x-25}{4x-20} = \frac{5\,(x-5)}{4\,(x-5)} = 1.25$$

That is, each man takes 0.8 as many cocoanuts as did the man preceding him. Successive items in the y-series will be integral multiples of the series:

$(0.8)^n$, $(0.8)^{n-1}$, $(0.8)^{n-2}$__________0.8,
1.0, 1.25, $(1.25)^2$__________$(1.25)^m$

We can extend the series in either direction until we have as many as we need; in this case, there are ten men, hence ten items in the y-series. The range which gives the minimum values when converted from decimals to integers is that which takes n equal to 6, and m equal to 3. That is, from $(0.8)^6$ to $(1.25)^3$.

0.262144
0.32768
0.4096
0.512
0.64
0.8
1.0
1.25
1.5625
1.953125

Multiplying by 10^6 (one million) throughout, we get, as values for the y-series:

262,144
327,680
409,600
512,000
640,000
800,000
1,000,000
1,250,000
1,562,500
1,953,125

It is easy enough to compute the corresponding values in the x-series and in the z-series, but quite unnecessary, since we are interested only in the original number of cocoanuts, that is, the value of z corresponding to $y =$ 1,953,125, which is 9,765,620.

So, you see, it's really quite simple. Don't you or Mr. Oyama know any really hard problems?

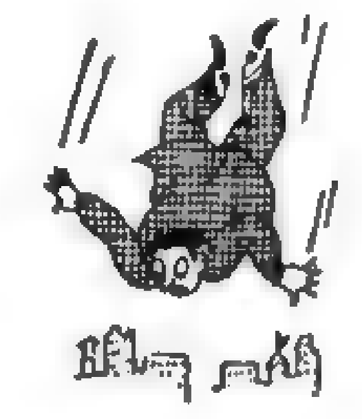
Cordially yours,

Steelton, Pa. Richard P. Eckels

FORESHADOWING FASCISM

It was with sheer delight that I read your "editorial" in the December issue of Esquire.

A *Sober Salute to a Festive Season* is exactly what we need. One wonders whether 1937 will mark the year when the Golden Era of Modern Times started to decay. I am a medical student and ignorant about the History of Civilization. But I feel we have reached our peak for a while and like other Civilizations, ours will pass into history as having been born, flourished and decayed. It is indeed a sad commentary on our "enlightenment, education, science and progress (*sic*)" when people still show bigotry, stupidity, barbarism, and narrow-mindedness as their outstanding personality and mental traits.



As an addendum—it is sad that here in our own U. S. we find among our professional people the same stupid bigotry and Anti-Semitism displayed in Germany—with this exception. The Americans are more subtle and diplomatic. In medicine—among doctors who are supposed to represent an educated class of people who possess sympathy with and understanding of human failings—and who are supposed to understand, diagnose and treat human diseases—we find these same doctors possess a failing themselves. They show their prejudices all too plainly and think nothing of it. It is most discouraging. I feel almost resigned to its consequences. Let Fascism spring forth and blossom—and may the chaos which will surely follow its wake eradicate us all—in the hope that from it the next civilization will learn and realize that it is one step further from the barbarism that is ours.

Yours truly,

Buffalo, N. Y. William Lofton

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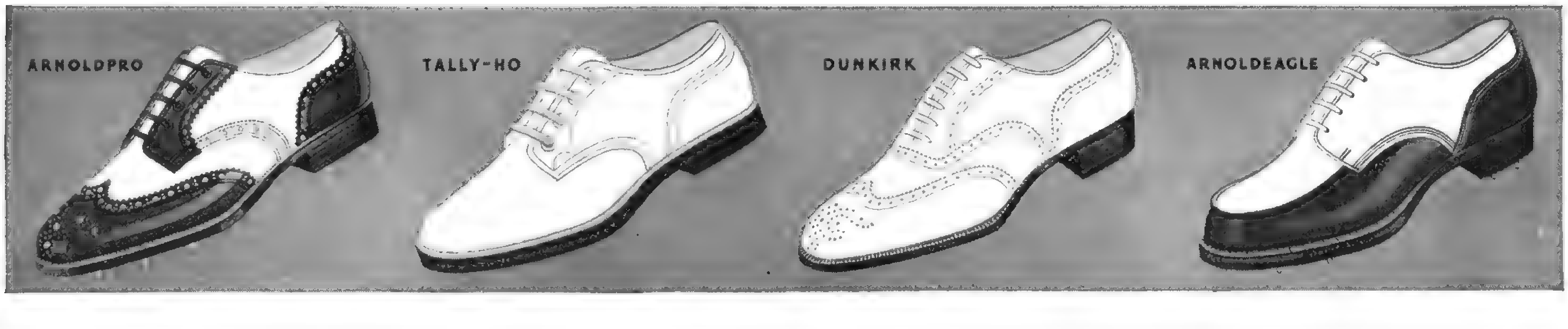

ARABIAN ARS AMORIS

After reading Graffis's *Art of Un-Wenching* (ESQUIRE Nov.) I am amazed that you heathen Americans know so little of the art of handling females. American men might profitably look into the matter and learn how we Moslems handle the problems referred to in the Un-Wenching article; how we keep the females docile, subdued, and in their place.

We have no unwenching problem, in fact, having a simple, effective formula for ridding ourselves of wives and concubines that are no longer stimulating. And we require no Reno, guile or subterfuge, either. We believe in direct action and ultimate simplicity in all things, including our religion. In casting off undesirable women we take our cue and precedent from Adam, the First Man, who divorced his first wife, Lilith, for good cause. Ever since, we Sons of Ishmael begin and end divorce by the simple oral formula of the thrice repeated words, "I divorce thee." And this formula is sanctified by the Book Revealed, as Gabriel gave it to the Prophet at the dictate of Allah. But what a calamity it is that Adam did not pronounce those fatal words to his 2nd wife, Eve, before she colluded with the snake in Eden's Garden, and thus save all human posterity from woe!

But going back to un-wenching, and wenching, too. America might do well to adopt Moslem ethics and morals in their relations to female creatures, and to the avoidance of intrigue, blackmail, alimony, Reno, triangles, extramarital relations, and all those complications which distinguish your connubial way of life. First you should legally have up to four wives, as stipulated in Holy Koran; and then your males should make it traditional that your female creatures should give no back-sass—nom not a purp—to the dictates of their lords and masters. They should be taught a subdued and docile mien; to be seen, not heard, except when spoken to. Then, again, the institution of the harem, and the legal sanction of concubines would further simplify the situation.

Not only have we Moslems never in our long refulgent history had any un-wenching problems; but, on the other hand, we have developed the art of wenching beyond all the devises, arts and genius of any other peoples. Moslems reading your usual wenching stories are amazed at your males' amateurishness amative activities. Just tyros in the art of love. Our technique is superb, peerless, amazingly effective, and illimitable in innovations. Space inhibits going into details.

What a pity that all American wenches could not be transported to some Moslem country where they could sojourn for a while and learn in the Islamic school, not only their place in the Scheme of Things, but, also, the art of love! Verily, by the Beard of the Prophet that the Houris of Paradise eternally groom, it is a pity.

Vanadium, N. M. AL-FORD IBN ROOS

ADD RASCOE RUMPUS

As much as any journalist dislikes writing for nothing, I am impelled once again to adjourn to my typewriter on behalf of charity and *S. & F.* All this to return a rather weak parry with something that smacks of stronger meat.

It is the old topic of Rascoe and the Dictionaries, now revived by Rascoe-champions Hutchinson and Mosca. To catch up on the controversy, new readers had better go out and buy the last five or six issues. Or better still, stay at home and forget about it.

Mr. Rascoe is an eminent book critic. I read and like his reviews. But the realm of dictionaries is a realm for specialists rather than reviewers. From his article the most unenlightened could tell that Mr. Rascoe is no specialist, no etymologist, and no phonetician. That is no reflection on Mr. Rascoe, but as it happened I knew my facts better. Consequently I pointed out his inaccuracies with as much accuracy as ESKY readers could tolerate, called attention to a few of the major idiosyncrasies of American usage, and included an appeal for opposing the blatant prostitution of my mother tongue.

This procedure evidently annoyed Hutchinson and Mosca. They exuberated to the extent of more than a column of valuable space, so absent in factual accusation and constructive contra-suggestion that it might have been more profitably left blank.

What irked the above gentlemen still more was the fact that I unintentionally pooh-poohed the American language and indicated a superiority which I do not possess. On the contrary I much prefer a real Southern accent or a New York inflection (not Bronxonian) to an English Cockney or Lancashire accent. While I do not care personally for the hard "a's" of the New Englanders, I welcome many Negro idioms which are more powerfully descriptive than Shakespeare. Such sensible spellings as Labor, Neighbor, Thorobred are the order of the day, but the same cannot be said for Nite, Skeptical, etc. These are definitely ugly to look at and dangerous because they are the forerunners of Slite, Mite (might), and Skissors. What could be more esthetically repulsive?

Correct is Mr. H. in criticising my grammar. The use of "got up . . . will have," as with other non-sequent tenses, is common amongst journalists when emphasis is desired. I fail to see that this discredits the facts I put up against Mr. Rascoe or Americans in general.

It was never my intention to blast the western "barbarians" (and I hardly think Mr. H. would consider himself a barbarian), rather did I try to make a plea for finesse in speech and to strike a bargain between the better aspects of current English and American usage.

This, many must agree, is why an effort should be made to keep such words as "antipasto" out of the English dictionaries. In common with Mr. M. I revel in "shchee," that delicious cabbage soup beloved of many Muscovites, (I spare you the culinary details) but despite my love I would oppose every attempt to foist such a word on the unsuspecting public.

On the next point I am afraid that ESQUIRE's compositors did me dirty. Never in my life have I spelt *σχεδη* with a "mu;" it may be that I inadvertently wrote "kappa" for "kai," but I have no carbon copies to prove it. Compositors have a trying task and proof-readers an even more laborious duty, so let us be lenient. To assure Mr. M. that I know that *σχεδη* is spelt sigma-kai-epsilon-delta-eta, let me add that I studied Greek for nine and Latin for eleven years.

In passing I might also point out that there are no diphthongs in *σχεδη*, and that the dots in *S. & F.* replaced the a, b, c etc. of my letter.

And finally for Mr. M., may I politely add that England has no supreme courts, that you cannot be arrested by an officer of the S.P.C.C., that the French and Spanish legal systems had a big footing in these United States before the English language arrived and brought with it the English legal system. If Mr. M. really thinks that the U. S. A. has improved on that system, perhaps he will ponder awhile on the doings of Al Capone, of Prosecutor Dewey, on stock-market manipulators, on racketeers in almost every industry. I personally will continue to rejoice in the fact that British justice made short shrift of every American gangster, who migrated under the innocent suspicion that Englishmen were suckers.

Much as Mr. H. and Mr. M. may still disagree with me, we may all rejoice that we still have the freedom to discuss these matters openly and the liberty to criticise each and all without fear as to the consequences. Perhaps, therefore, we might continue this controversy more profitably via the U. S. Mails.

To ESKY, thanks for the use of the ems.

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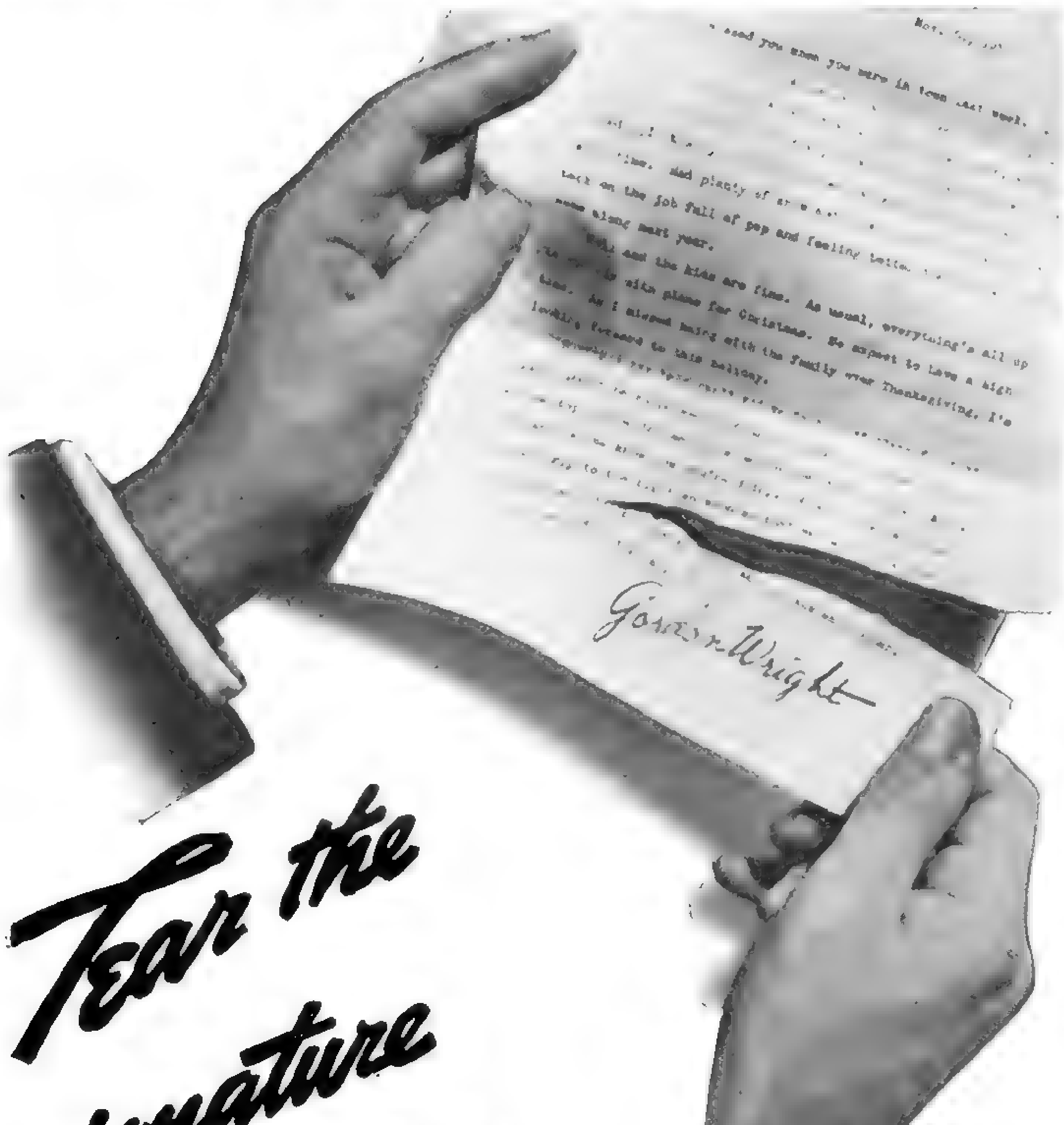

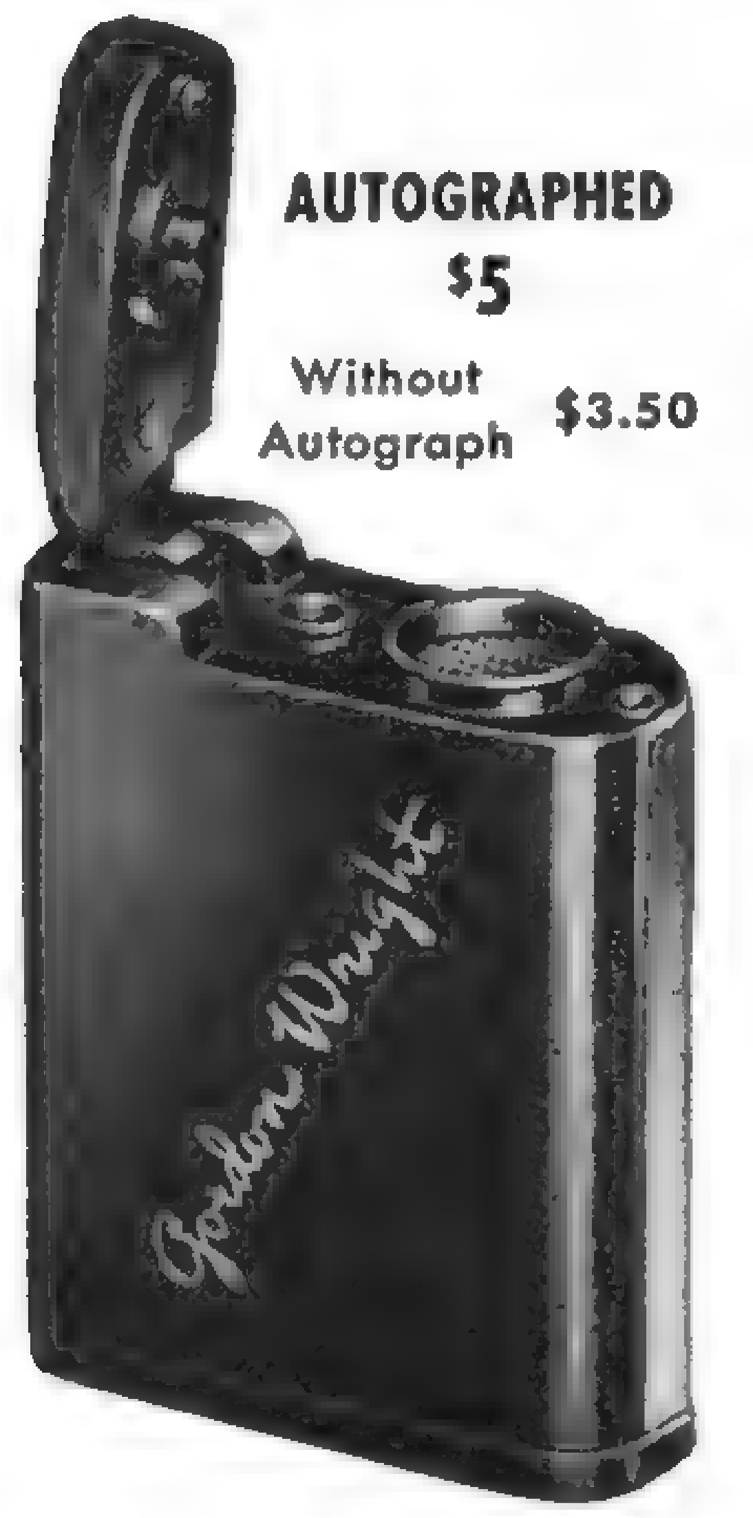

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The Iron Horse Comes Back

Continued from page 59

that the *Zephyr's* engine was handling a load weighing less than half as much as (and a good deal smaller than) comparable standard equipment, that the interest charges on the *Zephyr* were about $18 a day more than those of the same-size standard train, that a small steam engine hauling the *Zephyr's* cars could have made the journey on a good deal less than $40 worth of coal, and, finally, that fuel costs are only a small part of total costs.

If few people old enough to read the papers escaped hearing about the startling fashion in which the Diesel-electric train was conquering weight, fewer still realized that its ratio of engine weight to train weight was much higher than in conventional equipment. For the conquest of weight in a high speed train is made despite and not because of the motive power. The engine of a Diesel-electric streamliner accounts for at least a third of the entire train weight, and when it is unlimbered for an especially fast run, the trailing weight barely surpasses the motive power weight. By way of enlightening contrast, the conventional 1,100- or 1,200-ton *Twentieth Century Limited*, on mile-a-minute running time between New York and Chicago, is wheeled by an engine whose working weight averages no more than 275 tons with tender.

What has happened, in brief, is that there has been a vast confusion of a locomotive's characteristics with those of the cars it is assigned to pull. The words "lightweight Diesel," "streamlined Diesel" and "conventional steam" are phrases only by accident; there is no law forbidding a steam engine to haul a lightweight train. Thus, when a railroad recently publicized the fact that the passenger revenue of a certain run had dropped off when the "Diesel-electric, streamlined" train was temporarily substituted for by a "conventional steam train," it really meant that people didn't like the old coaches as much as they did the new ones.

It's fairly obvious, then, that the way to appraise the two forms of motive power is to compare engines of the same capacity under the same general conditions. Up till last summer it was a hard job to do so. The Diesel-electric streamliners were all light affairs, equipped with engines of less than 1,500 horsepower, and there wasn't in all the land a steam locomotive of that rating designed for such service. One or two lines were experimenting with heavy Diesels which they used interchangeably with regular steam engines, but they chose to say nothing on the trend of their findings.

However, the Diesel streamliners were growing bigger and longer, and their engines were getting heavier and more powerful. Last summer four ten-car trains were completed for the Chicago-Denver service, two for the Burlington and two for the Union Pacific and Chicago & North Western. It happens that they are just about the right size to serve up a valid comparison with one of the most modern steam trains on American rails: the streamlined, "semi-lightweight" *Hiawatha* of the Milwaukee Road.

The 670-ton *Hiawatha*, which covers the 420 miles between Chicago and Minneapolis at an average of 63 miles an hour, with six stops, consists of nine revenue cars and a 3,000-horsepower steam locomotive. The Burlington's 628½-ton *Denver Zephyr*, which covers the 1,017 miles between Chicago and Denver at an average of 64.6 miles an hour, including 10 or 11 stops, consists of a two-car engine developing 3,000 horsepower, nine and a half revenue cars, and a half car of "auxiliary," i.e., lighting and air-conditioning motors. (Which, incidentally, might be cited as an example of the way the Diesel engine has been humored. Generators are usually mounted under each car, derive their power from the axles, and hence are in effect geared to the locomotive. The engine of the *Denver Zephyr* pulls merely the dead weight of the generating equipment.) And both trains have been extraordinarily successful; the revenues of each have been limited only by its seating capacity.

With neither boasting an edge on performance, size, or intrinsic appeal, there remains the question of costs. This item, the Diesel-electric people have been telling the world, is one whereon their product writes itself exceedingly small. If they mean by costs the price paid for fuel, it's hard to disagree with them. The 12-car *Zephyr* burns hardly a nickel's worth every mile, whereas the *Hiawatha* wolfs up a little more than a dime's worth. But that isn't the whole story. The dime is a full ninth of the *Hiawatha's* total operating cost, while the nickel is a lucky one indeed if it amounts to more than an eighteenth part of the *Zephyr's*. Wages, maintenance, lubrication, and so on (based on figures for the smaller *Zephyr* trains), seem to bring its costs up to the steamer's 90 cents a mile. So the score still is fairly close.

In the matter of fixed costs the similarity disappears. You can buy a *Hiawatha* type engine for around $100,000 (the Milwaukee paid $95,000 apiece for the first two and $115,000 for the last one of the quartette), but you'd have to shell out $300,000 or so for the *Denver Zephyr's* Diesel. If you bought either engine by the dozen, of course, you'd pay quite a bit less. Figuring interest at five, depreciation at four, and taxes at one per cent, daily charges would amount to more than $80 on the Diesel-electric, but only a third of that on the steamer. Accounting for the fact that the former is assigned to travel more than twice as far as the *Hiawatha's* engine every day, and assuming their cars are equally expensive (the *Zephyrs* cost more, but that's beside the point), the per-mile cost of ownership favors the steam locomotive to the tune of $450 a month. If the runs were about the same length, the margin would be around $1600.

In general, an honest comparison of the Diesel-electric and the steam engine will produce more or less the same results. And so the question suggests itself: Why has the Diesel-electric locomotive achieved the success it has? Well, to repeat, it can run for hours and hours without stopping for water. That is why it has been used in switching service here in America since 1925: It can be operated, theoretically at least, with 24-hour availability.

That is also why it has worked out well in the Western plains, where water can't be taken on the fly, where it is bad anyway, and where high average speeds demand few short halts and steady running rather than longer stops and flashes of exceptional speed. Last October 23d, on its historic nonstop run from Chicago to Denver (1,017 miles in 12 hours, 12 minutes), the *Denver Zephyr* covered 436 miles at an *average* speed of 92 miles an hour, in a record which might be theoretically possible for a properly designed steam engine, but not very probable under present conditions.

In everyday service, for all of that, the steam engine can do everything the Diesel can. The British recently ran a steam-powered train from Glasgow to London, 401 miles, without stop, at a 70-mile average; the Baldwin Works has perfected a switcher with an availability competing with that of the Diesel; and American steam trains, mostly of the old heavy type, are covering more than 15,000 miles every day at an average of more than 60 miles an hour, start to stop.

Moreover, the acceleration rate of a properly designed steam locomotive at speeds of more than 30 miles an hour is greater than that of a Diesel-electric; it can attain 90 miles an hour with a load in less than half the time and distance. For practical purposes its road availability is as high: steam engines are being operated on 900-mile runs without change every day.

Steam, however, hasn't quite caught up with the parade. Only a few of our locomotives are modern in the sense that the streamliners' Diesels are modern. No recent one, for instance, has been built with the purpose of hauling three or four light, 35-ton cars in fast passenger service. Ironically, the steam engine's own virtues are partly responsible. It is versatile; it can be assigned almost any task, and can be overworked and abused day in and day out. Why in the hell, a superintendent of motive power might ask, should we turn out a light job which we can use only on one or two trains?

The fact that he has done so for the Diesel may and may not change his mind. No matter if it doesn't, he must admit that as many steamers are mechanically obsolete as are economically dated. Not that they're too big or too small. Modernity is not a result of size, but of the correct proportions of the simple, almost timeless things which make a steam locomotive: The boiler, the steam pressure, the driving wheels, and the cylinders. For a hundred years men have adjusted steam power to new conditions by juggling their measurements, and they no doubt will for another century.

An experimental steam turbine with an electric drive is now under construction for the Union Pacific. Because its exhaust steam will be condensed back into water, it will be able to meet the Diesel's ability to travel far without water stops. Because it will not use side rods, it will be no less "easy" on the track. (Actually, the reciprocating parts of ordinary engines are being improved so much, by lighter materials and better cross-balancing, that the old bugaboo of rail pound needs hardly to be considered when comparing a modern steam engine with a Diesel of the same weight.) What this new turbo-electric will do is not given to any man to predict. A lot depends on how it is humored, and the result won't be evident in a week. Meantime the juggling of those four dimensions by steam engine builders will provide most of the Diesels' competition.

Still, the Diesel-electrics are being bought by men who no longer consider them noble experiments. That suggests perhaps the largest reason why they are achieving success: The gentlemen who are selling them know how to sell them. They realized that even a capital goods manufacturer is peddling his stuff to the public under certain conditions, and that those conditions existed on the railroads. They understood what it takes to pack in the cash customers, and they saw to it that their power was fastened to the kind of cars that could. They told folks about profit at two cents a mile (a conventional train can be operated profitably at a cent a mile if it is more than half full). And so America became Diesel-conscious; the people themselves created a possibility of a boom in Diesels. Today their builders have a psychological edge on their competitors, for they are sure the day will come when the Diesel-electric will dominate the whole railroad field.

The fact that the 533 engines ordered last year exceeded the total of the five preceding years says that the iron horse is coming back. But the fact that only a few of those 533 were Diesels is no infallible indication of a trend. What form the iron horse takes when it really starts to come back may depend upon who can argue the most persuasively and holler the loudest. ⧻

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The Sea Witch of Gloucester

Continued from page 52

from my tooth is no damn good, and my *areliques* is no good, and I know now, this *faticeira* has got us where she would slack up if she was any kind of a lady.

But she goes on laughing and heaving pebbles in the air, and it blows up a tempest, and it blows a living gale of wind, and it blows a blue blizzard. The sea rises and the vessel heels, with her lee rail in the white water. And the skipper yells to this *faticeira* to ease up, and all the boys take out their pocket charms and wave them at her. But she laughs in their faces and makes more thick weather.

"It's no good, boys," I tell them. "She has got the whole of us *enfeitissar!*"

So I run below, and I shake up Bowleg Bill. I say:

"For God's sake, go up and stop this woman before she brings us on a hurricane!"

"Why, what's wrong, pardner?" he says. "You talkin' of Nellie? H'ain't she behaving herself?"

"She is a *faticeira!*" I tell him. "You brought her aboard. Now you go up and stop her."

"I don't savvy, old-timer," he says. "I'm kind of lame on anything to do with lady trouble."

"A witch!" I holler at him. "She makes this blow!"

Then *he* laughs in my face.

"A witch? Aw now, pardner, you wouldn't try to saw me off none of that kind of talk! Why, I ain't heered o' them things since I was old enough to roll up a dry bed!"

"You don't know the *faticeira*," I tell him. "You don't spend the whole of your life at sea. Bowleg Bill, you ain't nothing but a God-damn lubber!" And I get excited, and when I get excited I talk in Portuguese, and Bowleg Bill he don't understand in Portuguese.

"All right, pardner," he says, "jest change yore gait, and I'll mosey upstairs and see what all the shootin's about."

He goes on deck, and now the vessel is pretty near on her beam-ends, and a sea is making that will capsize all hell on a flat-bottom barge. Bowleg Bill works his way aft to the *faticeira*, and he says:

"Wa-al, Nellie, what's a-goin' on between your ears? Didn't you promise me, gal, you'd behave yoreself if I took you along with this outfit?"

She laughs, she snaps her fingers at him and she says:

"At last, Bowleg Bill, I've fetched ye into my own home waters, where I've several little accounts to settle with ye. And may the divil find you a corner warm enough to dry out your soul when I'm finished!"

Bowleg Bill scratches his head. Then he says:

"Boys, I jest don't savvy. I'm a leetle lame on sky pilot talk and such. Kin you make it out?"

I shake my head.

"She is a *faticeira*, Bowleg Bill," I say, "and she has got us all *enfeitissar*—what you call—bewitched. This is your trick at the helm, Bowleg Bill."

Then the *faticeira* points a finger at Bowleg Bill and screams:

"Ye'd trifle, would ye? Ye'd ruin a girl and sail away and leave her ruint, would ye, Bowleg Bill, and without so much as a dollar in your pocket in the first place! Well, ye ruint me once in Talcahuano, and ye ruint me twice in Singapore, and ye ruint me three times all told in Rio, but ye've ruint me for the last time, Bowleg Bill, in Gloucester, Mass., for I'm in my own home waters now, and there's them aboard this vessel as will bear witness to that!" She tosses another hand of pebbles in the air, and it blows little brass tails off little brass monkeys, and she tosses up another hand and it blows great big brass tails off great big brass monkeys.

But Bowleg Bill he only grins and says:

"Shucks, Nell, that's all passed and grassed over. But if it's a game yo're playin' there with them rocks, I'll play it with you."

And the next time she tosses up pebbles, Bowleg Bill whips out a great long six-shooter, and bang-ety-bang!—he picks off those pebbles in mid-air and shatters them every one! And the gale abates and the sea flattens off. And the *faticeira* looks at Bowleg Bill and lets out a scream. She heaves up the pebbles again, and Bowleg Bill whips out another great long six-shooter and picks them off in mid-air. And the weather thins out to a dead calm, and the sea flattens off like an oil slick.

"Carlos," I say to the skipper, "a gun like that is a damned able *areliques*." The skipper shakes his head and says to me:

"Man'eel, we ain't got nothing like it!"

But now the *faticeira* looks at Bowleg Bill, and she is afraid, and zit!—she changes herself into a seal, and she is diving overboard.

"Why, you daggone little scrub!" says Bowleg Bill. "No gal of mine is a-goin' to pull me an ace off the bottom like this! Now you come right back here to me!" And while he is talking, he whips out a coil of rope, and spins it aloft, and somehow that rope loops through the air and sheets home under the flippers of the seal, and Bowleg Bill hauls her back aboard the vessel

"Carlos," I say to the skipper, "a rope like that is a damned able *areliques*." The skipper shakes his head and says to me:

"Man'eel, we ain't got nothing like it!"

"Now, Nellie gal," Bowleg Bill says to the seal, "I'm jest plain cow folks from old Wyoming, and I'm all heart from the belt up. But when I'm taking a woman in my drag, I hain't got no use for a fur-lined fish. Be yoreself, Nell, before I lose patience and sell you off to a circus!"

The *faticeira* can't get clear of Bowleg Bill so long as she is a

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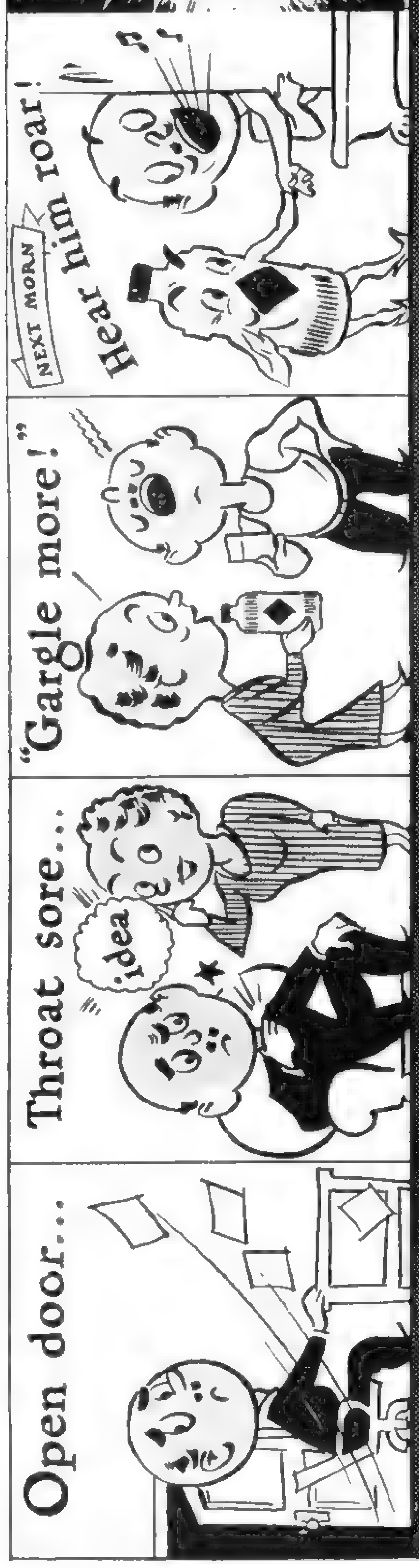
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seal, flapping her flippers on the deck. So she changes herself again, and this time she is a white horse, and she sets off at a gallop, straight for the rail. But quick as she leaps over that rail, Bowleg Bill leaps after her. He lands on her back, square amidships, and there he sits, like he is moored with a kedge anchor.

"Ah, now yore talkin', Nellie old gal!" he yells. "See if you kin unload this cowboy!" And away they go, with Bowleg Bill whooping and hollering like he's *enfeitissar* himself. And that white horse breaches and bucks, she screams and careens, she gallops aloft and squares away at sixty knots an hour, she loses herself in a bank of Injy-pudding clouds to the east'ard, she shows up again on a strand of long-tailed smoke in the sou'-sou'west.

But she don't get clear of Bowleg Bill. He brings her back, ripping and roaring around the vessel, and all the way he is singing out to her like a one-man Portygee parli'ment.

"I h'ain't brung along all of my hoss-jewelry, Nell," he tells her, "but I kin manage tol'able with a mane-holt, and I do have my spurs!"

And he digs them wheels on his shoes into her hide, and they are made of silver, them wheels, and each time they touch her, the *faticeira* lets out a yell and broaches to.

"Carlos," I say to the skipper, "a suit of wheels like that is a damned able *areliques*." The skipper shakes his head and says to me:

"Man'eel, we ain't got nothing like it!"

The next time Bowleg Bill crosses our bow he hollers down to me:

"Go git me my branding-iron, pardner, which you will find downstairs, rolled up with my bed. Go git it red hot in the kitchen, for I have got a leetle hoss-bookkeeping to do before I git down off this filly."

I turn to the skipper, and the skipper is pale all of a sudden, but he says:

"Go do what he tells you, Man'eel. And if he tells you swaller that hot iron—for your own good, Man'eel, you swaller it."

So I go below to Bowleg Bill's bunk, and I find the iron, and I get it red-hot in the galley stove. I bring it on deck, and the next time he rides across our bow, he holds up a hand.

"Let 'er fly, old-timer!"

So I let her fly. And he picks this iron out of the air by the cool end. Then he reaches aft, and he puts the hot end on the sternsheets of the *faticeira*. There is a cloud of smoke, and the horse screams and jumps and dances the divil's own *chamarita** and dives head-on into the sea. And there is a cloud of steam, and when it clears, Bowleg Bill is swimming in the water, and the *faticeira* is gone.

I toss him a line and he climbs aboard.

"Well, boys," he says, "she shore unpacked me that time! I've rode the plains and I've rode the hills, but I h'ain't never rode a salt-water range without enough grass on it to winter a prairie dog!"

"This *faticeira*," the skipper says, "she tells you she don't come back?"

"She didn't tell me nawthing," Bowleg Bill says. "She gits out from under me, and she turns into a daggone minner and swims away. But she's a-wearing my iron now, and if we ever cross trails again, I'll know her the first look I git at her rump!"

The skipper turns to the rest of us and says:

"I don't think this *faticeira* will come back, boys. We go fishing."

So, we go fishing. And we are on the Western Banks, and we are making a fine trip of fish, and all hands are happy. Bowleg Bill is on deck, and I am pitching our fish aboard from the dory. And Bowleg calls out:

"Well, I'll be daggone if it ain't my old friend Nellie—caught again off her home range!"

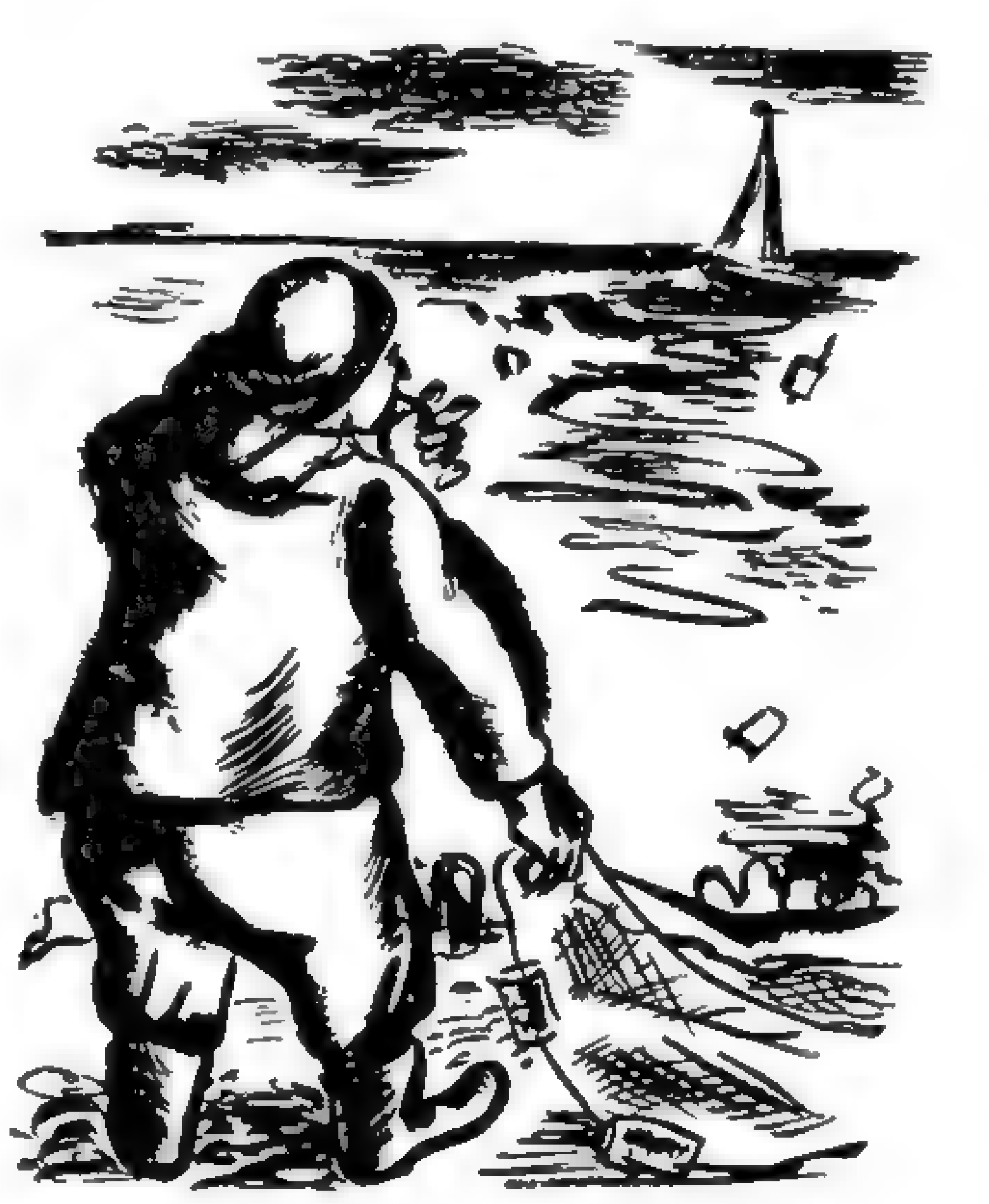
He holds up a little scrod, and there is his mark, burned into one side of the tail!

"Well, Nell," he says to this fish, "I hate to do it, old gal, but it looks like we'll be a-coming in for first money on this roundup, and I recollect you done me out of fifteen cents in Talcahuano, and you done me out of thirty cents in Singapore, and you done me out of forty-five cents all told in Rio. I can't trust you no more, Nell. So long, kid, and if yo're still kickin', look me up when I'm broke again."

He tosses the fish overboard, and it falls straight into the mouth of a shark which is waiting bellyup for it. I look up at the skipper, and I say to him in Portuguese:

"Carlos, an iron like Bowleg Bill put on this *faticeira* is a damned able *areliques*." And the skipper shakes his head and says to me:

"Man'eel, we ain't got nothing like it!" #



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*Pronounced *shah-mah-ree-tah*—Portuguese folk dance.

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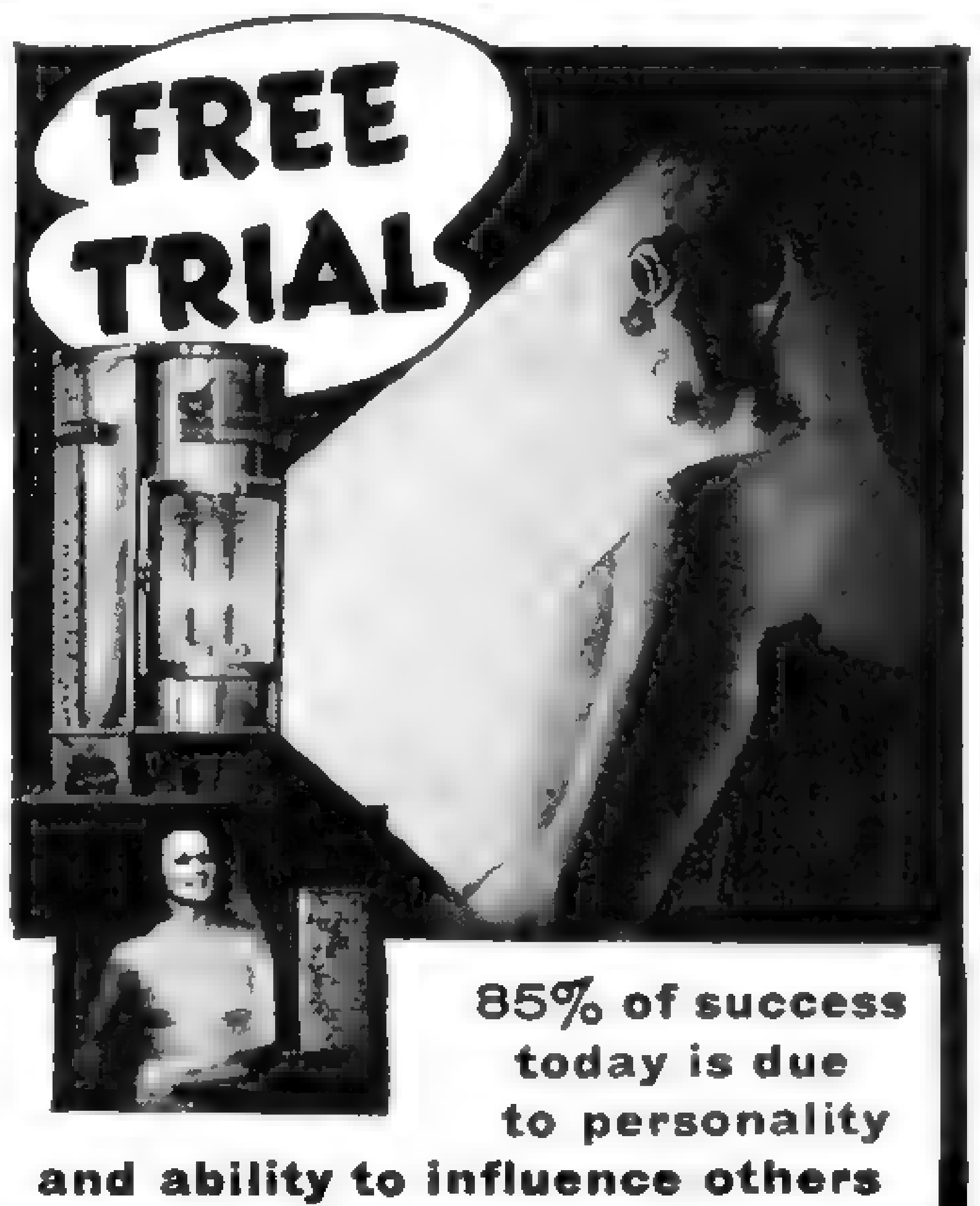

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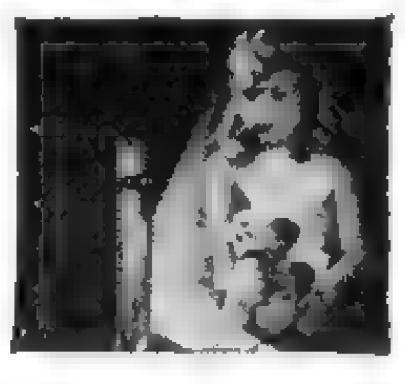

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CHAPTER I

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A Snake of One's Own

Continued from page 31

"No, thank you." He turned quickly to her. People always wanted to look through the glass. She was not looking at the table at all, but at him. Her black eyes were on him but they did not seem to see him. He realized why—the irises were as dark as the pupils, there was no color line between the two. Dr. Phillips was piqued at her answer. Although answering questions bored him, a lack of interest in what he was doing irritated him. A desire to arouse her grew in him.

"While I'm waiting the first ten minutes I have something to do. Some people don't like to see it. Maybe you'd better step into that room until I finish."

"No," she said in her soft flat tone. "Do what you wish. I will wait until you can talk to me." Her hands rested side by side on her lap. She was completely at rest. Her eyes were bright but the rest of her was almost in a state of suspended animation. He thought, "Low metabolic rate, almost as low as a frog's, from the looks." The desire to shock her out of her inanition possessed him again.

He brought a little wooden cradle to the table, laid out scalpels and scissors and rigged a big hollow needle to a pressure tube. Then from the killing chamber he brought the limp dead cat and laid it in the cradle and tied its legs to hooks in the sides. He glanced sidewise at the woman. She had not moved. She was still at rest.

The cat grinned up into the light, its pink tongue stuck out between its needle teeth. Dr. Phillips deftly snipped open the skin at the throat; with a scalpel he slit through and found an artery.

With flawless technique he put the needle in the vessel and tied it in with gut. "Embalming fluid," he explained. "Later I'll inject yellow mass into the venous system and red mass into the arterial system—for blood stream dissection—biology classes."

He looked around at her again. Her dark eyes seemed veiled with dust. She looked without expression at the cat's open throat. Not a drop of blood had escaped. The incision was clean. Dr. Phillips looked at his watch. "Time for the first group." He shook a few crystals of menthol into the first watch glass.

The woman was making him nervous. The rats climbed about on the wire of their cage again and squeaked softly. The waves under the building beat with little shocks on the piles.

The young man shivered. He put a few lumps of coal in the stove and sat down. "Now," he said. "I haven't anything to do for twenty minutes." He noticed how short her chin was between lower lip and point. She seemed to awaken slowly, to come up out of some deep pool of consciousness. Her head raised and her dark dusty eyes moved about the room and then came back to him.

"I was waiting," she said. Her hands remained side by side on her lap. "You have snakes?"

"Why, yes," he said rather loudly. "I have about two dozen rattlesnakes. I milk out the venom and send it to the anti-venom laboratories."

She continued to look at him but her eyes did not center on him, rather they covered him and seemed to see in a big circle all around him. "Have you a male snake, a male rattlesnake?"

"Well it just happens I know I have. I came in one morning and found a big snake in—in coition with a smaller one. That's very rare in captivity. You see, I do know I have a male snake."

"Where is he?"

"Why right in the glass cage by the window there."

Her head swung slowly around but her two quiet hands did not move. She turned back toward him. "May I see?"

He got up and walked to the case by the window. On the sand bottom the knot of rattlesnakes lay entwined, but their heads were clear. The tongues came out and flickered a moment and then waved up and down feeling the air for vibrations. Dr. Phillips nervously turned his head. The woman was standing beside him. He had not heard her get up from the chair. He had heard only the splash of water among the piles and the scampering of the rats on the wire screen.

She said softly, "Which is the male you spoke of?"

He pointed to a thick, dusty grey snake lying by itself in one corner of the cage. "That one. He's nearly five feet long. He comes from Texas. Our Pacific coast snakes are usually smaller. He's been taking all the rats, too. When I want the others to eat I have to take him out."

The woman stared down at the blunt dry head. The forked tongue slipped out and hung quivering for a long moment. "And you're sure he's a male."

"Rattlesnakes are funny," he said glibly. "Nearly every generalization proves wrong. I don't like to say anything definite about rattlesnakes, but—yes—I can assure you he's a male."

Her eyes did not move from the flat head. "Will you sell him to me?"

"Sell him?" he cried. "Sell him to you?"

"You do sell specimens, don't you?"

"Oh—yes. Of course I do. Of course I do."

"How much? Five dollars? Ten?"

"Oh! Not more than five. But do you know anything about rattlesnakes? You might be bitten."

She looked at him for a moment. "I don't intend to take him. I want to leave him here, but—I

HANDBOOK FOR GRACIOUS HOSTS

by Julius Wile

CHAPTER II

Flatter Your Guests

"My cocktails were famous, my highballs were fine. But eyebrows were raised when I tried to serve wine," says H. M., New York.

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CHAPTER III

Be a Cordial Host

"I used to dread after-dinner 'letdowns,'" says J. M., Montclair, N. J. "Now I offer a choice of four imported Garnier liqueurs. Guests argue happily over their cordial favorites. All *I* do is enjoy my own and take the bows."

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P. GARNIER

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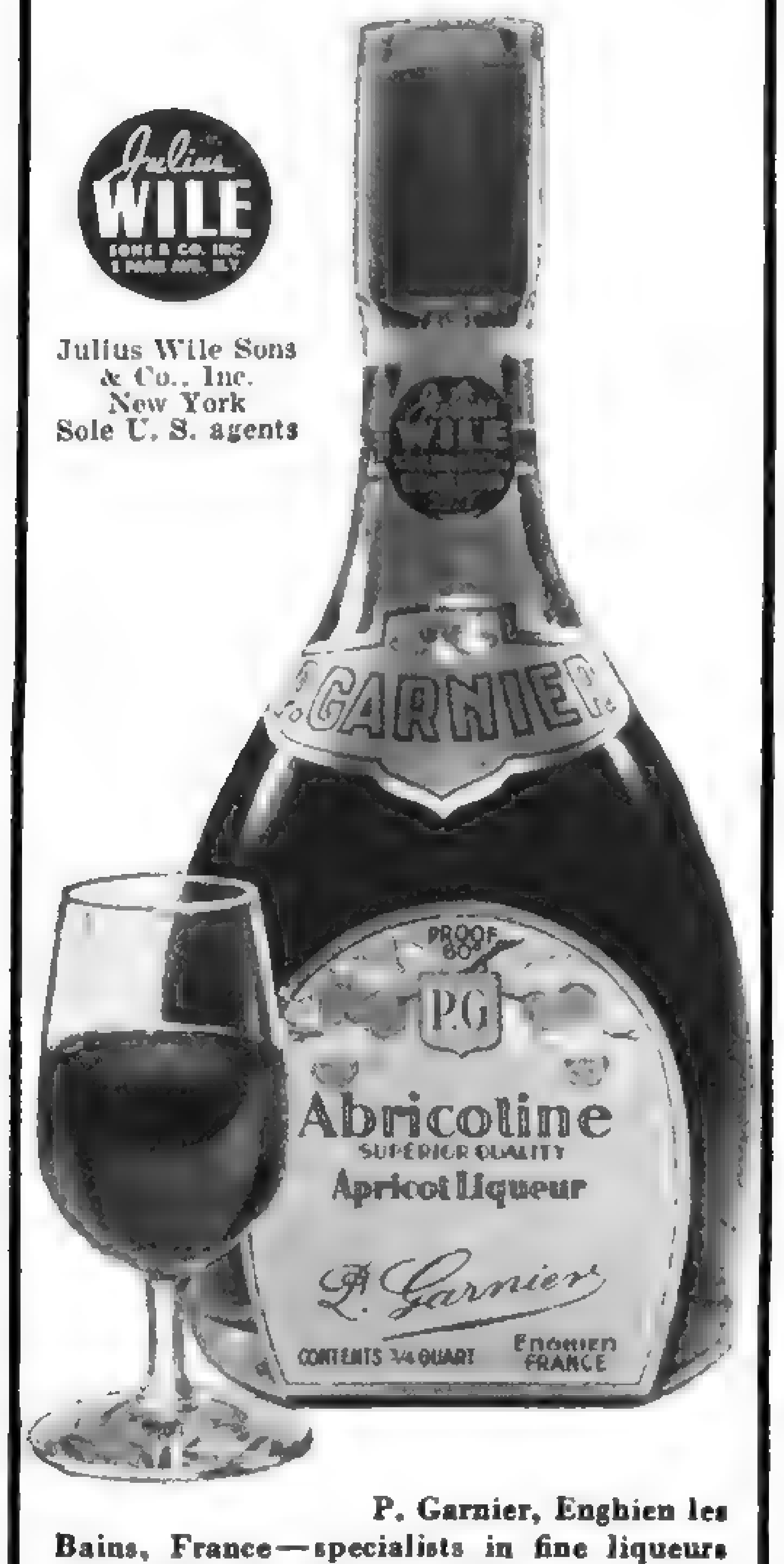

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want him to be mine. I want to come here and look at him and feed him and to know he's mine." She opened a little purse and took out a five dollar bill. "Here! Now he is mine."

Dr. Phillips began to be afraid. "You could come to look at him without owning him."

"I want him to be mine."

"Oh, Lord!" he cried. "I've forgotten the time." He ran to the table.

"Three minutes over. It won't matter much." He shook menthol crystals into the second watch glass. And then he was drawn back to the cage where the woman still stared at the snake.

She asked, "What does he eat?"

"I feed them white rats, rats from the cage over there."

"Will you put him in the other cage? I want to feed him."

"But he doesn't need food. He's had a rat already this week. Sometimes they don't eat for three or four months. I had one that didn't eat for over a year."

In her low monotone she asked, "Will you sell me a rat?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I see. You want to watch how rattlesnakes eat. All right. I'll show you. The rat will cost twenty-five cents. It's better than a bull fight if you look at it one way, and it's simply a snake eating his dinner if you look at it another." His tone had become acid. He hated people who made sport of natural processes. He was not a sportsman but a biologist. He could kill a thousand animals for knowledge, but not an insect for pleasure. He'd been over this in his mind before.

She turned her head slowly toward him and the beginning of a smile formed on her thin lips. "I want to feed my snake," she said. "I'll put him in the other cage." She had opened the top of the cage and dipped her hand in before he knew what she was doing. He leaped forward and pulled her back. The lid banged shut.

"Haven't you any sense," he asked fiercely. "Maybe he wouldn't kill you, but he'd make you damned sick in spite of what I could do for you."

"You put him in the other cage then," she said quietly.

Dr. Phillips was shaken. He found that he was avoiding the dark eyes that didn't seem to look at anything.

He felt that it was profoundly wrong to put a rat into the cage, deeply sinful; and he didn't know why. Often he had put rats in the cage when someone or other had wanted to see it, but this desire tonight sickened him. He tried to explain himself out of it.

"It's a good thing to see," he said. "It shows you how a snake can work. It makes you have a respect for a rattlesnake. Then, too, lots of people have dreams about the terror of snakes making the kill. I think because it is a subjective rat. The person is the rat. Once you see it the whole matter is objective. The rat is only a rat and the terror is removed."

He took a long stick equipped with a leather noose from the wall. Opening the trap he dropped the noose over the big snake's head and tightened the thong. A piercing dry rattle filled the room.

The thick body writhed and slashed about the handle of the stick as he lifted the snake out and dropped it in the feeding cage. It stood ready to strike for a time, but the buzzing gradually ceased. The snake crawled into a corner, made a big figure eight with its body and lay still.

"You see," the young man explained, "these snakes are quite tame. I've had them a long time. I suppose I could handle them if I wanted to, but everyone who does handle rattlesnakes gets bitten sooner or later. I just don't want to take the chance." He glanced at the woman. He hated to put in the rat. She had moved over in front of the new cage; her black eyes were on the stony head of the snake again.

She said, "Put in a rat."

Reluctantly he went to the rat cage. For some reason he was sorry for the rat, and such a feeling had never come to him before. His eyes went over the mass of swarming white bodies climbing up the screen toward him. "Which one?" he thought. "Which one shall it be?" Suddenly he turned angrily to the woman. "Wouldn't you rather I put in a cat? Then you'd see a real fight. The cat might even win, but if it lost it might kill the snake. I'll sell you a cat if you like."

She didn't look at him. "Put in a rat," she said. "I want him to eat."

He opened the rat cage and thrust his hand in. His fingers found a tail and he lifted a plump, red-eyed rat out of the cage. It struggled up to try to bite his fingers and failing hung spread out and motionless from its tail. He walked quickly across the room, opened the feeding cage and dropped the rat in on the sand floor. "Now, watch it," he cried.

The woman did not answer him. Her eyes were on the snake where it lay still. Its tongue flicking in and out rapidly, tasted the air of the cage.

The rat landed on its feet, turned around and sniffed at its pink naked tail and then unconcernedly trotted across the sand, smelling as it went. The room was silent. Dr. Phillips did not know whether the water sighed among the piles or whether the woman sighed. Out of the corner of his eye he saw her body crouch and stiffen.

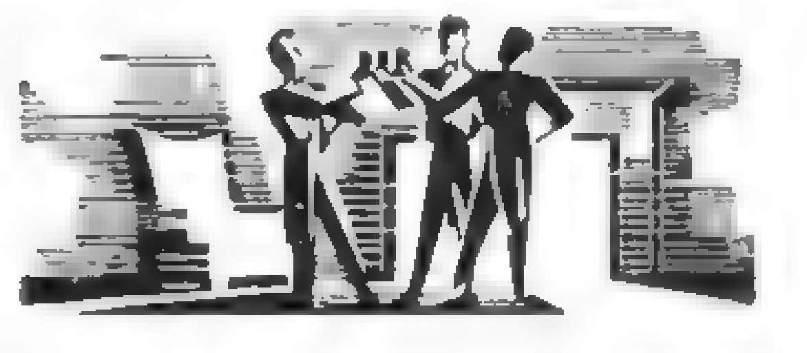
The snake moved out smoothly, slowly. The tongue flicked in and out. The motion was so gradual, so smooth that it didn't seem to be motion at all. In the other end of the cage the rat perked up in a sitting position and began to lick down the fine white hair on its chest. The snake moved on, keeping always a deep *S* curve in its neck.

Continued on page 180

HANDBOOK FOR GRACIOUS HOSTS

by Julius Wile

CHAPTER IV



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A Snake of One's Own

Continued from pages 31-179

The silence beat on the young man. He felt the blood drifting up in his body. He said loudly, "See! He keeps the striking curve ready. Rattlesnakes are cautious, almost cowardly animals. The mechanism is so delicate. The snake's dinner is to be got by an operation as deft as a surgeon's job. He takes no chances with his instruments."

The snake had flowed to the middle of the cage by now. The rat looked up, saw the snake and then unconcernedly went back to licking his chest.

"It's the most beautiful thing in the world," the young man said. His veins were throbbing. "It's the most terrible thing in the world."

The snake was close now. Its head lifted a few inches from the sand. The head weaved slowly back and forth, aiming, getting distance, aiming. Dr. Phillips glanced again at the woman. He turned sick. She was weaving too, not much, just a suggestion.

The rat looked up and saw the snake. He dropped to four feet and backed up, and then—the stroke.

It was impossible to see, simply a flash. The rat jarred as though under an invisible blow. The snake backed hurriedly into the corner from which he had come, and settled down, his tongue working constantly.

"Perfect!" Dr. Phillips cried. "Right between the shoulder blades. The fangs must almost have reached the heart."

The rat stood still, breathing like a little white bellows. Suddenly he leaped in the air and landed on his side. His legs kicked spasmodically for a second and he was dead.

The woman relaxed, relaxed sleepily.

"Well," the young man demanded, "it was an emotional bath, wasn't it?"

She turned her misty eyes to him. "Will he eat it now?" she asked.

"Of course he'll eat it. He didn't kill it for a thrill. He killed it because he was hungry."

The corners of the woman's mouth turned up a trifle again. She looked back at the snake. "I want to see him eat it."

Now the snake came out of his corner again. There was no striking curve in his neck, but he approached the rat gingerly, ready to jump back in case it attacked him. He nudged the body gently with his blunt nose, and drew away.

Satisfied that it was dead, he touched the body all over with his chin, from head to tail. He seemed to measure it and to kiss it. Finally he opened his mouth and unhinged his jaws at the corners.

Dr. Phillips put his will against his head to keep it from turning toward the woman. He thought, "If she's opening her mouth, I'll be sick. I'll be afraid." He succeeded in keeping his eyes away.

The snake fitted his jaws over the rat's head and then with a slow peristaltic pulsing, began to engulf the rat. The jaws gripped and the whole throat crawled up, and the jaws gripped again.

Dr. Phillips turned away and went to his work table. "You've made me miss one of the series," he said bitterly. "The set won't be complete." He put one of the watch glasses under a low power microscope and looked at it, and then angrily he poured the contents of all the dishes into the sink.

The waves had fallen so that only a wet whisper came up through the floor. The young man lifted a trapdoor at his feet and dropped the starfish down into the black water. He paused at the cat, crucified in the cradle and grinning comically into the light. Its body was puffed with embalming fluid. He shut off the pressure, withdrew the needle and tied the vein.

"Would you like some coffee?" he asked.

"No, thank you. I shall be going pretty soon."

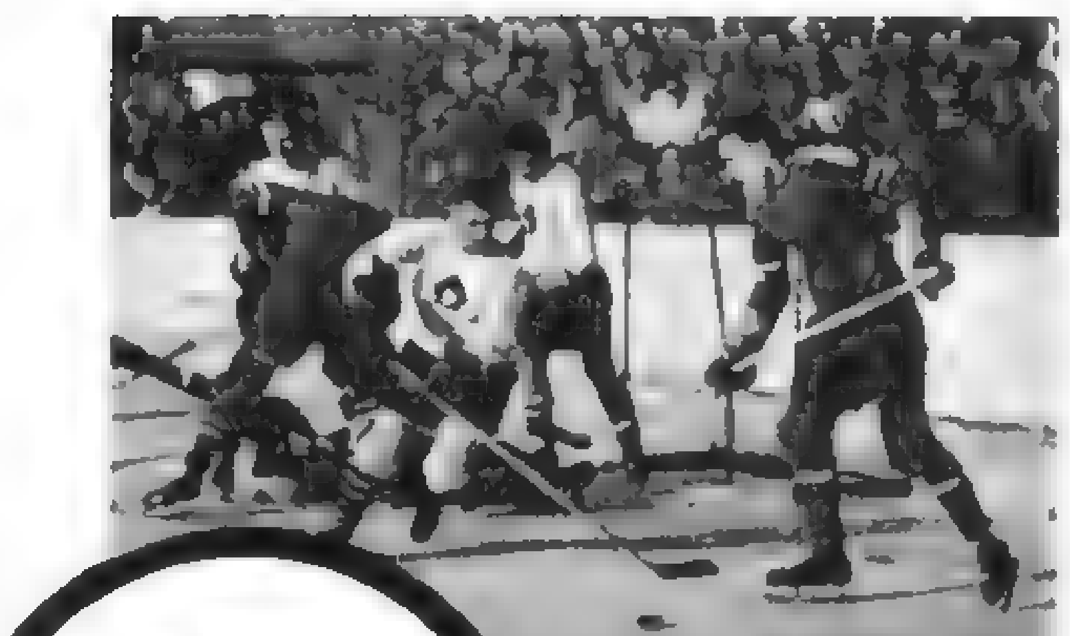
He walked to her where she stood in front of the snake cage. The rat was swallowed, all except an inch of pink tail that stuck out of the snake's mouth like a sardonic tongue. The throat heaved again and the tail disappeared. The jaws snapped back into their sockets, and the big snake crawled heavily to the corner, made a big eight and dropped his head on the sand.

"He's asleep now," the woman said. "I'm going now. But I'll come back and feed my snake every little while. I'll pay for the rats. I want him to have plenty. And sometime—I'll take him away with me." Her eyes came out of their dusty dream for a moment. "Remember, he's mine. Don't take his poison. I want him to have it. Good-night." She walked swiftly to the door and went out. He heard her footsteps on the stairs, but he could not hear her walk away on the pavement.

Dr. Phillips turned a chair around and sat down in front of the snake cage. He tried to comb out his thought as he looked at the torpid snake. "I've read so much about psychological sex symbols," he thought. "It doesn't seem to explain. Maybe I'm too much alone. Maybe I should kill the snake. If I knew—no, I can't pray to anything."

For weeks he expected her to return. "I will go out and leave her alone here when she comes," he decided. "I won't see the damned thing again."

She never came again. For months he looked for her when he walked about in the town. Several times he ran after some tall woman thinking it might be she. But he never saw her again—ever. ⌗



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After the Robbery

Continued from page 69

won't catch them on the next. But we'll get them sooner or later. I guess you just can't get away with it."

After the detective had gone, I began to think earnestly about clues, and finally I remembered that there was a card stuck inside the cover of the electric razor. I thought it was a fine clue, so I called the precinct. The man who answered the phone said that my detective wasn't around and asked me if I wanted to leave my name. When I gave him my name, he chuckled.

"This is a coincidence," he said. "Your case was just turned over to me."

"Well," I said, "I think I've got a clue. There was a card with a name on it stuck in the case of the razor. It was slipped down under the razor and maybe the burglars won't notice it."

"That's swell," said the new man. "It was your name on the card, eh?"

"No," I said, "the name was Eunice."

"How do you spell that?"

I told him.

"That's a woman's name, ain't it?" He sounded incredulous.

"Yes," I said.

"What do you think of that?" he said. "I didn't know women used them electric razors. I thought they used some kind of a stone or a regular razor. For hair on the legs, I mean."

"It didn't belong to a woman," I said wearily. "It belonged to me. The card was from the woman who gave it to me. I never removed it."

"Oh, I see," he said amiably. "Well, I want to ask you a question. Did you use the electric razor much?"

"A few times," I said.

"Well, tell me, how do they work? I been thinking of buying one and I don't want to put money in them unless they give you a good shave."

I told him what I thought of electric razors. He was quite grateful. I never heard from him again. I never heard from anybody in the police department. I hope I never do. #

Ambassador to Art

Continued from page 65

many thousand. A portrait of a pretty girl nearby, by an unknown artist, could be had for a few hundred. Dale, who could tell the value of a utility a mile away in a high wind, was outraged. Here was something going on that upset his sense of values. That night he asked Maud about the pictures, describing them to her. She didn't try to unravel the mystery, all at once. She, instead, that night took him to the house of a French newspaper dramatic critic, Pierre Decourcelle, who had been helping with the exhibition. Decourcelle had been a friend of Lautrec and his drawing room was filled with sketches by the great artist and the series of lithographs he had done for Jane Avril.

Dale remembers the visit as the first time he had ever seen a home where art seemed an integral part of it. The writer talked of the strange, misshapen little nobleman who spent his life among the less fortunate members of society. And by his talk he explained how a Lautrec could be seen as beautiful.

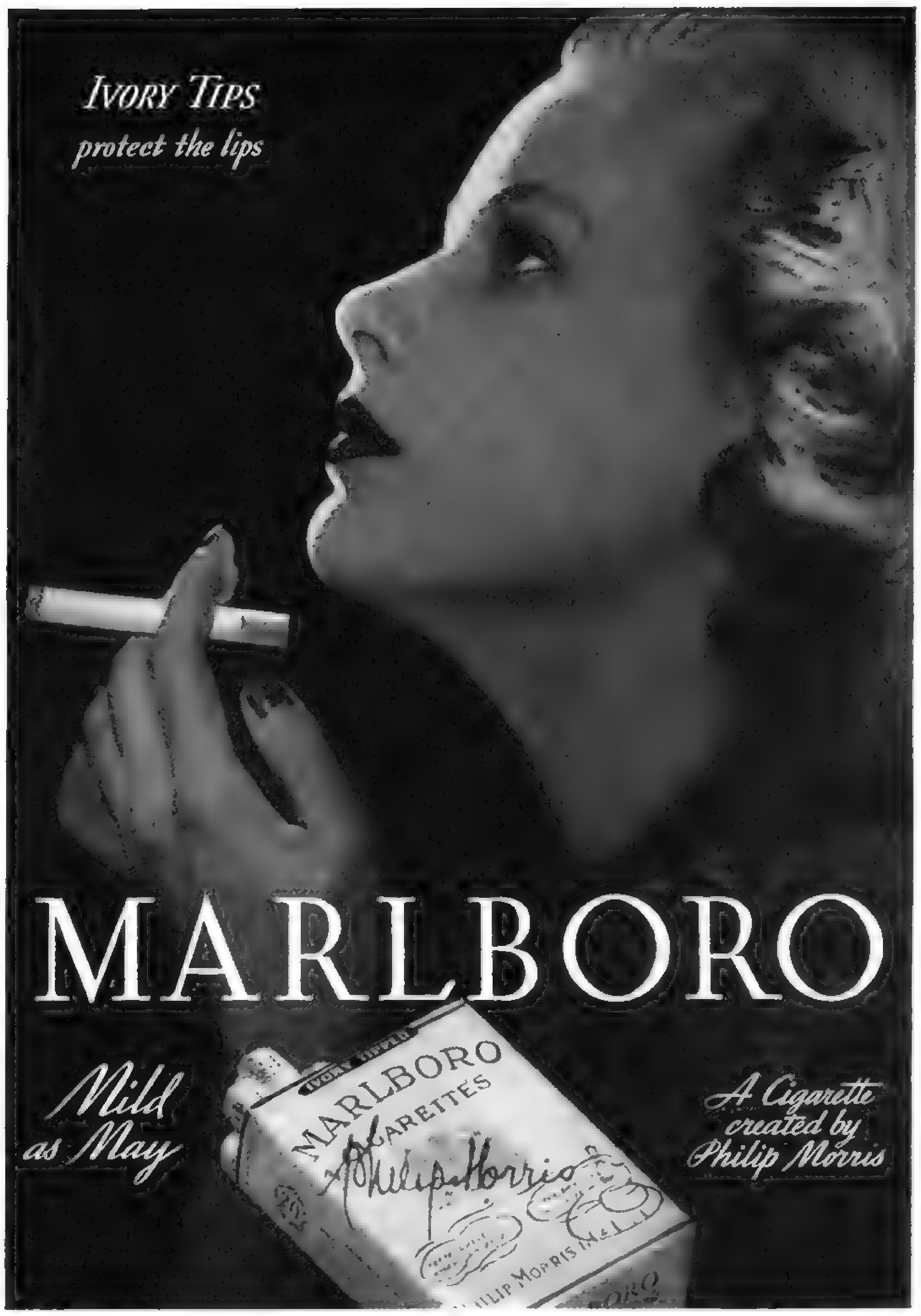
Next day Chester Dale went out and bought a Lautrec, paying more for it than he ever thought any one would pay for a painting. When he left Paris a few weeks later he took back to New York with him sixty-five paintings of the modern French school. Chester Dale had become an art collector. But a different kind of art collector. Of the seven hundred paintings he has bought since then, he has never sold one of the pieces. Every painting he purchased he bought because it appealed to him or because it fitted in with the idea of a collection, with a theme of continuity, a regular plan.

The chestnut blooms are not the only thing that come out in Paris in the spring. The art dealers also come out of their shops along the Rue La Boetie and look toward the Gare Saint Lazare to see if the American millionaires are arriving. Most of them they could handle, but Chester Dale was their despair. It was not that he haggled about prices but they could never predict what he would like.

If he had purchased Manets the year before he might this year suddenly show an interest in Picasso. And perhaps they hadn't had a meeting to decide what to ask for Picassos. And Dale brought to his art buying the same analytical mind and technique that had made him a leader in the organization of security issues. In a very short time he became familiar with the workings of the dealers, what created the market price for a painting, whether that price was a fair or inflated one. Today he has one of the best catalogue libraries in existence of art exhibitions, sales and auctions, with annotated prices of all important paintings available for purchasers. And above all, he knew the emotional value of pictures. When shown a picture, offered for sale, he cocks his red head on one side and if interested asks the price. Say the dealer says, "Fifty thousand dollars!" Dale may say forty thousand, he may say, "I wouldn't give you two." Or he might say, "O.K., wrap it up and send it to the hotel."

The beautiful *Portrait of a Girl*, by Van Gogh, that is one of the high spots of his collection, was purchased in an even more startling manner. He came across a

Continued on page 182



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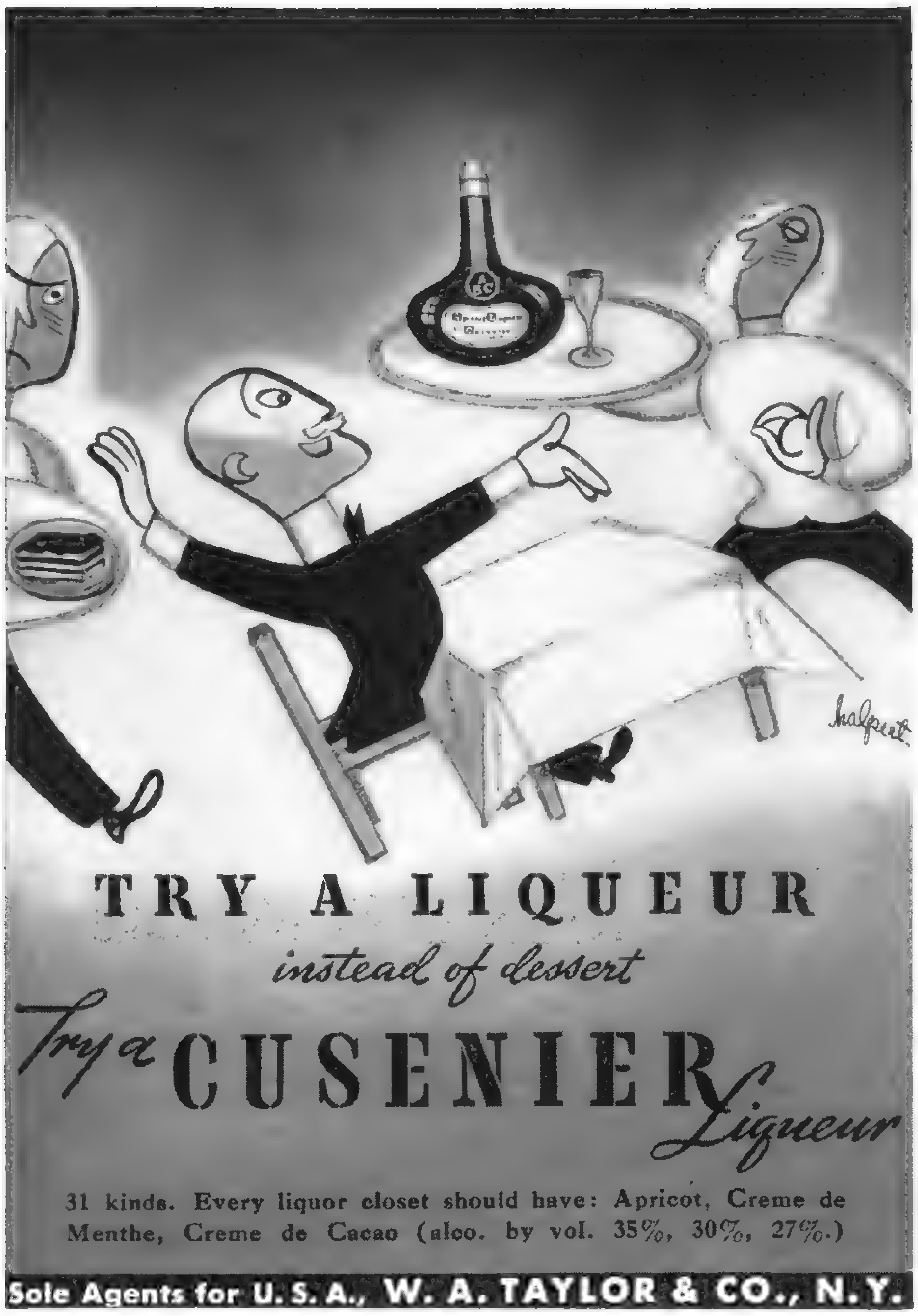

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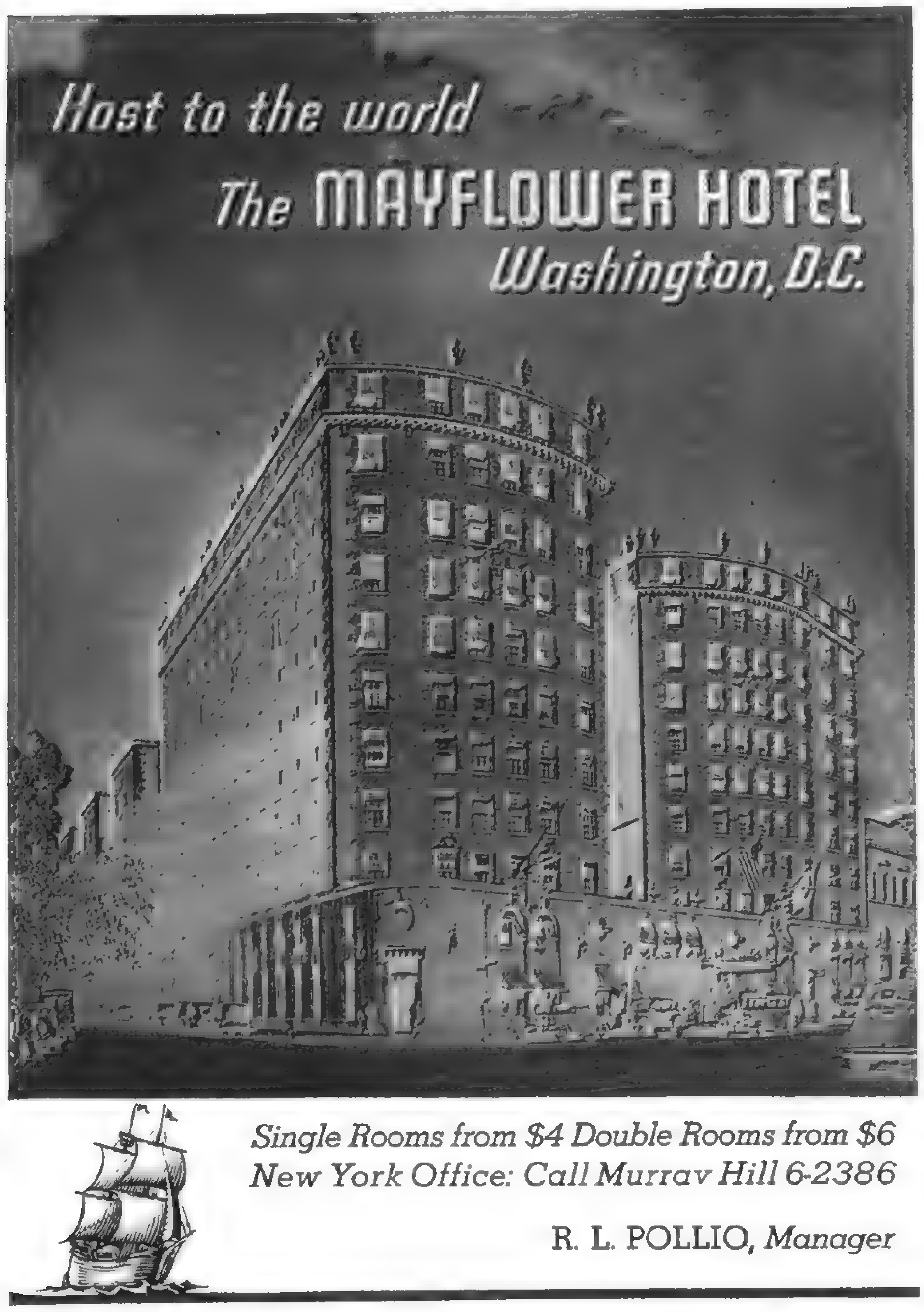

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Ambassador to Art

Continued from page 65-181

photograph of the painting in a group being shown him by a dealer. The painting was in London. Dale told the dealer that if the painting was what he thought it was, he'd give fifty thousand. The dealer phoned London, a plane was chartered and the painting flown over to Paris. Dale took it home that night.

The French, loving finesse, were often aghast at the quick and vehement decisions of Chester Dale. Mr. and Mrs. Dale one evening went to dinner at the home of one of the more conservative families of Paris. The family had one of the finest collections in France.

And it had never been offered for sale. But Dale liked one of the pictures. He couldn't get it out of his mind. He knew it was bad form to offer to break up such a collection. But he wanted that picture. He also knew that it was the lowest point of the depression.

The day following, Dale had lunch with one of his favorite dealers. In the course of casual conversation he mentioned that he would like to offer a certain amount for the painting. The dealer was outraged. One didn't go to a home as a guest and next day offer to buy a picture that had been in the family for years. The dealer wouldn't think of conveying the offer. Dale would just have to learn that such things weren't done, even by enthusiastic picture lovers. He spluttered on till 3:30, the ordinary time for French lunches to end, and left with a final thrust. Dale shouted after him down the street:

"If I think about it too much I'll realize that's a lot of money for a picture. But I'll pay it, and cash. The offer expires at sundown."

The dealer turned to say he wouldn't think any more of it. Such things weren't done. Dale replied that he'd meet him at six o'clock at the little café on the corner of Avenue President Wilson.

At ten to six the dealer turned up, still berating Dale for his manners and grumbling about the low state of ethics in the time of a depression.

"I've heard all of that," said Dale, "when will they deliver the picture?"

"At ten of the clock tomorrow morning," the dealer said sadly, "the picture and the papers will be at my office."

Another time Dale saw an important painting in an establishment of a lady. As usual, he asked if she would sell it. The lady was sorry but the picture did not belong to her. So Dale sought out a newspaper friend and in the casual conversation over the strawberry omelette, learned that Monsieur A was the protector of Madame B.

He then went to his favorite bar and asked the bartender to point out Monsieur A, if he should drop in. And when Monsieur did drop in, as he did daily, Chester Dale fell into bar conversation with him. And after this and that drink, the demon collector remarked that he would pay so many dollars, cash, for a certain painting. And Monsieur was interested but didn't see why the American gentleman consulted him about it, he knew nothing about the painting, or its whereabouts.

Dale understood all that, and it was Monsieur A's privilege to tell him to go about his business but the offer still stood: Dale wanted a certain picture he had seen and would give a certain sum, cash. And the French being French and the depression being deep—P. S., Dale got the picture.

The writer once, fortunately, spent a day with Art and her redheaded handmaiden in Paris. The day had begun by the choosing of a frame for the Manet *Musicians*. This is one of the three major Manets in the world. It was lent to the Metropolitan Museum for a time by the Dales. Some authorities say that it is more important than the *Dejeuner Sur L'Herbe* which hangs in the Louvre and that the Louvre would gladly exchange. Anyway, Etienne Bignou had routed out some old frames, marvelous carved pieces that had been recovered from the attics of chateaux during the War. The frame selected, an expertizer had given the canvas a thorough diagnosis.

It is an education in art to watch one of these restorers. With their finger tips, and with their eyes closed, they can usually tell you the painter of a picture. This one could even take a Daubigny and tell where the artist left off and where a pupil had taken on to complete the canvas. It was his job to remove the dust of years and restore the Manet to its original brilliance.

That attended to, we went for one of those three-hour lunches. After that it was the custom to drop in on the Bignou bar which he had made, especially for prohibition-ridden Americans, in his cellar. It had formerly been a coal cellar. Now it is gayly decorated with the flags of all nations by Lurcat, Dufy, Picasso and the men of the contemporary school. Well, one Martini leads to another and along about 6:30 an art dealer wants to get home to his family.

We started up the street to Dale's hotel. Passing Rosenberg's, where there was a show of Picasso, Dale was reminded that he hadn't seen the exhibit. If Rosenberg wasn't open, we opened it, as the famous dealer lives in the same building. Dale took a quick look around. He was in fine fettle. Some he liked, some he didn't. No long, obtuse and meaningless phrases are used by Dale, as is the custom with most people who look at art. Dale knew his reactions. He inquired the prices. He scratched his head a moment and then said, "I'll take that, and that, and that," total cost, $75,000, as you or I would buy three neckties. He turned to me and asked if I liked his choice. I did, and said so. Then we went on to his hotel.

He thought I had best go up with him as an alibi; he was an hour late and had a dinner appointment. He hurried to dress and as he changed into his other clothes he enthusiastically told Mrs. Dale about a marvelous purchase he had made that afternoon.

Three pairs of marvelous wool hose at almost nothing. I don't know when he broke the news about the three Picassos. As he had spent the morning selecting a three thousand dollar frame for the Manet, costing $250,000, perhaps it is just as well that he emphasized the bargain in socks and withheld the news of the Picassos until another day.

The writer was in Dale's office in the Wall Street sector one day when his harried secretary came in and began to scold him about this new fad.

"I thought your golf clubs and buying every crystal chandelier you saw, was nutty enough," the prim check-book censor said, "but this art thing is no longer a joke. Do you realize you have spent over a million dollars on it?"

His immediate answer was to switch the attack and ask if she had found out anything about his pigeons. She fell back before the counter-attack reluctantly. She had done everything humanly possible: she had spoken to the superintendent about it, she had questioned the hundred or so employees on that floor, and could learn nothing. The pigeons had probably just flown off the nest.

"Ridiculous," Dale shrieked "you've watched them as much as I have, you darned well know they could not fly for another five days."

Dale rushed to the window ledge where two mournful parents were raising a hell of a row about the missing squabs. It was somewhat before the art of protesting had come to its fine flower but the parent pigeons were doing a creditable picket back and forth on the ledge. Dale sadly contemplated the street seventeen stories below. He shook his head vehemently.

"They couldn't have fallen out. They had too much sense. Anyway, better ask the doorman if he saw anything on the pavement."

Sadly the secretary said that she had asked the doorman and that anyway it would be pretty hard to find two fallen squabs on that busy street. She also scouted the idea of the window-washer being to blame as the windows had been washed the day before and he himself had fed the squabs as soon as he had arrived at 8:30.

There wasn't much business done that day in the office. Two harried clerks were out scouring the Barclay Street shops to see if it were possible to purchase two squabs that might be fostered on the red-headed industrialist. Fortunately, for them, they didn't have to try their ruse. For along about sundown some master detective wrung from the janitor that he had taken the squabs as a matter of course. They littered up the window sill and he thought, as a by-product, they might look well on his supper table. The squabs were restored, the janitor forgiven and the pigeons quit their monotonous picketing. The squabs finally grew up and joined the relief rolls outside Dale's window, sharing the choice grain and tidbits that the financier scatters to the selected group of his choosing. (Ringers and ledge-crashers he can detect in a second and frightens away.) The grain, by the way, was carefully mixed and supplied by a fancy bird store.

So I didn't learn that day just what Chester Dale realized about his having spent a million dollars on paintings. Even when the figure had been doubled and that trebled he didn't seem to worry about it much. He was too excited about the game. As time, tide and the affairs of mice and men marched on, Dale realized that art might well be his best investment. Edsel Ford paid $110,000 the other day for a Renoir which compares with the Renoir that Dale bought for half that amount. The large Manet, some experts say, might bring a million if wanted by some important museum. But Dale does not intend to sell his collection. That is another story.

Not only his secretary made Chester Dale realize that he was buying a good many pictures; landlords began to become aware of it. The Dales had been living at the Park Lane. They took an apartment at the Beverley on Fiftieth and Lexington. Dale said it was to have more room for his paintings.

But his wife knew that it was so that he could be nearer the fire house, across the street. For next to pigeons and art, Dale likes fires, firemen, fire houses and all that goes with them, including Dalmatians. Dale was one of the most persistent fire buffs in the city. At the sound of a gong he would drop everything, even the cocktail shaker, and dash down to catch the hook-and-ladder wagon as it swung into the street.

Maud Dale tells of one winter night when Chester Dale was ill with influenza. His fever was around 103°.

When he heard the familiar fire gong from across the street he sat up in bed. When the signal kept on to that frightful total, 99 alarm if you insist, that warns every apparatus in the city to turn out, Dale thought he was delirious. That signal hadn't been rung for twenty-five years. He managed to get to the window. Sure enough the wagons were rolling out. Dale started to get

Continued on page 184

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Ambassador to Art

Continued from pages 65-181-183

dressed. Maud Dale caught him at the door and held him forcibly, shouting for the nurse.

"But," pleaded Chester, "that's 99 bells. The biggest fire in twenty-five years."

Nevertheless Maud Dale pushed him back in bed with this bit of wisdom.

"It may be the biggest fire in twenty-five years. But if you see it, it'll be your last fire. If you don't, you may see some more fires for twenty-five years."

Another fire story Dale likes to repeat is of his having been at the fire house looking over the latest crop of Dalmatians. For Dalmatians come to fire houses almost as fast as pictures to the Dale house.

Dale realized at eight o'clock that he was long overdue at his apartment, that he had to dress for dinner, eat it and then take someone to the hockey match. The firemen, who were loath to let him go, pondered the dilemma. Then one had a bright idea. He rushed out the fire chief's little red wagon, sounded the siren and waited. An excited red head appeared way up in a window in the hotel opposite. In a few minutes Dale rushed down, tying his tie and stuffing a roll into his mouth. Dale was shoved into the car and in something less than nothing flat, he was deposited across town in time for the hockey game. This with screeching sirens, benefit of red paint and help of bewildered traffic cops.

The fireman days are over. In his closet hangs the regulation uniform, including the smoke-eater hat with "Chief" proudly emblazoned on the front. And in Dale's top dresser drawer is a gold ring bearing the crest of the New York fire department and inside an inscription from the Chief and men of Battalion 8, Hook & Ladder Co. No. 2.

It must have been a wrench for Dale to give up the apartment opposite the fire house. He had tried for a year to stall the inevitable and had rented a complete apartment across the hall. But that too soon filled up, pictures stuck out from under beds and from behind doors. The bath tub usually held a few canvases waiting to be catalogued and hung. The two apartments netted the Dales about enough living room for two bedrooms, a bath and a small pantry big enough for a cocktail shaker, going up and down. Twenty-four thousand dollars seemed too much to pay for room and bath. And besides, the eighteenth floor was too far up to make all the alarms sounded from the fire house. The Dales took stock and decided to move.

They had toyed with an idea of a suitable home for the paintings and finally found just the appropriate house. It is a handsome affair, two houses wide, and is now a sort of cross between a home and a museum. From the Bouguereaus in the entrance to the store rooms in the attic (where four hundred of the canvases are racked) every inch of wall space is filled. Yet the house is set for living, if you can say that an ambassador to art gets an opportunity to live. Chester Dale lives there with his pictures in a hectic, mad sort of way, when he isn't at Southampton, chinning with cronies at the Union League or Metropolitan Club or out on one of the twenty golf courses making bets that he can beat the other fellow. (Mrs. Dale will have none of it and for city dwelling chooses a hotel in the neighborhood where art lovers will not suddenly climb over her bed to gaze at a Degas or Cézanne. She appears, patiently and graciously on those numerous occasions when visitors are allowed to flock through the awesome mansion, or when some curator of a foreign museum touches these shores to look at some particular treasure.)

Still, Maud Dale has only herself to blame. When she first married Chester Dale in 1911, their place on Ninth Street was filled with artists of the period—Bellows, Henri, du Bois, Glackens. Maud Dale had gone to art school and painted a long time in Paris. From her father, Frank Murray, she had inherited a taste for paint and printer's ink. Frank Murray had been a colorful figure in the graceful days of the nineties, one of the most brilliant writers among many on Bennett's old New York *Herald*. As a child Maud had seen the great and near-great of the stage and literary world pass her father's threshold. Now and then she got Chester interested enough in her friends for him to buy a picture. The *Politician* by Guy Pène du Bois was his first art purchase. Later he commissioned George Bellows to do two portraits of Mrs. Dale. On their honeymoon they went to Paris and Mrs. Dale led him through the Louvre. He thought it was badly organized and ill run. He amazed Mrs. Dale with his ideas of what he would do to fix up the old dump. (Even then he had categoried the paintings and knew that there should be some historical sense to the thing.) But it was not until the Waterloo of meeting the Lautrec in 1926 that he really "gave art a tumble." One of his favorite paintings, by the way, is the Lautrec which shows the doctor making an examination of the girls. It was considered unsalable in prudish America. Dale saw it in Paris and took it at once. Vollard, the greatest collector of all times, says that this is Lautrec's greatest painting.

A writer, with reporter training, finds that he is fascinated with almost any member of the human race, including millionaires. I suppose millionaires are attracted to writers mainly because they like to look at a man who doesn't pay an income tax.

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Anyway, a reporter, finding himself on a ship with a millionaire is almost bound by his training to ask the millionaire how he got that way. Dale undertook to tell me, one lazy day in April, sailing to Paris. Perhaps Andy Mellon could have learned something from the saga of issues, bonds and shares. I'm afraid I didn't. I only recall one thing Dale said on that long day: "If I were a writer I'd write. Even if I had to go off on a desert island and eat coconuts while I was convincing the public I could write."

It is a pity that Dale doesn't write. He could fill several tangy volumes with his knowledge, not of art but of the crazy affairs of men. Tales of his trips through Africa, the time Harry the Marine held the boat for him an hour at Port-au-Prince while Dale entertained a traveling carnival troup in a bar, great financial games and their players and best of all, his unerring analyses of men and the things they live by.

You are lucky if you find Dale in one of his nostalgic moods after midnight in his library—a room that never fails to move you with its masterpieces, the envy of many a museum. A record should be made of his sketches of the great minds off Wall Street and on a golf course fighting over a dollar bet.

And a record certainly should be included in every financial primer of some past meeting of an august Board of Directors, set on its collective ear by the sound sense and dramatic flippancy of Chester Dale. If every stockholder could see a directors' meeting in the grand style the communist party wouldn't have to worry about members. Perhaps stuffed shirtism reaches its highest peak at one of these grand affairs. It is Dale's meat to walk into such a gathering and ask glibly if it is a rehearsal for the Last Supper. Then with a few salty phrases he will tell them that they can stroke their chin whiskers, take a nap or just look dumb but that the price of such an issue will be 96 and that it might vary ¼ a point either way, but they can take it or leave it and where was his director's meeting cigar, and good day.

During the worst of the gloom on the Street several years ago an ancient in the Union League begged Dale for some wisdom on the terrible state of the nation, what with the new gold policy, etc., etc.

"Listen," Dale shouted in the ear trumpet, "maybe they will use wampum, maybe they'll use leather money, but whatever they decide to use I'll go out and get all I can of it."

Jean Lurcat, the French artist, had known Dale in Paris, on holiday.

When he came over here for the first time Lurcat decided to paint Dale's portrait. Somewhat bewildered by the skyline, the intense blue of our sky, the subway and other wonders, Lurcat found himself in Dale's office, trying to sketch a wizard at work. But it was too much for him. Dale, shouting orders and commanding a floor of frantic clerks in the mad days of '28, was not the man he had seen loafing around Paris.

Lurcat gave up. Then one day Dale came to Lurcat's studio. There was a tall blonde woman there and Dale hated her at first sight. She turned on the radio when he turned it off. She smoked long Russian cigarettes. Dale wished Lurcat would kick her out. But Lurcat was busy—busy sketching.

In a few minutes he had caught what he wanted in Dale's portrait. The picture, according to this writer's opinion, is one of the best things Lurcat ever did. It undoubtedly holds the record for the quickest painted portrait in existence. When he had finished, Lurcat explained to Dale that the irritating blonde was his wife.

There have been nights when Chester Dale couldn't go to sleep, what with this merger, that consolidation, or strange initials brought into being by a new government. On such nights, Dale has put on his dressing gown, a pair of wool socks and slippers, lit a fire and looked at his beloved pictures.

There are the poor creatures of Lautrec's underworld, the half-crazed eyes of Van Gogh's self-portrait, or the serene smile of Mme. Michel-Levy—she who shocked Paris by running away to the Argentine with a lover. He knows all their stories, Mrs. Dale has written many books about them, and thinking of the artists somehow gives him a sense of eternal values and lasting realities. He goes back to bed happy.

Chester Dale knows that he can't take all this with him, even though a few Manets, Degases, Renoirs, Corots and Cézannes might help any heaven. It is safe to say that the citizens will be the ones to benefit in the plan that Chester Dale is now working on for the future of his collections. (In addition to the French modern collection, he has a group of well-selected Americans, from Symbert to Henri, which has been shown publicly only once, at the Union League.) Dale has learned the truism that the only disease that can kill living art is the dry rot of museums, so his paintings will not go to a museum to be buried.

When Dale is gone, he wants Mike the cop, or his successor, to see the paintings, or the boys from the clubs, or eager young art students, or the rowdies from Madison Square Garden. For they all will like the paintings, he believes, when their distrust, born of a feeling of inferiority, is removed. He is sorry that he can not be there always, to give them a hooker of rye or Scotch, and explain that art is spelled with a lower case a, and that it is good art when it hits you in the middle. ⵌ

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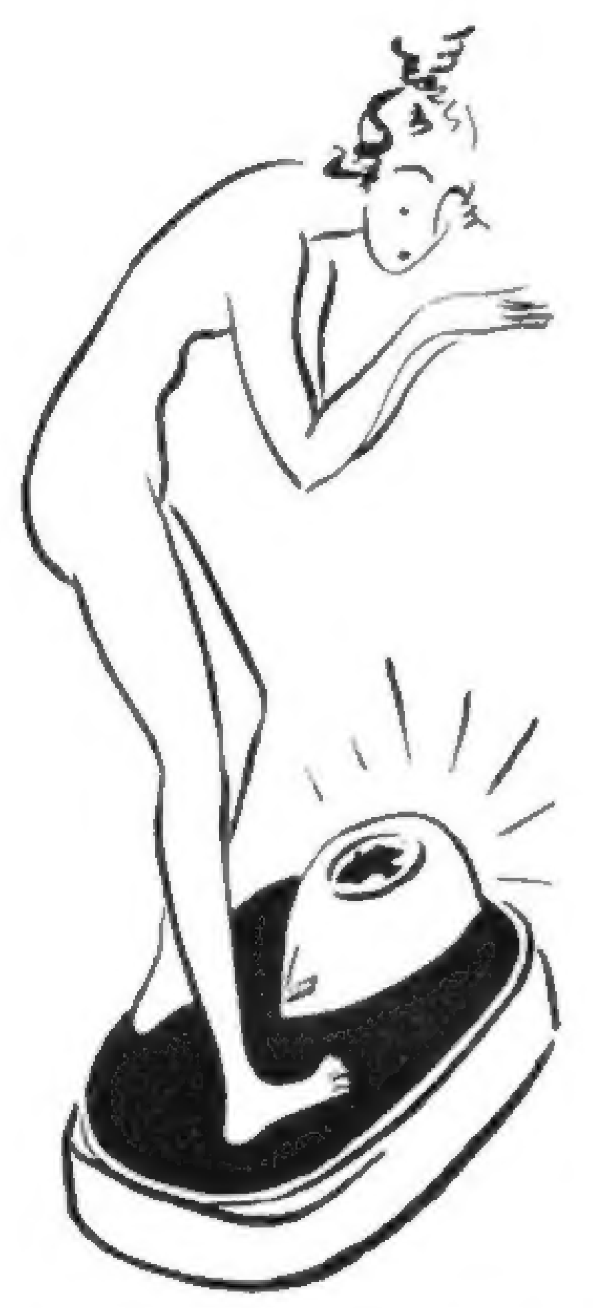

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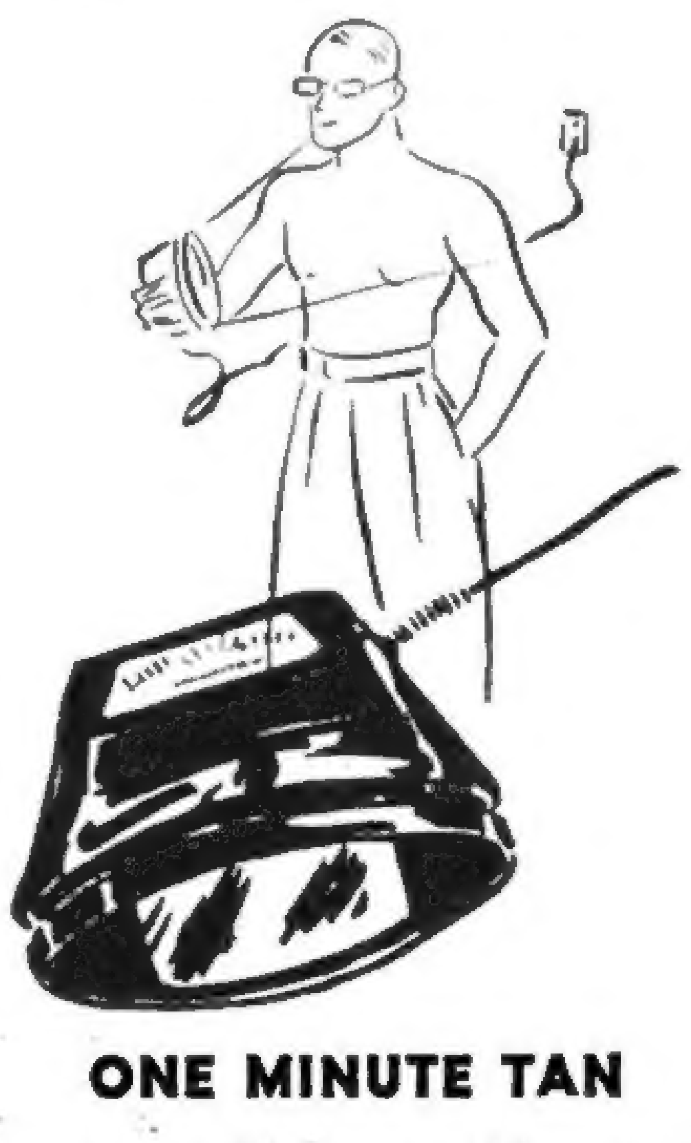

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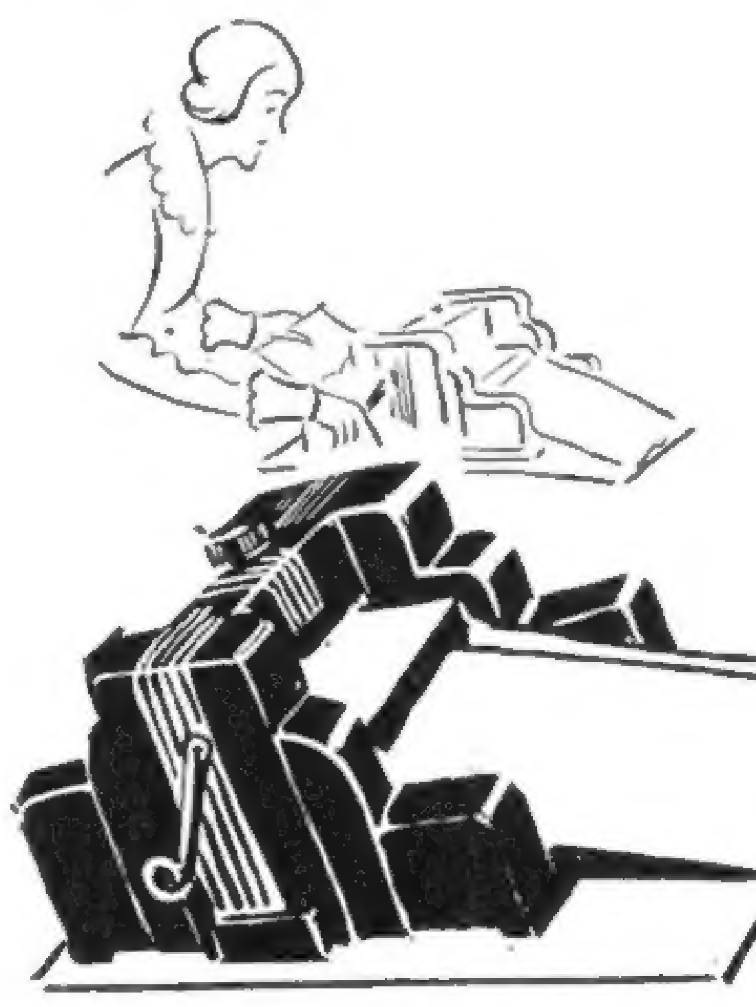

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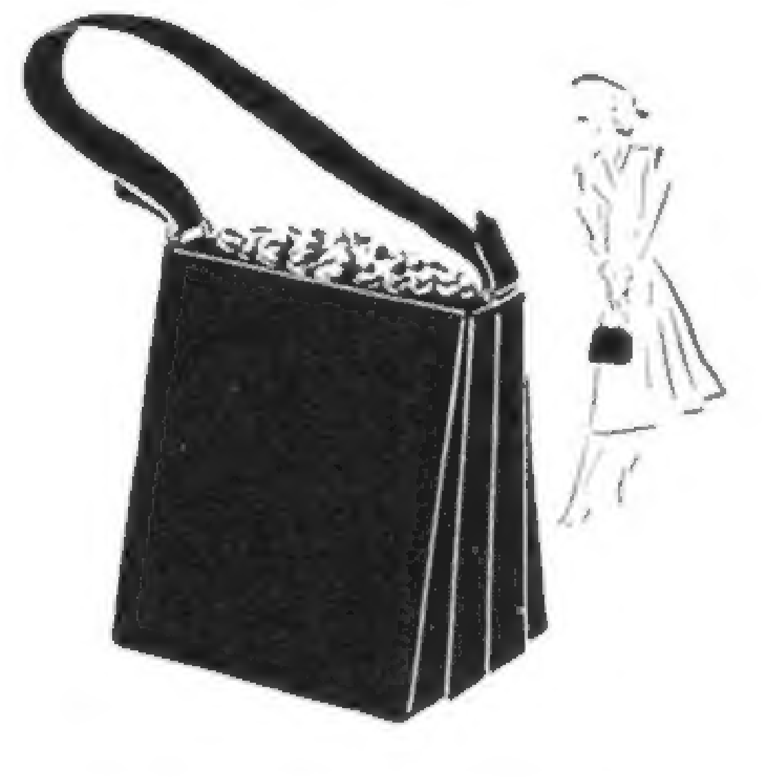

GOLDEN EVENINGS

The female sex has gone back on the gold standard what with golden dresses, gold jewelry, gold sequins . . . and now gold handbags. Probably accounts for the number of men taking to dark glasses in the evening. We can already hear her cooing with joy over a gold mesh bag with a top of alternating rubies, lapis and emerald stones (simulated); or a gold kid bag with a gate top opening up very wide making it easy for her to dive into, and a false bottom which opens up to reveal complete trappings for cosmetics, even to two little compartments for the odd pill or extra bauble. Another bag in gold lame with her initials done in multi-colored jewels . . . and even the lowly reptile, a glittering, gilded snakeskin; or a cocktail bag in suede with an elaborate ornament in the shape of a feather made of crystal and gleaming gold (shown in sketch).

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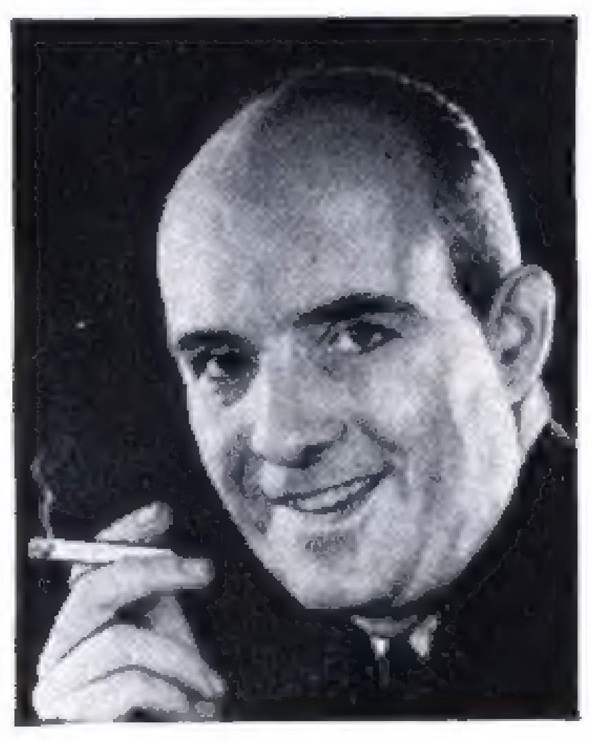

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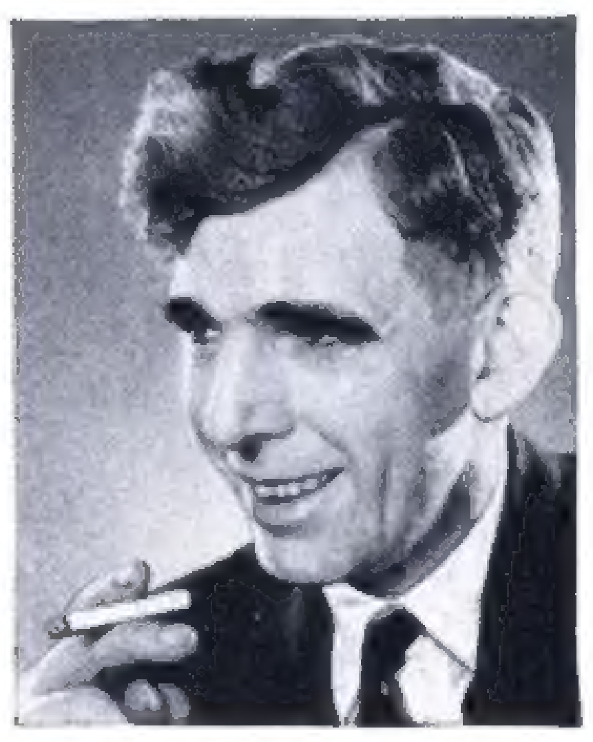

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